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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY



WINTER PASTRIES—Four-page section

See
why
they
don't run

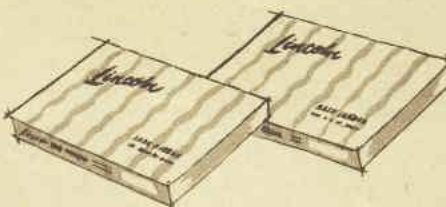
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What is a Linklace Bracelet?
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 6, 1956

Vol. 24, No. 1

ART IN THE KITCHEN

THIS week we announce the tour of famous American cook Mrs. Dione Lucas, who will give cooking demonstrations in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

The Australian Women's Weekly is sponsoring Mrs. Lucas' visit as our contribution to better cooking and better eating.

Mrs. Lucas is not an advocate of the "quick grill," of "minute" cooking. She treats cooking the way it should be treated—as an art.

In these days of working wives and "one minute" meals, kitchen art has tended to be pushed further and further into the background, to be regarded as something to be got over in a hurry.

Yet everyone knows how nice it is to visit a well-ordered home, to relax after a day in the city over a pleasant meal and good conversation.

An invitation issued by a good cook is much more sought after than one given by an incompetent, harassed housewife, who serves a half-burnt chop surrounded by lumpy potatoes and complains how overworked she is.

However, even the most willing and ambitious of cooks will soon lose their enthusiasm if they receive no praise or encouragement from the men of the house. "What's the good of spending hours in a kitchen," says the cook, "if all Joe does is bolt down Chicken a la creme as if it were sausages and mash, and without a word of praise?"

We hope, therefore, that Australian men will go along to, and take an interest in, Mrs. Lucas' cookery demonstrations.

The way to a man's heart may be through his stomach, but he will continue to eat well only as long as he encourages and bolsters up the chef's ego.

Our cover:

● Our cover picture this week was taken at Era Beach in New South Wales' Royal National Park. The photographer, Mr. H. Lloyd-Jones, of King's Cross, N.S.W., who watched the fairy penguin stagger ashore, said it seemed to stand on the beach in "a sort of dazed ecstasy." We can't think of a more perfect phrase to describe the state of Susan McGowan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brian McGowan, of Arncliffe, N.S.W., when, on an uneventful walk, she met the penguin. This unposed picture was taken as Sue tried to make friends with the tired little bird.

This week:

● The story about Carrie Moore on page 15 will bring back memories to older readers. Carrie was in her heyday when the stagedoor Johnnies in London often included members of the peerage who brought flowers, invitations, and offers of marriage to their favorite actresses. Poems were written and songs were sung about stars of the time, and Carrie's name was always mentioned. One, full of puns on popular names, ended:

Why will not Pauline Chase me?
She's rich and I am poor,
My heart goes out in anguish,
I cannot Carrie Moore.

Next week:

● The first of three instalments of a brilliant short biography of the Duke of Edinburgh begins next week. It was written by James Hilton, famous author of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon," who returned to England, after 10 years in the United States, to write it. The penetrating study was his last book before his tragic death at the age of 54. The book is not just a collection of anecdotes—it is an analysis of the qualities and influences that have enabled the friendly and cheerful young man to rise to his secure position in the history and affections of the English people without the specialised education of Royalty. Hilton describes it as "a remarkable conquest."

● A new collection of handknits is specially welcome now as winter really sets in. Next week we bring you a wonderful collection: five designs for the girls and one particularly nice long-sleeved pullover for the man of the house. Two of the sweaters have snug polo necks and another has the new bateau neck that is so becoming.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

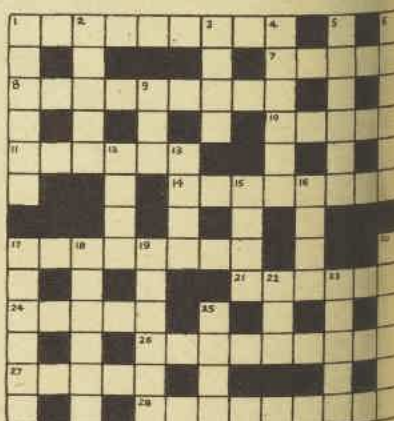
ACROSS

- Paint not fancied by dog-fanciers (9).
- A river in Africa is old-womanish (5).
- Highly valued footstep which is inwardly sure (9).
- There is fear where father is round about (5).
- Without due cause and the German starts it (6).
- Anticipate the stake before a fixed point of time (8).
- Pull the centre of sacred vessels (8).
- Mother precedes a female member of the O.B.E. to make a French lady (6).
- Make objections which could produce an endless murder (5).
- Do darlings form self-governing countries of the British Commonwealth? (9).
- Habitual practice, mainly for the United States (5).
- One who, under the bishop, has the special care of the clergy in certain parishes (5, 4).

Solution will be published next week.

HOGMANAY LADY
UNSCISSER
MEANT CATALAN
B S O O A I
LOHENGRIIN M
E I D G O
BASES ARSON
E A MALADROIT
N E I T P R
MAGENTA IMAGE
A L T N M L S
REEL STRESSES

Solution of last week's crossword



DOWN

- Routed deviation (6).
- Use up a bookie to the end (5).
- Some but not all will turn to a pitfall (4).
- Red pigment (6).
- The ice man may have built this picture house (6).
- Woman lost in France, or forlorn in the British Army (6).
- Sun lost in turn, and lost its tea (3).
- Hindustani (4).
- Howl for a small boat (4).
- Be prolific with a sportsman's starting point and thousand (4).
- Act from both ends (4).
- Broken road leads to Ur with fervour (6).
- Little Pamela with father's South American plains (6).
- The inside of the place where meat is kept can be dear (6).
- Not so much on thing to be learnt by a pupil (6).
- Agricultural beard (3).
- Originated from a flower (5).
- Arab prince found in the intro (4).



Sophisticated Mermaid

AMELIA was a mermaid. Beautiful, athletic, possessed of a fine alto singing voice, she was like any other young mermaid of her age except for one thing. Amelia had social ambitions. She was a climber—and by human standards, at that.

"I wish you weren't so different," sighed her mother, aunts, great-uncles, and removed cousins, and had her psycho-analysed. They might have saved their breath and their money; Amelia still wasted hours poring over the women's magazines she found thrown from passing liners.

She spent all her time in the smartest places. She wintered in Majorca, and spent the season, of course, in Monte Carlo. When I say "in," I mean "just off," because, although she watched the colored kaleidoscope of the beaches with avid eyes, Amelia never dared swim near enough to be seen.

The reason was not modesty, but vanity. "I'm not chic," she complained to Mervyn, who was trying to be patient with her. ("It's only a phase," her mother had told him. "She'll get over it.")

As far as Mervyn could see, Amelia showed not

the slightest sign of "getting over it." He listened gloomily while she numbered her shortcomings.

"It's so difficult," she grumbled, "to get make-up. It's at least a year since we had a single decent wreck, and then the powder wasn't waterproof. And my hair!" she went on, pulling at it with long, pettish fingers.

"What's the matter with it?" said Mervyn, who liked it very much.

"It's in the most terrible state," cried Amelia, still tugging at it, "and so unfashionable. Nobody has long hair nowadays. Look what it says here about keeping your scalp in condition against sun and especially sea-water . . ." she wailed, and Mervyn, bored, swam away.

Amelia gave way to melancholy, and edged in as near to the coastline as she dared, gazing and gazing. So intent was she that she didn't notice a strange creature, wearing a helmet, with goggles, fins, and carrying a harpoon, pop up behind her. "Hullo," it said, and Amelia turned and screamed. "Sorry," said the apparition, removing its helmet. "I didn't mean to scare you."

"Oh!" breathed Amelia, seeing that the monster

was a fair-haired young man with a straight nose, medium-sized ears, and an engaging smile, "you didn't at all."

"Then what's the trouble?" said the young man. "You look as though you've been crying."

Amelia burst out with her story. How she longed to see Life. How it was so dull at home. How she knew she would be a social success if only she could meet the right people.

"That's all right"—the young man grinned at her in an amiable and encouraging way—"what you need is a good publicity agent. My name's Jim Donald, and I'd give you my card if I had one, but here's my hand instead."

"I'm Amelia," said Amelia, shaking hands solemnly. She felt that it was a turning point in her life, and she was dead right.

Together they planned a first-rate publicity campaign. Jim Donald swam out every day for a week,

To page 44

"Just look at my hair," Amelia wailed to Mervyn. "It's in an awful state and so unfashionable. No one has long hair these days."

By DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

D. Boutwood

Look wonderful...
Feel wonderful



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"You can feel them doing you good!"

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AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS

WEALTHY MISS ANGELA CHESNEY, of London's Mortimer Square, is determined to bring to justice the children from adjoining Catford Street who, she declares, are stealing earth from the Square Gardens. Her timid sister, **OLIVIA**, secretly sympathises with the unknown culprits, and hopes they won't be caught.

The whole episode actually began when 11-year-old **LOVEJOY MASON**, of Catford Street, snatched a packet of cornflower seeds from **SPARKEY**, the newspaper seller's little boy. Lovejoy is badly neglected by her actress mother, who mostly leaves her to her own devices. They live in a rented room above a restaurant in Catford Street, kept by kindly **MRS. COMBIE** and her husband, **VINCENT**.

Vincent, an idealist, is striving hopelessly to raise the restaurant above the standard of its surroundings. His influence teaches Lovejoy to dream of better things, and the packet of seeds inspires her to make a garden. She eventually does so, by infinite patience and hard work, together with a certain amount of stealing.

However, the bomb ruins where she makes it are regarded as sacred to the Street boys, so Sparkey, still smarting over Lovejoy's theft of the seeds, maliciously tells his hero, tough young **TIP MALONE**, that she is trespassing there. Tip and his gang hunt Lovejoy down, wreck the garden, and put her to flight. **NOW READ ON:**

AMONG the things that have to be learned is that even sorrow cannot be had in peace, because other people have sorrows, too; no boy could catch Lovejoy, and she had had only one thought as she ran—to get to Mrs. Combie; but when she got home Vincent and Mrs. Combie were quarrelling, goaded on by the slatternly Cassie.

It had begun with the fifteen pounds Mrs. Mason had paid them.

"Fifteen pounds?" Cassie had said. "You can pay me back the three you owe me." But Mrs. Combie could not.

"Never borrow money from your sister, please," Vincent had said, but once or twice lately Mrs. Combie had been forced to it. Now she was silent, flushed, and embarrassed.

"You mean it's spent already!" said Cassie, her voice shrill. The spots on her face stood out as they did when she was angry. She looked at Mrs. Combie with the small blue eyes that seemed to bore holes—right down into you, thought Mrs. Combie, flinching—

and, "You've given it to George," pronounced Cassie.

Mrs. Combie did not let Cassie call Vincent "George." "Vincent had bills to pay," she said distantly.

That was true; the difficulty was to know which to pay first; the cash bills? thought Vincent, or pay the money into the bank? Money going in and out of the account makes it look alive, be thought; but no, better to pay the bills, but which? Bobby and Bax, the High Street grocers? Or Mr. Nichols, the butcher who had been so patient? Or the dairy, or the shoe shop for



Third instalment of our delightful five-part serial by RUMER GODDEN

mending shoes, or Driscoll, the greengrocer? "If he bought off the barrows and paid cash, which he's too mighty proud to do, there wouldn't be bills," said Cassie. Vincent had gone out to distribute the fifteen pounds as best he could, but—though Mrs. Combie felt she would die rather than tell Cassie this—he had not paid anyone. He had come back, his face paper-white with excitement, and so exalted that he seemed to be walking on air, although he was carrying a heavy parcel.

In it he had a set of dessert plates in different colors, deep green, royal-blue, crimson—Mrs. Combie had never seen such colors—and in the middle of each plate was a painting of a lady's head, delicately done in ivory or pink with roses.

"Did you get them at Dwight's?" asked Mrs. Combie uncertainly.

"Dwight's! They're Angelica Kauffman. At least, they might be Angelica Kauffman. I'm nearly sure they are, Ettie. I saw them in a shop off Hanover Square weeks ago. I got them for thirty pounds," said Vincent.

"Thir—" Mrs. Combie's voice went quite away; it was a long time before she got it back. "Fifteen pounds down," Vincent was saying. "The balance over twelve months. I was lucky they let me have them." He stared at the plates with his soul in his eyes. "But, George," said Mrs. Combie when she could speak, "what are they for?"

"We shall serve dessert on them," said Vincent, "for very special clients."

But, George, we haven't any special clients. We haven't any proper clients at all, except Mr. Manley, and we haven't—George, it's fifteen pounds still to pay! Mrs. Combie did not say any of that, but it was said in her silence.

"We can get the bank to give us an overdraft," said Vincent uneasily.

Vincent took Mrs. Combie in his arms while Lovejoy peeped in at the distinguished guests. "They've come, Ettie," he said ecstatically. "The people I've always wanted."

"We have an overdraft, George," Mr. Edwards said he can't do any more.

"Well, I've always said we should mortgage the house."

"It is mortgaged, George."

"Ettie, you're like a raven, a raven!" said Vincent.

He walked up and down the kitchen, still in his shabby overcoat. "Very well, take them. Sell them," he burst out at last. "Sell them. Or smash them."

"Smash them?" said Mrs. Combie, shrinking.

"You have smashed them," Vincent was shouting again. "Don't you see that for me they're smashed?"

Lovejoy heard Mrs. Combie weeping and took herself out of the way upstairs.

It was an hour or two later that Cassie burst into the Masons' room. She never knocked. One does not knock for children.

"There's a boy wants to see you," she told Lovejoy.

"I don't want to see a boy," said Lovejoy. "Hoity-toity!" said Cassie. "Well, I'm making poor Mrs. Combie a cup of tea. You'd better come down and have yours now."

"I don't want any tea."

"Don't you feel well?" asked curious Cassie.

"Quite well," said Lovejoy, but she felt neither well nor ill; she felt nothing, nothing at all; she might have been dead. "You can come down or go to bed," said Cassie.

Lovejoy came down, but in the kitchen they had started again. "The whole of Dad's money gone!" said Cassie.

"We'll get it back," Vincent shouted at her.

"There's a place called Queer Street," said Cassie.

Lovejoy left the kitchen so that she would not have to hear any more. Her fingers,

gripped in her pocket, found the pillbox with the seeds in it. Thoughtfully she took it outside and emptied it down the gutter.

The seeds fell down like rain; she wondered if they would stick in the gutter and grow, and she thought of nasturtiums flowering on the pavement edges and at once the familiar feeling stirred in her, the garden feeling. But what's the use of that now? Lovejoy was thinking wearily when a boy came up from the shadow of the side door. It was Tip.

Lovejoy stiffened. "What do you want?" she said, backing against the house wall.

Tip did not see why she should flinch and back away like that. He had not hurt her, while she had left a half-circle of bleeding little purple marks on his hand: "The first thing she ever did for me she bit me," he was to say afterwards. The bite ached still. Nor did he at all understand why he was doing what he did now.

"I came to bring you this," he said, and held out the garden fork. "I couldn't find the trowel," said Tip, "but we've got a little old shovel you could use."

Lovejoy made no attempt to hold the fork; as she walked away to the edge of the pavement she let it drop from her hand into the gutter; then she sat down on the kerb and began to cry.

Tip was one of those boys who are so big and strong that people do not really look at them; they look at their boots, their big young knees and shoulders, their jaws, per-

haps, but not at them. "What a young tough!" people said of Tip, but Mrs. Malone, who knew him better than anyone else, said, "He's not tough. He's gentle." Few people divined this. Yet Lovejoy divined it at once.

To Lovejoy Tip was a bitter-enemy boy, the biggest and worst of the ones who had smashed her garden, and yet she, who never cried in front of anyone, who had not cried then, was moved to cry now, in front of him. He did not jeer at her, nor did he go away embarrassed; he picked up the fork and sat down on the kerb beside her.

The kerb of a busy street may seem a poor place to talk, but on an early May evening, almost warm enough for summer, when people are taking their ease outside, there is something relaxed about it; if the street is familiar it can even be peaceful. The stone Tip and Lovejoy were sitting on was warm; it was the right height from the gutter to be comfortable.

Scraps of conversation fell into their talk as people passed, but that only made it seem more private; a Sister of Charity came by with her quiet skirt and noisy beads and she smiled down on them; the man with the two dogs passed on the opposite side of the road; a gang of big boys stayed, shouting and laughing on the corner at a group of girls.

A little farther up the street, Yvette and Susie Romney were practising handstands against a wall. Pooh! I could show them, thought Lovejoy. The pink and white of their thighs flashed each time their legs went up and their skirts fell back. One of Mrs. Cleary's and Miss Arnot's cats—not Istanbul, but a white, bleary-eyed cat—came down the street, arching its back against every pillar and mewling as it stalked the smell of the fried fish and chips that two big girls were eating out of a newspaper as they walked. A few smaller children, up late, were playing hopscotch.

Lovejoy heard all this and saw it as if she were in a dream; she was too tired, too dead to think or feel or care for herself or Vincent.

To page 46



A MAN CAN'T CALL HIS LIFEBOUY HIS OWN ANY MORE!

Now...the nicest people use Lifebuoy

Remember when Lifebuoy was a soap mainly for men? Not any more! With its refreshing new perfume and wonder deodorising ingredient called Puralin, it's the choice of the nicest, most considerate people — women as well as men. Why, so many people want Lifebuoy, that it had to be made in the big Family Size!



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soap with Puralin
to stop B.O.
before it starts*



SMELL IT!

ENJOY IT!

BE POPULAR!

The Measure of Love

A short short story by LESLEY CONGER

THE baby lay at Irene's side in the hospital bed, yawning and mewling and giving a little hiccup, full of milk. Absently, Irene smoothed its dark, fuzzy head, but she was not looking at it.

Unlike the other mothers, Irene had never unwrapped this baby to count its fingers and toes and foolishly make certain that all was well. "A perfect little girl," the doctor had said, with an emphasis that hurt no matter how kindly he meant it. "Nothing to worry about."

But she didn't want this perfect little girl. All she wanted was Dulcie — imperfect Dulcie. The woman in the next bed laughed, talking whispers of nonsense, but Irene fed her baby and turned away, afraid to look at it, afraid to love it.

Barbara. She had left it to Cal to choose a name. Barbara. She shook her head, shaking the image of the baby from her mind, trying vainly to shake it from her heart. Dulcie, Dulcie, I'm sorry.

"A beautiful baby," Cal said, bending to kiss her.

"How's Dulcie?" Irene asked. "Is Dulcie all right?"

"Dulcie's fine," he said. "She's learning to skip with a rope, can you beat it? Amy says she learns just as quickly as if —"

"Is Amy being careful? You're sure she's being careful?" Cal's sister was so young, not even sixteen yet, and there was so much that could happen. "I keep thinking we should have got a nurse —"

"Nobody's sick," Cal said sharply. Then his face softened. "Amy's so proud we asked her. She won't let Dulcie out of her sight — you needn't worry."

Irene sighed. "I just wish I were at home." Why did I have to have this baby at all, she thought.

He laughed at her. "Stop fussing, Maw," he said.

She tried to smile, but she bit her lip and glanced out the window. "Cal — next time you come, bring me the dresses I've been making for Dulcie's doll. And my little sewing-box. I can take them home nearly finished."

It helped to be doing something for Dulcie. Irene sat and sewed bits of fur on a nubby wool jacket, sequins on a crisp taffeta skirt, a velvet sash on a gauzy dress — everything chosen for Dulcie's own special enjoyment.

"Oh, my!" The woman from the next bed stopped on her way out to the hall. "All this must be for your little girl at home. I'll bet her eyes light up when she gets a look at it!"

Irene felt the great familiar pain wrenching at her. She couldn't say it; no, my other little girl is blind.

"Such lovely colors!"

"Yes, she'll be thrilled," Irene said. Dulcie, Dulcie, forgive me. I didn't mean to have this baby, to

deprive you of even a fraction of my love. I wouldn't have planned it this way — it just happened.

"How old did you say she was?" "Four," Irene said. "Almost five, really."

"Oh, that's the age — she'll be in ecstasy when she sees the baby."

What is blind, Mommy? What is seeing? — To know something is there when you can't hear it or touch it. To know Dulcie is across the room, even if she makes no noise at all. That's what eyes are for. — My eyes are for crying, said Dulcie. They make tears. — Sometimes, but a brave girl like Dulcie doesn't cry much. And the tears started in her own eyes. But the last afternoon finally came, and Cal arrived to take them home.

"Did you bring Dulcie? Is she in the car?"

"No — I thought I might have to wait. She's at home with Amy, dancing with impatience."

Dulcie had known about the baby beforehand, of course. And, of course, she had been pleased and excited. But now the baby would be there, real and demanding, greedy for its portion of attention and of love.

What would they do with a jealous Dulcie, poor Dulcie, who had already had so much denied her? Irene could feel already the agony of a divided love and a divided motherhood, when Dulcie needed it all.

When the car stopped, the front door of the house flew open and there was Dulcie, with Amy standing in the doorway behind her.

"Mommy!" she shouted, and she came running down to where another child's scooter lay across the path.

"Dulcie, watch out!"

Dulcie tripped and went sprawling.

"Oh, darling, darling!" Irene cried, but Dulcie got up with a fierce look on her little face.

"Darn," she said, rubbing her knee. "Darn old scooter!" Then she ran up to them.

Irene bent down, half kneeling, holding Dulcie close while the child's hands went lightly over her

face and hair. Then Dulcie pulled free suddenly. "Where is she?" she asked. "Where's the baby?"

Cal squatted carefully on his heels. "Here," he said, holding the baby in front of Dulcie. "Here she is."

Gingerly Dulcie ran her fingertips over the blanket and found the little head in its angora bonnet.

"Barbara," Dulcie crooned. Then, "Can she see me, Daddy? Can she know I'm across the room if I don't make any noise? Do her eyes work?"

"Yes," Cal answered. "Her eyes work."

Dulcie sighed. "I'm glad," she said. "Isn't it nice she can see, Mommy?"

Irene's voice came huskily from her aching throat. "Yes — yes, it's nice. It's wonderful." Why didn't I know? she thought. This is something other children have, and I would have gone on forever, denying it to Dulcie . . .

"See me, baby?" said Dulcie. "Is she looking at me now, Mommy?"

Irene looked down at the baby's pink, perfect little face, and the baby opened its dark, murky eyes and yawned. "Right now she's too little really to see you," Irene explained. "Little tiny babies don't see very well at first."

"Oh . . ." Then Dulcie searched for the satin-bound edge of the blanket and pulled it aside. "Oh!" she said again, marvelling, "she's so

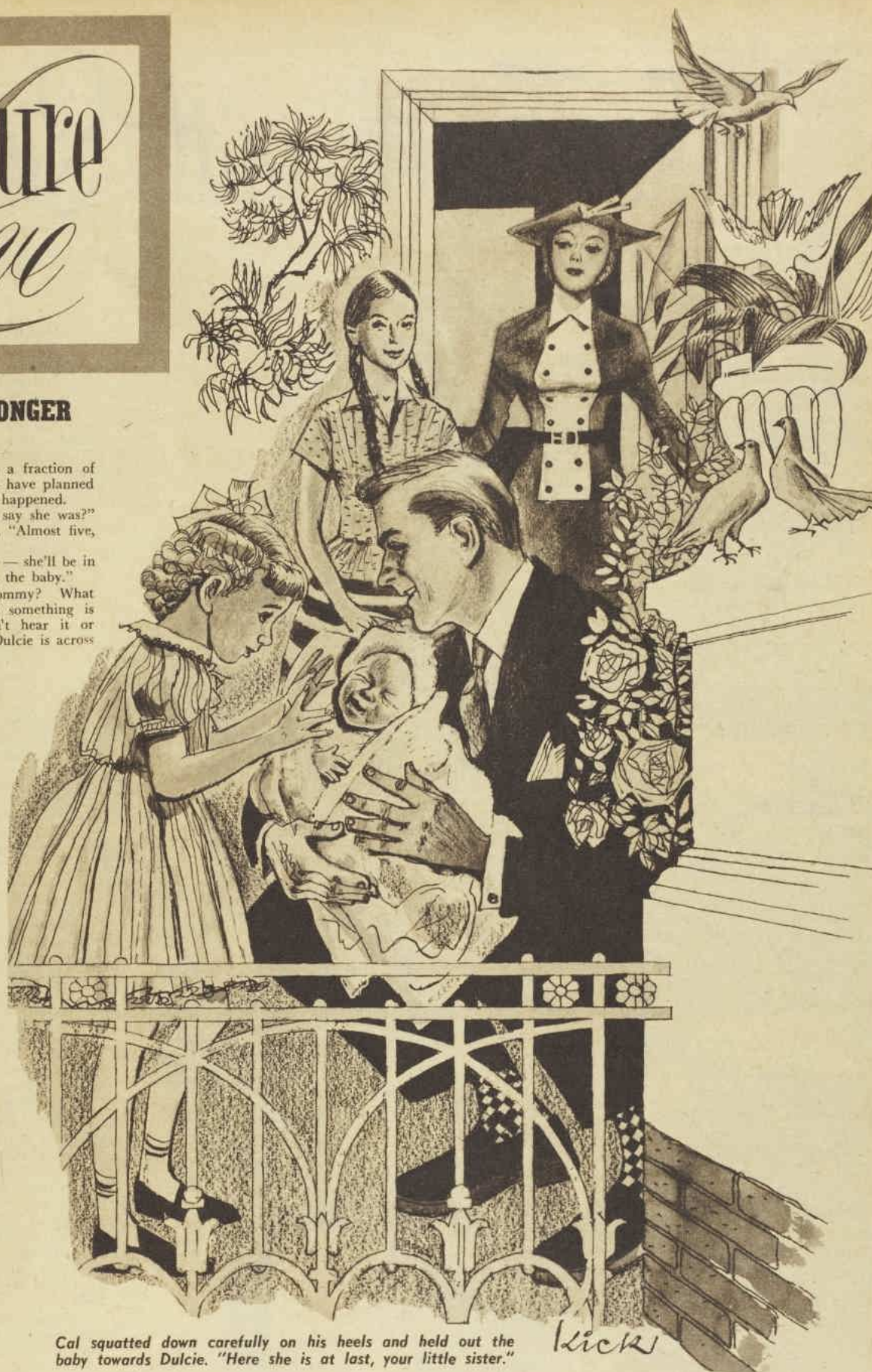
little!" She put her head down, very close.

"See, baby?" she said softly. "You can see like Dulcie does. I'm your sister, baby." And gently she took the baby's tiny hands and guided them over her own dreamy, smiling face.

Irene stood with her hand on Cal's shoulder looking down at her two daughters. Dulcie needed Barbara; she had never thought of it that way at all.

And as for love, it was not anything to be measured or divided. She felt it released within her, reaching out to them, her daughters and her husband, more than enough love for everyone.

(Copyright)



Cal squatted down carefully on his heels and held out the baby towards Dulcie. "Here she is at last, your little sister."

The Trouble with Simpkins



SIMPKINS wedged her long legs more comfortably under the small desk and lifted the cover from her typewriter. Then she inserted a virgin sheet of "Brigton Productions" notepaper, not because she was going to type but because it looked better that way.

There was another reason, too, but it was buried deep down in her subconscious and she would have denied its existence vigorously indeed. Ten years ago she had heard her boss remark to a friend, "Never an empty machine, that girl—wonderful worker!"

She hadn't known Jay very well then. If she had she would have guessed that it was not an idle remark; that he had said it for a purpose; and that he had made quite sure she would hear. He was a great one for psychology.

Methodically, she polished the blue-framed spectacles and groped behind for any vagabond ends which might have escaped the disciplinary bun net, even while she was noting the previous week's figures at the various theatres.

Simpkins had a Christian name. As a matter of fact, she had two. A fond mother had donated Rosalinda, while a doting father had delved into his past to emerge with Gladys.

At the age of twenty-three, Rosalinda Gladys Simpkins had started work as a typist for a dynamic personality who wore unpressed trousers and astonishing ties. He was then a theatrical agent by the name of Joseph Alfred Briggs. She was still working for him, but there had been changes apart from normal everyday wear and tear.

Rosalinda Gladys had been unloaded in favor of the more practical Simpkins. Joseph Alfred Briggs now owned four theatres; his suits were tailored by a dapper little man in a hush-hush establishment and his ties were censored by an elderly ex-army batman who could do everything from baking to holding his tongue. "A perfect find!" according to Jay, who, in the casual manner of stage folk, had changed his name to Jay Brigton.

Simpkins had her head buried in figures when the door burst open. Johnny Karr, the producer of the Arena show, was most gaily attired in a multi-striped shirt which he wore outside his emerald-green corduroys. A scarlet scarf decorated his neck and momentarily Simpkins shut her eyes.

"Darling, trouble with a capital T. How can anyone expect me to produce this show unless I get co-operation? Darling, don't you think you ought to get co-operation? I mean to say . . ."

"What's the trouble now?"

"Sweet, don't glare like that, not on such a beautiful morning. When I awoke the birds were singing and I was at peace with the world. I stick my nose inside this darned theatre and what happens?"

"Well," said Simpkins patiently, "what happened?"

He leaned over the desk imploringly. "Darling, you know I don't run to you or Jay unless it's something very, very important?"

Simpkins nodded obligingly.

"Well, it's Mike. Absolutely refuses to go on working with Katrina. Says she's stealing all the thunder. Rubbish, of course, my pet, but she does have a tendency to shove herself in front of him. I've noticed it myself."

"You've spoken to her?" Simpkins was doing a sum in pencil.

"Have I spoken to her? Dearest, I've wasted thousands of words on her. Her story is that Mike has no stage technique, none whatever! Can you imagine what Mike would think about that?"

"He'd hardly be thrilled," Simpkins agreed, and finished the sum. "Look, Johnny, have another go at Katrina and when Jay comes in I'll mention it to him."

Johnny went back on stage and scraping noises from the orchestra pit heralded the timely arrival of the musical director. It was eleven o'clock and, although the sun shone brilliantly outside, the small office was lit by electricity. It had no window. Sometimes Simpkins felt quite apart from the rest of the world; shut in a theatrical atmosphere from morning until night.

And still the miracle happened. Each night the show went on. Empty seats, row upon row, were filled with people, wonderful ordinary people who came to enjoy themselves. Simpkins felt very deeply about them, but they neither knew nor cared.

And each night the ghostly, well-scrubbed stage became a fantastic place trod by glamorous chorus girls, handsome men, and beautiful women.

Even after ten years Simpkins could still feel a lump in her throat when the musical director lifted his baton and an expectant hush settled over the audience.

But these things she kept to herself. She was Jay Brigton's right-hand "man." A career woman, someone had once called her. For a moment her eyes strayed from the long column of figures, then she heard Jay's voice in the passage.

Jay was awfully clever
at arranging other people's lives
... a most amusing story

By **MARGUERITE ALVIS**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

He came in with his usual retinue. His buttonhole sprouted a rosebud and he carried yellow gloves.

Jay wasted no time in greetings.

"What's all the rumpus about Mike and Katrina, eh?" He poked Johnny in the stomach region. "You ought to be able to handle it, boy. That's what you're here for, right, Simpkins? Never had any trouble in my shows before. Well, speak up, speak up."

Johnny removed the distasteful expression from his face by sheer will-power. "I can handle most things, Jay, but this is a clash of personalities, a difficult business. The woman refuses to co-operate and, of course, Mike just smiles and says he won't work with her. What can I do?" He ruffled his hair. "What in the name of heaven can I do?"

"Won't co-operate, eh?" Jay turned to Simpkins. "Knows she's a good soprano, that's the whole trouble. Thinks she should develop a temperament! But the boy now—he's a handsome devil. Should go places." He poked Johnny again. "Have you had a word with them, quiet like?"

Johnny dragged his eyes from the ceiling and uttered a groaning "Yes!"

Simpkins said, "I would suggest that this is a matter you need to handle yourself, Jay." She returned his searching glance with a demure smile.

"Okay, okay, I'll fix it, but it isn't my job, not my job at all." Johnny neatly dodged another hurtful jab. "What you have to use in a case like this, my boy, is psychology."

Johnny re-tied his flaming scarf and went to the door and Jay turned his attention to the musical director and the front-of-the-house manager.

Their small concerns having been dealt with to everyone's satisfaction, he flung his black homburg at the peg on the wall without even a faint hope of hooking it. Resignedly, Simpkins rose, picked it up and placed it on her desk. Then she re-wedged her legs.

"Why don't you get a decent desk?" he asked, not for the first time.

"Because so many things have changed around here that I want something as it used to be," she retorted. Jay scanned the few letters which needed his personal attention, then returned to the attack.

"But it looks—mean, Simpkins. As if I won't put out the money or something. Don't like it!"

"You don't have to sit here!"

"Where?"

"At this desk."

"I meant that I didn't like the idea, not the darned desk."

"Then why go on and on about it?" she asked sweetly. Then before he could answer, "What about this Mike and Katrina affair?"

"Y-es. Something should be done. Got to treat it delicately, too." He rubbed his forehead and she noted again the thick brown hair which was greying at the temples. She'd read about men like that, of course, and it was quite true. Jay did look rather distinguished. Her eyes grew soft, but he looked up.

"Well, what has the great mind decided?" she asked carelessly.

"Get Mike in here."

She went to the door and he added, "And stay around."

"As if I wouldn't!"

Mike was tall with a superb figure. He was Irish, but the O'Neil had given place to Delgado as more in keeping with his black hair and powerful voice.

"What's all this about you and Katrina, Mike?"

"Katrina?" He seemed to find the name familiar. "Oh, yes, Katrina! Well, she hogs every scene we're in, Jay, and just recently she's become so unbearable that, well, I can't go on working with her."

Jay offered cigarettes from a gold case. Mike produced a lighter obediently and inhaled deeply.

"She keeps edging in front of me, covering me from the audience, and when we kiss in the finale—he shook his head hopelessly—"you should see her! Practically muffles me up in that fur wrap she wears. Honestly, Jay, I can't stand any more. My work is suffering."

He was wearing a white sweater and his face was very tanned. Simpkins said, "Don't worry, Mike, we'll straighten it all out for you."

He looked at her gratefully and Jay ground out his cigarette in a minute ash-tray. It was a full minute before he spoke. "Mike, I'll tell you the truth. I can't understand it, not one bit."

"Perhaps you can't, but I happen to know what I'm talking about. I tell you, Jay, this is serious. I'm not a fool!"

"Of course not, boy, of course not!" Simpkins stared at him suspiciously.

"But I don't understand it, not after what she said."

Mike wrinkled his nose. "After what she said?"

To page 30

Jay took some papers from a file and then said calmly to Simpkins, "You see, it's simply a matter of psychology."



"Gentle 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo keeps my hair shining clean"

says lovely Australian starring in Hollywood



Here's Victoria Shaw, with Tyrone Power in a scene from the Columbia film, "The Eddy Duchin Story". Victoria, formerly Australian model, Jeanette Elphick, is learning

Hollywood beauty secrets, but still follows the golden rule of hair care—never wash hair with soap—shampoo each week with 'Vaseline' Brand Liquid Shampoo.

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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

HAVING recently spent some weeks in hospital I was amazed at the inadequate arrangements made for the well-being of New Australians unable to speak English. Some couldn't make known even their simplest wants. I suppose that in serious illnesses interpreters are provided, but, on the average, these folk had to communicate by signs, making busy nurses impatient and suffering severe discomfort themselves because they could not make themselves understood. I suggest that before entering hospital the patient should be provided with a list in English and her own language. Obviously needed words such as "water," "headache," and so forth could be listed. This would help the patient when entering the bewildering hospital world, often an ordeal even for Old Australians.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Gregory, Padstow, N.S.W.

WHY is it that whatever one wants most one cannot have, while someone else who doesn't want it can have it? This is the case with my girl-friend and me. We went to school together, both reaching intermediate standard. I love school and would have given anything to go on, but my parents wouldn't let me. My girl-friend's parents practically begged her to go on and she wouldn't. It's happening again. I want to be a nurse, but am not allowed, while her parents think it a wonderful career and, against her wishes, want her to start it.

10/6 to J.W. (name supplied), Adelaide.

IN days gone by it was customary for a Welsh boy to carve a wooden Loving or Betrothal spoon for his girl and from that the word "spooning" was derived. So, when my girl and I were appearing in a musical ice show, "White Horse Inn," I started carving a spoon between numbers. When she went overseas she took the spoon with her. They are both back now. She is my wife and we still remember our spooning lovingly.

10/6 to E. J. Williams, Hurstville, N.S.W.

WHY do some parents teach their little children ridiculous words like googie (egg), bow-wow (dog), moo-cow, and so on? If a small child can say googie he can say egg, a much simpler word. To hear a father say to his one-year-old son, "Look at the big puff-puff," sounds silly enough, but when I overheard a well-dressed mother say to her child, "Muzzer's itzy witzzy bubba," it was just too much.

10/6 to Mrs. G. Dent, New Lambton, N.S.W.

WHEN world-renowned chefs make ludicrous comparisons between the specialties of leading European restaurants and the daily dinner prepared by Mrs. Australia, I feel they are lacking in logic. To illustrate the point, imagine a hard-working Marseilles housewife setting in front of hubby an omelet Baron de Barante, saddle of lamb with a bottle of Chablis, followed by crepes suzettes and coffee and Benedictine in the lounge!

10/6 to Lawrence Foster, Sylvania, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best general letter of the week, 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writer's original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

THE modern color craze has put me off my food. I can't face brown gravy on wine-toned plates, bacon and eggs on green china, tea from grey cups. But I'm stuck with the kaleidoscopic crockery—all given to me when I married some months back.

10/6 to "Rainbow" (name supplied), Brisbane.

Bachelors and spinsters

I WOULD like to thank "Young Maid" for her letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 2/5/56). Others not so kindly disposed to "Old Maids" should be reminded that the men these spinsters probably would have married gave their lives in two world wars, and, incidentally, helped to save Australia for all, whether married or single.

10/6 to "World Wars" (name supplied), Upper Burnie, Tas.

BEING a bachelor of 40, I agree with "Young Maid's" opinions. When sickness or misfortune befalls families many boys and girls stay home, forgoing their chances of early marriage. Only later do they find that marriage chances are remote and the future lonely. Could not Pen Friend Clubs, reputedly sponsored, be formed to help this section of the community towards happy and sincere friendships?

10/6 to Bert Edwin, Mackay, Qld.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MY problem when the children were small was the use of too much sugar in their tea, one girl always helping herself to four teaspoonfuls. After some thought I decided to buy little coffee-spoons and put them in place, remarking only that they were cute little spoons. Without noticing the difference in taste they still helped themselves to four spoons of sugar, not realising that it amounted to only two. This practice was kept up for years, and even now, except when we have visitors, we still use the coffee-spoons for our tea. This idea saved a lot of table strife and a lot of sugar.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Edna Hughes, Little Hartley, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS talking to a woman of about 35 at a party.

A young man came up and said, "Hello, Elsie! You are looking well!"

She greeted him coolly. When he had gone she said, "Young ass! Telling me I look well!"

"Why—do you feel sick?" I said. "No. But I hate people saying I look well. It sounds as if I've put on weight."

That shows how hard it is for a man to be tactful, I thought.

Women don't like being told they look ill. And they're angry if you say they look well.

Worst of all is to say a girl is wholesome. If you do that she won't speak to you again.

Another snag is that women hate being contradicted, yet they may be annoyed if you agree with them.

Sandra Tomkins, a neighbor of ours, said lately, "I've washed my hair and I can't do a thing with it."

I replied, "Yes, I noticed that," and she was furious.

HOT BRICKS

Some people, like myself, seem fated to drop bricks.

If I tell a funny story about an undertaker, ten to one somebody present has just suffered a bereavement.

I had an awful session once with



a matronly looking woman who was introduced to me as Mrs. Bumpus. "I suppose you know my Cecil?" she said.

Cecil Bumpus was a young journalist of my acquaintance.

"Yes," I replied, "your son and I are old friends."

"Cecil is my husband," she said. Trying to repair the damage, I spluttered, "How nice to meet you! Cecil has shown me pictures of your baby. He's a manly little chap, isn't he?"

"Our baby is a girl," she said. "Of course, how stupid of me!"

You know, I was just thinking of Cecil today when I read that brilliant article of his about soap. You can always tell his touch."

"Cecil didn't write it," she said. "He's on holidays."

In my embarrassment I asked Mrs. Bumpus and her husband to afternoon tea.

I must say she got even.

When she was shown our baby she remarked, "What a lovely pram!"

Later she said to my wife, "This cake of yours is very nice, considering it's only a two-egg cake."

That's why I don't worry so much now about dropping bricks.

The victims usually manage to toss them back at you.



THIS IS AUSTRALIA

PACKING CROCODILE SKINS at Thursday Island. The skins, photographed as they were salted and packed, were the results of a four weeks' expedition up the Fly River, Papua. Thursday Island is 30 miles north-west of Cape York, Queensland, and was named by Captain Cook on his way through the Torres Strait. (He called three of the neighboring islands Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday.) From Thursday Island the skins were despatched to France, but they may return here some day as elegant shoes or handbags. Crocodiles are plentiful in the northernmost parts of Australia, and a good skin—skins are measured by their width—is worth up to 8/- an inch. It takes an intrepid spirit to hunt crocodiles; the hunter must be prepared to put up with almost pioneering hardships and must be a superb shot, for his life may depend on it. Picture by Miss E. M. Follett, of Sydney.

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Mitchell Will prizewinners

Three prizes have been awarded in the quest for youths who will benefit this year from the will of the late Peter Stuckey Mitchell.

Winner of the first prize of £634/18/6 is Geoffrey Porter, 21, of Brisbane. Patrick Lynch, 21, of Wyalkatchem, W.A., wins the second prize of £211/12/8 and Rodney Gibson, 20, of Brisbane, the third prize of £105/16/4.

UNDER the terms of the Peter Mitchell Will, 10 prizes were to have been awarded to youths who could pass exacting tests in citizenship and general knowledge.

First prize was to have been £178/11/5, second prize, £59/10/5, and eight prizes of £29/15/3.

However, only three youths qualified in the written examinations, so the prizemoney has been divided among them.

In addition, the cheques have been increased considerably because no awards were made to male competitors in last year's quest.

The first of the awards to the 15 women beneficiaries were made last year, and the results of this year's quest were announced in our issue dated April 4, 1956.

Geoffrey Porter, the main prizewinner in this year's quest for youths to benefit from the Mitchell Will, is a medical student at Queensland University.

He is now in fifth year medicine, and intends eventually to specialise in surgery.

The son of Mr. Tom Porter, a science teacher, Geoffrey came eighth in the State and won an open scholarship and fellowship in Medicine when he matriculated at 16.

Since his schooldays at Brisbane High School, Geoffrey has been an enthusiastic cricketer and member of the University cricket and basketball teams.

He has a younger brother, Alan, doing first-year medi-

cine, and a 14-year-old sister, Julie, who is at Clayfield College.

Geoff said that if he won a prize in the Peter Mitchell Contest, he planned to "sock it away," and use it later to do post-graduate work in surgery in England at the completion of his course.

Patrick Lynch, second prizewinner, is a third-year Arts student at the University of Western Australia, and is majoring in history.

Patrick chose Australian history for one of his second-year subjects mainly because he was interested in it, but also because he has long-range plans for going abroad, and "all the chaps who go abroad tell you to swot up on Australian history because you're always being asked questions about Australia."

His most immediate travelling plans are for the Olympic Games in November. He and a Czechoslovakian friend plan to set off after the University



1st PRIZEWINNER.
Geoffrey Porter, of Brisbane.

examinations and drive to Melbourne.

Patrick is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lynch, of Wyalkatchem, W.A., and in his vacations helps his father on their 3000-acre wheat and sheep farm.

In spite of academic ambitions, he confesses he sometimes feels tempted to "go on the farm" with his father.

Patrick said that if he were successful in the Peter Mitchell Quest, he would start a

library, which would include reference books for historical research.

Twenty-year-old Rodney Gibson has been learning the tannery and leather business "from the ground up," in the firm founded by his late grandfather, since graduating in Commerce from Queensland University.

He has had practical experience in every branch of the works.

He is also studying for his Bachelor of Economics degree, attending evening classes at the University.

Rodney was educated at Scots College, Warwick, and Brisbane Grammar School.

His favorite hobbies are the theatre and gardening. He is also an "A" grade University footballer and swimmer.

Well known in Brisbane as an amateur actor and producer, Rodney is a member of the Twelfth Night Theatre.

Before "settling down," Rodney is keen to travel abroad.

He is the only son of Mrs. G. Gibson, of Brisbane, and of the late Mr. V. G. Gibson.

PETER STUCKEY MITCHELL, a grazier, of Bringenbrong, near Albury, N.S.W., who died in 1921 at the age of 64, left a fortune to provide annual prizes to promising young Australians.

The will directed that after the death of his wife—Mrs. Mitchell died in 1954—the net income from his estate should be awarded, through a number of periodical competitions, as prizes to 15 unmarried women under the age of 30, 10 youths under 21, and to soldiers, sailors, and police.

The trustees of the will are Walter George Henderson, retired solicitor, of Robertson, N.S.W., his daughter, Miss Jocelyn Henderson, Brigadier Raymond Walter Tovell, chartered accountant, of Melbourne, and The Union Trustee Company of Australia Ltd.

The first competition to find the women beneficiaries was conducted last year by The Australian Women's Weekly, which again conducted this year's quest for both women and youths.



2nd PRIZEWINNER.
Patrick Lynch, of Wyalkatchem, W.A.



3rd PRIZEWINNER.
Rodney Gibson, of Brisbane.

Cook's tour of Australia

Leading cuisiniere to demonstrate for us

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

● Mrs. Dione Lucas, world-renowned cook and television lecturer, will tour Australian capital cities next month for The Australian Women's Weekly. Mrs. Lucas, holder of the cuisiniere's most coveted award—Le Cordon Bleu (Blue Ribbon) — will demonstrate to Mrs. Australia precisely why the proof of the pudding is in the cook.



FLUTED mushrooms make an excellent decoration for platters. But skill, practice, and a delicate touch are needed to achieve the perfection shown by Mrs. Lucas here.

MRS. LUCAS will visit Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane to show the recipes and deft-fingered techniques which transform the simplest ingredients into works of culinary art.

These demonstrations will be similar to those presented five days a week to millions of American televisioners.

And, as an important rider, Mrs. Lucas will give points on careful shopping. This, she says, is an essential preliminary to good cooking.

"The Australian housewife may think she's bearing a cross," Mrs. Lucas said in New York this week. "But, believe me, watching the butcher cut up your roast is much better than selecting a prettily wrapped joint from a supermarket display case, hours away from the butcher's block."

"And anyone who tries to shop for food by telephone is simply throwing money away."

"When you go to a market you can examine the food by sight, smell, and touch."

"But for a telephoned order you must take whatever the shopkeeper sends."

Mrs. Lucas, an attractive well-groomed woman whose brown hair is bound in a bun, is a witty and articulate speaker. American house-

wives have named her the oracle of the kitchen.

She is known and respected by rivals, especially for her cutting-board techniques. "The woman's a marvel," said a leading New York chef recently. "Why, she can bone a chicken for a galantine in 10 minutes flat!"

This apparently is the culinary equivalent of breaking the four-minute mile.

At each of her Australian appearances Mrs. Lucas will make a four-or-five-course dinner with elaborate but inexpensive menus within the range of an average budget.

One dish to which Australians should respond is made from her own recipe — Lapin Saute Chasseur.

The basic ingredient is, of course, rabbit. But it is spiced into a mouth-watering meal with such things as hot mustard sauce and burgundy.

Watching Mrs. Lucas in action on television is an experience.

Her swift, confident patter flows as smoothly as the sure, nimble movements that characterize her kitchen craft.

Her television broadcasts (3 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. each week day) are an institution in the United States.

But so much preparation is necessary for these shows that Mrs. Lucas now has many programmes filmed.

The pressure of work forced her also to close her restaurant "Cordon Bleu," celebrated in New York for omelets, and



the cooking school conducted in the basement.

This was taken hard by the several hundred gourmets who had expensively studied Mrs. Lucas' art.

And among those disappointed students were Boris Karloff, Judy Holliday, Joan Fontaine, and Nicholas Roosevelt.

Dione Naronia Margarita Wilson was born in Italy.

Her father, Henry Wilson,

IT'S PASTRY and not a plastic tablecloth. Pictured in her New York TV kitchen, Mrs. Lucas is demonstrating some of the finer points of making apple strudel pastry. You should (say the experts) be able to read a love-letter through the finished product.

Beecham, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mrs. Wallis Simpson was a regular customer.

Mrs. Lucas recalls the day an order for lobster was placed for delivery to the Duke of Windsor (at that time the Prince of Wales).

York, and, of course, it became the "Cordon Bleu," with omelets as the house specialty.

Each midday Mrs. Lucas reigned with cast aluminium pans at a range in the middle of her fashionably crowded restaurant.

Every omelet won the cus-

tomers a medallion proclaiming it to be No. umpteenth omelet served.

When Mrs. Lucas closed the Cordon Bleu in 1951 more than half a million omelets had been served.

To begin preparations for her daily television show Mrs. Lucas rises about 6.30 a.m. She cooks in the tiny kitchen of her near-Fifth Avenue apartment, doing each dish several times in order to show it in

various stages of preparation on TV.

To televisioners Mrs. Lucas frequently expresses her contempt for jiffy meals.

A housewife, she says, should spend a minimum of an hour and a half cooking dinner.

"Cooking is a great creative art and should be approached with some reverence," she adds.

Mrs. Lucas lives a happy and busy life in her tasteful Manhattan apartment.

But the woman who has done more than anyone else to elevate the standards of the American cuisine gets little time for her own cooking.

After a long day of cooking, rehearsing, presenting a television programme in the afternoon, and repeating it again at night for film cameras, what does Mrs. Lucas do for a meal?

"It's home at midnight for a boiled egg, or round the corner for a grilled hamburger," she says. "It's honest food and delicious!"

Half a million omelets

was a British architect, sculptor, painter, and jewellery-maker.

When Dione was three, he was appointed head of the Kensington School of Art, and the family went back to England.

But eight years later the Wilsons returned to the Continent to live in a Paris suburb. When Henry Wilson's health broke in 1928, Dione was forced to look for a job.

She enrolled in the famed L'Ecole Cordon Bleu.

With a fellow honors graduate of the school, Rosemary Hume, Dione went to Chelsea, London, to open a cookery school with restaurant attached, Au Petit Cordon Bleu.

Omelets were la specialite de la maison mainly, Dione says, because there was neither the room nor the equipment to prepare anything else.

The restaurant's fame spread and the clientele included Lord Sandwich, Lady

The following week brought another order for lobster.

This went on for 52 weeks with the stipulation that the lobster must be served differently each week.

Mrs. Lucas ran out of lobster recipes about the time the King ran out of interest in the British throne.

The Chelsea restaurant and cooking school flourished until the war.

Then, at the urging of her husband, architect Colin Lucas (they were married in 1931), Mrs. Lucas took her son, Mark, to Canada. Her second son, Peter, was born there.

From Canada Mrs. Lucas and her boys went to New York, where she took her first job—fluting mushrooms in a restaurant window.

She then put in some time on a ranch in Wyoming, cooking for cowhands.

The ranch owner, Miss Hope Williams, financed Mrs. Lucas in a small restaurant in New

York, and, of course, it became the "Cordon Bleu," with omelets as the house specialty.

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AN AMERICAN television star in her own right, Dione Lucas demonstrates to millions of viewers every day that cooking can be a delight, an exciting and fulfilling feminine accomplishment which need not be a drudgery.

Mother! Are you making a chocolate cake this week?

Here's a recipe for a delicious Chocolate Layer Cake that will appeal to all the family. The ingredients you need are:

6 oz. (1 cup) sugar, 6 oz. ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup) butter, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful vanilla essence, 1 cup milk, 12 oz. (3 level cups) plain flour, pinch salt, 3 slightly rounded tablespoonfuls of Bournville Cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoonful bi-carbonate of soda, 3 level teaspoonfuls baking powder.

CHOCOLATE ICING: 12 oz. (2 cups) icing sugar, 1 oz. (2 level tablespoonfuls) Bournville Cocoa, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 dessertspoonful butter.



Follow
these easy
steps...

- 1 Cream together the butter and sugar. Stir in the well beaten eggs gradually and beat until well mixed. Flavour with vanilla essence.
- 2 Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, Bournville cocoa and bi-carbonate of soda. Add to the mixture alternately with the milk.
- 3 Place in a well-greased 8 inch cake tin and bake in a moderate oven for 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours.
- 4 When cold, cut into three layers and join the layers with mock or fresh cream.
- 5 Cover the top and sides with Chocolate Icing and decorate with nuts.
- 6 *Chocolate Icing:* Place all the ingredients listed above in a dish, mix to a creamy consistency with hot milk.



Be sure you include Bournville Cocoa in your family's daily menu. They'll love it because the flavour of chocolate is a universal favourite.

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CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa is ideal as a hot drink. It's delicious, nourishing and easy to prepare; and it's so economical. Compare the value—120 cups to the pound.



Carrie Moore writes her own success story

At 21, Australian Carrie Moore was voted the best principal boy in the competitive world of English pantomime. Today, at 73, writing her autobiography, she recalls those glittering days of curtain calls and bouquets.

FIRST take a good measure of old-world charm.

Add a sauce pinch of light-hearted gaiety, a pair of twinkling grey-green eyes, and a voice that stirred a thousand audiences.

Finally, season well with 61 years of theatre experience.

It all adds up to Australia's Carrie Moore, as lively today as when her name in lights illuminated the turn of the century.

Carrie told me this week of her work on the story she is writing of her years "on the boards."

"Neville Cardus, the music critic, suggested I write my life story," she said.

"And he promised to write the foreword."

Carrie smiled as she talked of the stories to be included in her book . . . as her mind roamed back through decades of entertainment . . . to a calm spring evening early in the 1900's when HOUSE FULL signs barred the entrance to the famous Daly's Theatre in London.

In the stalls and gallery thunderous clapping, stamping, and cheering acclaimed the young Australian star.

And Carrie Moore, blushing but proud in her triumph, curtsied acknowledgement.

She looked up to see King Edward VII—leaning from the Royal box—applauding as enthusiastically as his subjects in the gods.

She retreated hurriedly into the wings. "It—it's the King!" she stammered. "He's applauding ME!"

The stage manager, unimpressed by the outburst, pushed her in the back and said, "Well, what are you waiting for? Get out there and take an encore."

And Carrie waltzed on stage to repeat her popular song, "Tea in the Morning."

At her Sydney home this



CARRIE MOORE as she appeared in "Blue Moon" at London's Lyric Theatre in 1907. She was 25.

week Carrie showed that she still had the tremendous vitality that conquered London.

Carrie thinks she first began to act at the age of six in her home-town, Geelong, Victoria.

"My mother found me kneeling, head bowed, in a paddock before a piece of slate stuck in the ground," she said.

"What on earth are you doing?" she asked, and I said,

"Ada Reeve? Yes, I remember her, my dear. I went to her 80th birthday party, and I recall that Ada was too ill for the lead role at the opening of 'The French Maid' at Melbourne's Princess Theatre."

"I was only 15, but I took her part that night."

"No, the theatre hasn't changed. London was the aim of every young actress even then. My opportunity came

A star to remember

"Can't you see . . . I'm praying at my mother's grave."

"My mother had a beautiful voice," she said.

"She told me, 'Never mind about anything else, just open your mouth when you sing.' That was my only singing lesson."

"My father should have been a comedian. I'd clap and clap when he recited his favorite poem, 'The Shabby Genteel.'"

when producer George Edwardes gave me a contract.

"I was just 21. A year later I was voted the best principal boy in England."

"The award was a big cake, brought on to the stage at the end of the performance."

"I suppose you could say I really took the cake that time, my dear."

Carrie's principal girl in England's pantos was Billie

By
HELEN GORDON,
staff reporter

Burke, who later married Florenz Ziegfeld.

"Years later," Carrie said, "Billie invited me to her daughter's wedding. She introduced me to Janet Gaynor, Roland Young, and Joan Crawford as her oldest friend."

Carrie spent four years in England before she returned for the role of Sonia in Australia's first performance of "The Merry Widow."

Mr. Harold Bowden, Sydney director of J. C. Williamson's, recalls the opening night in Melbourne in 1908.

"The stage was banked with flowers, and there were tears in Carrie's eyes as she nervously thanked the audience for their tribute," he said.

"Then, from triumph to triumph, 'The Widow' moved to Sydney. It was here that Carrie married."

"On her wedding night, as she made her first appearance on stage, the orchestra, instead of playing 'The Merry Widow Waltz,' stood up to play 'The Wedding March!'"

Carrie's main recollection of that season is of Andrew Higginson, who played Danilo.

"My dear, he captured the heart of half Australia's women."

When the "Widow" season

ended Carrie returned to England and retired.

But one day she was offered the lead in "The Persian Princess" and accepted immediately.

Since then she has again "retired." Not counting, of course, a Royal Command performance before King George VI in 1938 and appearances on American television.

"I've given up talking about retiring," says Carrie now. "I really feel that if someone offered me a good part I'd take it."

Three years ago the theatrical world of Australia paid tribute to Carrie Moore with a dinner for her 70th birthday.

She said: "So many of my old friends came to that dinner. There was Andrew MacCunn, J. C. Williamson's conductor when I played Lily Baume in 'Music in the Air.' "Andrew MacCunn said to me that night: 'Carrie, I've a confession to make. Every time you sang "Aagen on the Taagen Zee," I cried.' "

"So I sang it to him there at the dinner, and he shed a few tears. I think it is the most wonderful compliment I've ever had."

And as she sat there, she began to sing, softly, clearly, as she did 61 years ago:

"I don't want to play in your yard,
"I don't like you any more . . ."



RICE CURRANT CAP PUDDING

4 oz. currants
4 oz. rice
2 oz. sugar

1 pint milk
Rind of 1 lemon
2 tablespoons honey

Wash the rice in several waters, drain it well and put into double saucepan. Add the milk, the peeled rind of the lemon and sugar. Cook until the rice is swollen and tender and has absorbed the milk. Remove lemon rind. Place honey in the base of a greased pudding mould. Arrange currants over base of mould and fill with rice, packing in firmly. The rice can then be turned out to make a mould shape. Serve with whipped cream.

Extra flavour is added by soaking the currants in a little sherry for some hours before using. Drain well.



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ADDRESS



More
and more
women

now keep silver gleaming beautifully with quicker-polishing liquid Silvo which costs less and is safest for all silver



LEFT: Carrie wore this extravagant costume for "Cingalee" and was applauded by King Edward VII. RIGHT: Carrie, 73, at her Woolahra, Sydney, home last week.



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between this...



and this...



is often
this...



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13'11

They want to share their Shangri-La with tourists

● Few people have waterfalls in their backyard.
Ben and Jean Turner—swimsuit-designers turned
tourist-resort managers—have four in theirs.

THE Turners own Clover Hill Farm, a 400-acre property half-way up Macquarie Pass, near Albion Park, New South Wales.

They live in an old home-
stead which they've partly re-
built and renovated, sur-

rounded by cabbage-palms,
tree-ferns, bush walks—and
waterfalls.

"The four main waterfalls
are named McAndrews, Mc-
Arthur, Macquarie, and Mul-
longong (platypus)," Ben Tur-
ner said. "There are a few
smaller trickles, but we haven't
bothered much about them."

English-born Ben Turner
came to Australia in the 1930s
after a career as a parachutist
with the "World's First Flying
Fair" and Sir Alan Cobham's
air circus.

He started making para-
chutes in Australia in 1939,
and changed to swimsuits when
the war ended.

He and Jean Turner de-
signed and cut the patterns for
his swimsuits until 1947, when
he sold his interest in the com-
pany and bought Clover Hill.

"We bought Clover Hill
eight years ago," he said. "It

was the pot
of gold at the
end of the
rainbow for
Jean and me;
somewhere we could go to get
right away from Sydney and
have some peace.

"We tried to be dairy-far-
mers when we first moved in,"
Ben Turner said. "We milked
20 cows, in partnership with
a friend, but we didn't know
much about it, and we cer-
tainly hadn't any luck.

"Nothing went right, so we
gave dairying away.

"We'd had the idea of turn-
ing this place into a tourist and
holiday resort at the back of
our minds from the time we
bought it.

"So after the cows went
wrong we hung out a sign on
the main road telling people
they could come in and picnic
here.

"Two days after we hung
the sign out a great tree fell
right across the road, blocking

it. That mucked things up
for a while, but now I think
our luck has changed.

"We've made a lot of plans
for Clover Hill. We've already
got two cabins for holiday-
makers.

"We've opened up bush
walks to the waterfalls and
all over the place, and we
want to make a nine-hole golf
course and tennis courts.

"We've already got a couple
of horses here for hire, and
we're going to get more. When
people get to know about
Clover Hill we'd like to open
a little store
here.

"We're
going to in-
stall a 4-mile
scenic railway for children. It
won't be a toy train, but a
real steam-engine, about two
feet high, with proper car-
riages and rails. The engine
is being made in Wollongong,
and we hope to get the rails
down and the train going be-
fore the end of the year.

"Already quite a few people
drop in for a picnic at the
weekends, and we supply them
with hot water if they want it.

"Altogether, it's a very satis-
fying life we have down here.
There's a lot of hard work yet
to be done, but when you clear
a track or build a cabin you
can see something for your
work.

"There's none of the push
and rush of living in Sydney;
we haven't any really close
neighbors, and life at Clover
Hill is really free and easy."

By HELEN GORDON,
staff reporter



MULLONGONG WATERFALL, Clover Hill's main scenic
attraction, one of the four waterfalls on the Turners'
property. Weekend trippers go for walks around the falls,
boil billys, and have picnic lunches near the farmhouse.



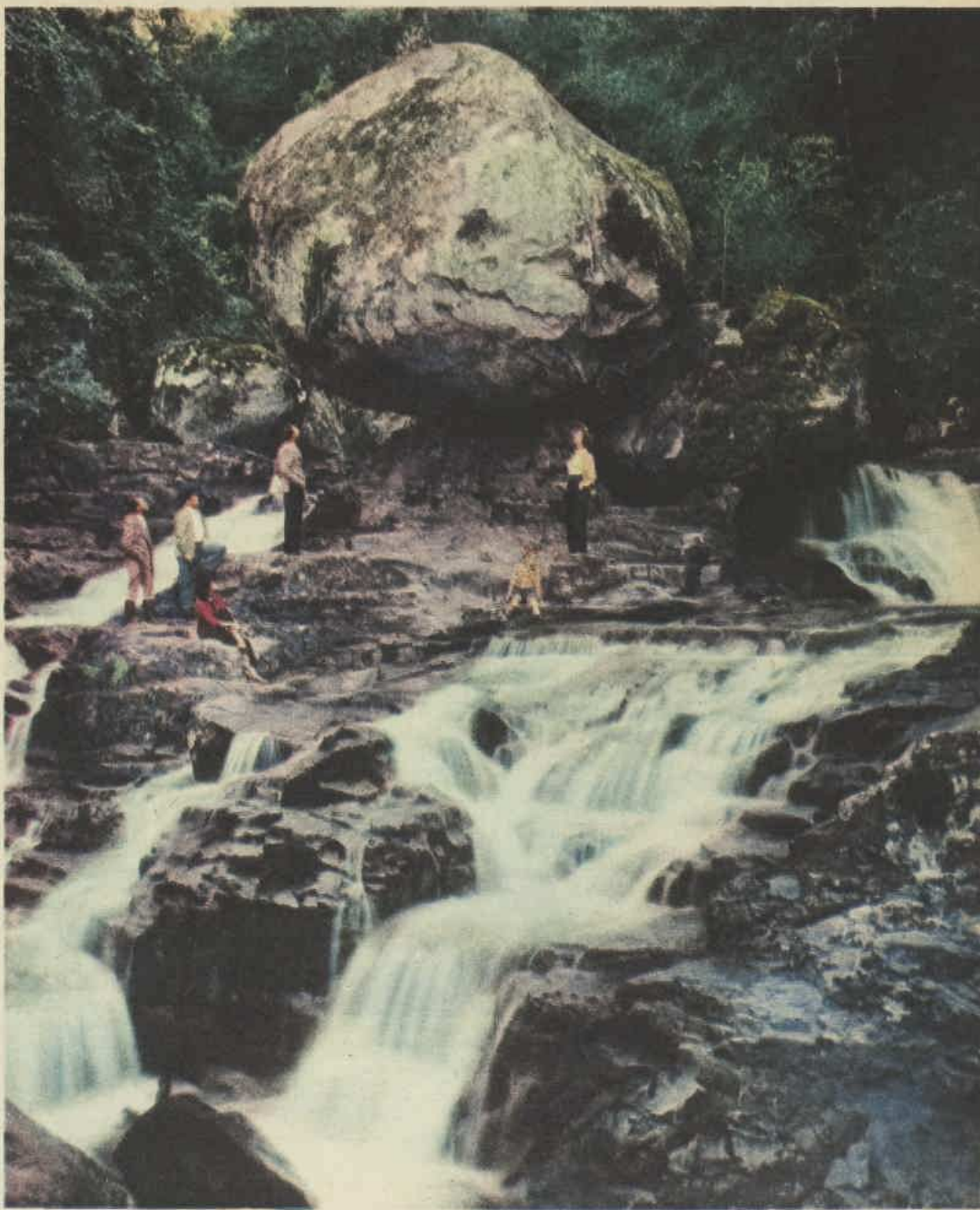
CLOVER HILL Farmhouse, set at the
foot of a thickly wooded hill overlook-
ing the southern coast of N.S.W.



HILL at the rear of Clover Hill Farmhouse commands a view down the valley to the coastline. The Turners' private road from Macquarie Pass winds right up the long valley to their door and ends in an attractive gravelled driveway.

ABOVE: The large living-room at Clover Hill Farm is designed for comfortable, informal living, and for entertaining weekend guests from Sydney.

LEFT: Roger, the Turners' old English bob-tailed sheep dog, is not barred from the house. He is a favorite with all the visitors.



LEFT: Ben Turner puts the finishing touches to the second log-cabin-style tourist cottage he has built. Each has a bed-sitting-room, kitchenette, shower recess, and car port. Several more are planned.

ABOVE: Visitors to Clover Hill admire the Turners' biggest waterfall with its balancing rock. Ben Turner has cleared scenic paths through the bush. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"That's nothing, son; in my day we used to ride 'em with no hands."

MOTHER



"What makes you think that I like having children around?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Dray

A LONG time ago I knew a young man who had a passion for factual information and statistics.

At parties he could always be depended on to fill any silences by saying, "I was reading an interesting thing the other day . . ."

If he secured a listener he would then follow by a statement on anything from the figure for last year's wool clip to some aspect of the habits of the nesting penguin.

I don't know where he is now, but I bet he'd like to lay his hands on a book that is on my desk at the moment. It is the Guinness Book of Records, published last year in England.

Divided into 12 chapters, beginning with "The Universe" and ending with "Sport," it sets out to settle disputes concerning records of all sorts.

Some extracts lifted at random:

The place with most thunderstorms in a year is usually allowed to be Leon, Mexico, with an annual average of 142.

The biggest telephone users in the world are the Canadians, who make an average of 459 calls per year.

The egg laid by the vervain humming-bird of Jamaica looks like a pearl and is only half an inch long.

On trial at Sheffield, England, in 1922 Mrs. Theresa Vaughan confessed to 61 bigamous marriages in five years.

Australia has the highest proportion of baths, 84 per cent. of households being equipped with separate bathing accommodation.

I could continue, but perhaps that's enough to go on with.

LATEST pronouncement on women's hats comes from Lily Dache, celebrated American milliner.

She has the effrontery to say that women's hats are designed to make people laugh.

That fashionable hats often get this reaction is true, but it's unnerving to think that milliners are aiming for it.

There is always a small suspicion that male fashion designers are having a bit of fun at the expense of the women who will buy their products, but you expect the girls to stick together.

The other night, sharing a taxi with strangers, I met a man who was not at all amused about women's hats.

Over the radio came a call for a job at a city hat shop.

The not-quite-sober man sitting in the front seat said fiercely, "Pity they didn't burn that place down. My wife's always wasting money there."

Then he suddenly turned round and asked, "Do you waste money on hats?" "Yes," I answered, adding regretfully, "but I pay for them myself."

"Wish they all did," he said angrily, and relapsed into gloomy silence. Not even a Lily Dache model, I fear, would make that man laugh.

THIS week's cheering thought: Think how much worse off you'd be if you had to dine regularly with Mr. Maurice C. Dreiser, author of a book called "The Diner's Companion."

Mr. Dreiser has spent 16 years looking for the perfect steak. He takes with him a magnifying glass (to examine texture), a stopwatch (to check the chef), and a silver butter knife (to prove tenderness). He hasn't yet achieved his aim.

If one could endure the company of a man like Mr. Dreiser, one could tell him the recipe for a perfect steak.

It must be cooked in the bush or by the sea. A garden barbecue will not do.

You need the steak, some salt, firewood gathered round about, a couple of big stones for balancing the grill, and a sheet of newspaper. Keep the newspaper handy in case you burn your fingers and have to drop the grill on the ground.

Turn the grill when you feel like it and turn yourself around at intervals when choked by smoke or flame.

Steak is cooked if one end starts to char. The other end will be okay. Sprinkle salt on it and drop the pieces on to slabs of bread and butter if you can't be bothered with plates.

That's the nearest I know to perfect steak.

WHEN a Melbourne councillor suggested that ash and plane trees in Collins Street be chopped down the outcry was so violent that officials became cautious. One reporter said it took him several phone calls to check the varieties of the trees. "I'm not going to say even that," one man said. "I'm not going to become involved."

If you want a life that's peaceful, it is wise

To be careful when you answer yes or no,
 Or, if cornered for opinions, to devise
 Some evasion like, "Perhaps it could be so."

It is awkward when you're asked a simple thing

Such as animal or mineral or veg.,
 For even simple answers wrath can bring,
 And a cautious man will study how to hedge.

It's a habit that may take you years to form,
 Keeping silent as your middle course you tread,
 But you'll never be the centre of a storm

—And you'll hardly know the difference
 when you're dead.

Play safe! Always have an "Eveready" Flashlight handy!



An "Eveready" flashlight saves spider surprises, mouse jitters in dark pantries.



For slithering under house after old boxes, to fix drains or find those new kittens.



To go to the outside toilet and get safely past axes, rakes, scooters, other surprises.



For fixing blown fuses — or replacing electric light globes without accidents.



You'll make much quicker night-time raids on slugs and snails in your garden.

Be ready this winter with an "Eveready" Flashlight



Flashlight No. 3751 kept in your car glovebox soon finds the trouble.



Hang flashlight No. 3755 in the kitchen or pantry. Grab it — the blackout's over!



"Eveready" flashlight No. 3745 with extra powerful lens for night-time shooting.



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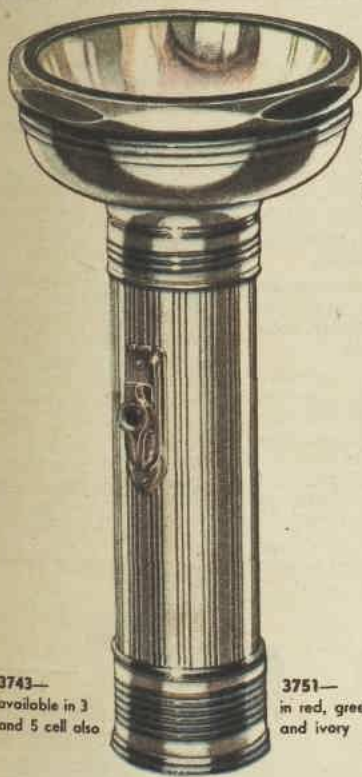


The "Eveready" handbag flashlight No. 2544 finds your keys, and the keyhole.

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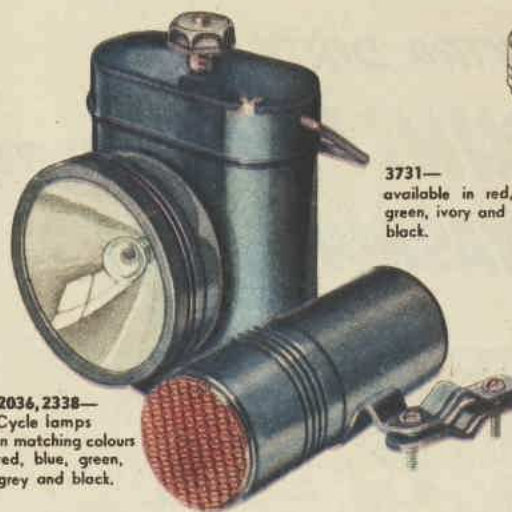
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Mrs. D. H. Niven,
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WITH CONSTANT USE MY RED FELT SLIPPERS BECAME VERY DIRTY. AFTER WASHING WITH CREAMY SUNLIGHT THEY WERE AS PRETTY AS NEW.

Mrs. Hilder,
33 Peel Street,
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HOCKEY GIRLS



WATCH THAT BALL. Irish goalkeeper Jonnie Lambert, a seasoned international, rushes in as the ball races towards the goal. Staff photographer Ron Berg took the shot during a practice match between Ireland and Victoria at Sydney University.

Visiting players want to stay for Olympic Games

By PAT SOBEY, staff reporter

Australian jobs, salaries, and living conditions have proved so attractive to a number of visiting women hockey players that they have decided to stay behind for a working holiday when their teams return home.

NINE teams from England, Ireland, Scotland, South Africa, New Zealand, Canada, the United States, India, and Holland came to Australia for the sixth triennial tournament and conference of the International Federation of Women's Hockey Association.

At the end of the conference America and New Zealand will begin a tour of Queensland; South Africa is scheduled to visit N.S.W. country centres and Canberra; Scotland and Holland are to tour N.S.W. and, later, New Zealand; England and Canada are to fly to Tasmania, and India and Ireland to tour Victoria.

The Indian team is also scheduled to go on to South Australia and visit Alice Springs before leaving for home in mid July.

Soon after they arrived in Australia several of the players approached booking officers and altered their return passages to a later sailing.

"Clothes are more expensive here," they said, "but your wages are double, sometimes triple, ours."

"Back home," attractive Irish player 22-year-old physiotherapist Brenda Kyle told me, "the average wage for an office girl is a little over £4 a week. A shop assistant would earn between £2 and £3."

"Our clothes are cheaper and the cost of living is lower,

but we can't save much on what is left.

"I've decided to stay on after the team leaves and work my way round Australia.

"I'd like to see the Olympic Games, and I'm determined to see New Zealand before I return home — probably in time for Christmas, 1957."

Dark-haired Melvyn Hickey, a keen horserider and a member of the All England Women's Hockey Team, is searching the classified advertisements in the daily newspapers for a job as a "jillaroo" on one of Australia's outback stations.

"I've heard much about your 'wide-open spaces,'" said Melvyn, "and I'd like to see them the right way — by roughing it."

"My father lived in Aus-



INTERNATIONAL LINK-UP when members of five hockey teams get together at reception in Sydney. From left, Joan Edenborn, of America, Anne Dalsiel, Scotland, Betty Best, Canada, Mary D'Souza, India, and Beth Duncker, of South Africa.

Plan working holiday



MATCH OVER and up go the feet. The Canadian team, which is competing internationally for the first time, relaxes on the sidelines after a practice match with India.

tralia for several years when he was a small boy, and returned for a few years in his early twenties, so, although I'm English born and bred, I have a few Australian ties.

"We all had to pay our own passages because we don't receive government grants for these tours," Melvyn said.

The youngest team of the tour is Canada, which competed internationally for the first time.

"Hockey is not a strong sport in Canada," said Dr. Lila Scott, manager of the Canadian team. "Our weather is against it and the western seaboard around Vancouver is about the only suitable site."

"We are probably the smallest hockey association in the world, and raising £4000 to cover expenses was touch and go."

"In fact, we're probably here on the strength of empty bottles and 107 tons of scrap paper."

"We really worked like mad—drove taxis, collected empty beer-bottles from ski clubs on the slopes above Vancouver, and collected newspapers."

"We also ushered and sold tickets at the Olympic Basketball Trials in Vancouver recently."

The Indian players, who caused a stir in their colorful saris, spent hours teaching players from other countries the secret of draping it.

Among the Indians is an Olympic sprinter, several university graduates, students, and stenographers.

All speak English fluently.

The Olympic sprinter is attractive 24-year-old Mary D'Souza, a stenographer with a Bombay firm.

She holds the Indian women's 100 metres record of 12.3 seconds, and will return

to Australia in October to take part in the Olympic Games.

One of the Indian delegates at the hockey conference was Begam Aizaz Rasul, a grandmother and Member of Parliament, who helped to draft India's Constitution.

She has been in the forefront in the drive to promote greater rights for Indian women.

Begam Rasul replied on behalf of the teams at the civic welcome given by the Lord Mayor of Sydney.

Reception

THE teams were also received by Sir John Northcott, the Governor of N.S.W., and were entertained at private parties.

Of the 16 members of the Scottish team, nine are physical-training teachers, one is a university lecturer, another a schoolteacher, and one is a policewoman.

The manager of the American team, Elizabeth Purger, is a science professor, and the captain, Beth Ralph, is a physicist and archaeologist.

Law graduate Tommy Angell, a Californian, gained her degree six years ago, and now works in her father's firm.

She is also a member of the American Olympic Fencing squad, but spoiled her chances for selection by coming to Australia with the hockey team.

Two of the American team's glamor girls are professors.

Joan Edenborn, 22, and Ruth Heller, 21, both gained their major degrees in physical education, which entitles them to be called "Professor."

"We don't use it, though," they said.

Among the South African team are seven married women, two of whom are mothers.

One of the South African players was born in Australia.

She is Maureen Dunleavy, who left St. Kilda, Victoria, for Johannesburg with her parents at the age of three.

Maureen now works as a draftsman with a large Johannesburg firm.

"We have many friends among the Springbok Rugby team at present touring Australia," said Maureen. "They came to some of our matches and cheered us on."

The woman behind the scenes of the hockey tour is Miss Tory Wicks, of Sydney, international secretary of the Federation.

"This is the first time Australia has had international hockey, and it has been no light undertaking," said Miss Wicks.

"Of the 220 overseas visitors, 137 are players. The others are conference delegates and team managers."



SCOTTISH PLAYER Joyce Pringle, Philosophy graduate and lecturer in Soil Science at Aberdeen University, chats with Tasmanian player Jean Fenwick before practice match.

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

One of the basic worries of teenage girls is their figures. They go through miseries waiting for their shape to grow like a Hollywood starlet's.

It is a rare girl who doesn't worry about her size, thick or thin. And it is a faulty parent who doesn't help her over this time.

Here is a letter from one worried young girl.

"I AM 14½, a pretty and very attractive girl. I am always told. But I am terribly worried about my figure. My measurements are 35½ in. bust, 26 in. waist, and 37 in. hips. I know what you will say, the same as my parents, 'You are still young and growing, and a big, healthy girl mustn't worry about her figure, you must think of your studies.' My parents will not realise that I want to be just as my girl-friends are, nice and slim. You will probably tell me parents are always right. But I don't believe in that, not since I was 12. Now I try to eat as little as possible and my mother and father growl at me. This is what I want to eat every day. It makes my parents angry. Breakfast: 1 slice of bread, 1 cup of milk. Lunch: 2 slices of bread, 1 orange, 2 apples. Tea: No potatoes, no sauce, no sweets. I never eat any sweets or cakes, either. Please advise me what to do. I am terribly unhappy."

R.B., Victoria.

When you get to the stage that you really are worried about your figure it is time to do something about it. I am not going to say parents are always right and that you should not think of your figure yet. It is never too soon to learn good eating habits. Scientists have studied diet for years, and the best person to tell you about their findings is your family doctor. I reckon the first thing for you to do is to get your parents on your side. I realise you have tried before to do this, but tackle it differently. Tell your mother how worried you are and that you would like her to take you to see the doctor and that you will do as he says. I think that



A word from Debbie . . .

THERE are certain vital aspects of personal charm which some teenagers are apt to overlook when they stay in someone else's home. Unless you cultivate these, don't be surprised if your friend's parents are not so keen to ask you again after your first week-end with them.

- Titivate when you are told that dinner is almost ready, don't wait until it's on the table and then keep the family waiting hungrily for you to arrive. And make sure you do look tidy and attractive and have clean hands when you arrive at the table.
- Don't take your cigarettes to the table. If the family makes a habit of smoking over the table, then go and get them. Otherwise forget it.
- Make your bed unless you're staying only one night. In that case, ask the hostess if she would like you to strip the bed.
- Leave the bathroom as you found it. Don't leave a high-water mark in the bath or splashes around the shower. Wipe the wash-basin clean, too.
- Don't forget your thank-you letter or telephone call, either.

diet of yours is suicidal. You'll never grow up to enjoy having a pretty figure if you go on with that.

The least food you should eat every day is: 1 pint of milk, 1 egg, 4oz. meat, poultry, fish, or cheese, 1½ slices wholemeal bread, ½ cup of cereal, 1 serving green or yellow vegetables, 2 servings other vegetables, 1 serving citrus fruit, 1 piece other fruit, 3 teaspoons butter or other fats. Do not sigh with relief and think this lets you out of a visit to your doctor. Everyone has different nutritional needs and only your doctor can work out your exact ones. Talk it over with your mother and appeal to her for help. You must do this at all costs or you won't get the full benefit from your doctor's suggestions.

As you say, parents are not always right. They couldn't be, because human beings who are right all the time are hard, almost impossible to find. But the thing is, parents are generally right

because they have been alive long enough to find out what is right by trial and error.

"A BOY of 16 whom I know very well has asked me to go as his partner to a 21st-birthday party. He knows the person who is turning 21 a lot better than I do, so should I share the price of one gift with the boy, buy an individual gift, or not bother about one at all? Could you also suggest what I should wear?"

"Wonderer," Victoria. I think you would be embarrassed if you didn't take or share a gift, and to share with your partner is quite the nicest thing to do, unless, of course, because of his greater friendship he wants to take an elaborate gift. If this is the case, I would take something small from yourself. What to wear? I can't tell you exactly, because you are not specific about the party, but a pretty, short evening dress, made in simple style, not too bare, would be correct either for a formal or informal party.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

It seems only yesterday since I used to haunt the record shops looking for the latest records by Noel Coward and his stage partner Gertrude Lawrence. Many were the skimpy luncheons to raise the finance in order to buy medleys of their song successes, "Cavalcade" selections, and Gertie's delightfully impudent songs from Cole Porter's "Nymph Errant." These and their more familiar discs—now sadly worn—still hold their magic for their many admirers, despite the fact that acting styles have changed and the lyrics are not as saucy as once we thought them.

However, I was really glad to listen to "Noel and Gertie,"

a long-playing disc (OCLP-1050) on to which has been transferred some of the highlights from this brilliant team's theatrical career.

WHAT fun it is to be eavesdropping on that balcony while Amanda and Elyot do their famous scene in "Private Lives," possibly the most imitated and parodied scene in the modern theatre.

Then there's that wonderful slapstick routine from "Red Peppers," with the stars, disguised behind vulgar voices, as a pair of wrangling, second-rate vaudeville performers. "Shadow Play" is represented by that scene of sheer enchantment which introduces the

numbers "Then," "Play, Orchestra, Play," and "You Were There."

On the reverse side Noel sings "Zigeuner" and "I'll See You Again" (from "Bitter Sweet"), "Half-caste Woman," and "Parisian Pierrot," and his two inimitable comic songs, "Mrs. Worthington" and "Mad Dogs and Englishmen." Finally, for added measure—and this is a real gem—you'll hear that magnificent creature Yvonne Printemps singing "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" as she sang it in the original production of "Conversation Piece" with Coward as her co-star. If it's nostalgia you're after, this is definitely for you!

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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and banishes "sick-room" odour

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But don't wait for sickness before you buy Air-O-Zone. You need Air-O-Zone now for your toilet, bathroom, kitchen—any part of the house where there's the slightest trace of "ill-tale" odour. Call at your chemist or store for Air-O-Zone to-day and give this remarkable product a trial.

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SIX PATTERNS FOR WINTER-INTO-SPRING



THE six trend-setting styles here all have the hallmark of spring fashions. They are chosen to wear now under a coat, and later without.

A paper pattern in sizes 32 to 38in. bust is available for each garment. Each pattern has a chart which shows every step of the making.

Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart.



4175

AMERICAN-**STYLED** pinafore dress (left) is illustrated above in two popular jewel colors, sapphire-blue and ruby-red. The pinafore features a sheath silhouette, is belted at the natural waistline, has a double-breasted bodice

fastening, and is finished with two hip pockets. This dress has versatility. Made in a basic color, it can present a new face each day with the addition of a different blouse or sweater. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. or 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



4176

SPRING'S button-front coat-dress (illustrated at right) is a one-piece with a two-piece look. It is a boon fashion for the busy woman because it's "right" for so many occasions.

It can be worn for a variety of appointments throughout the day, and has a simple, well-cut line which will not date. We show it here in deep red wool, but it would also look pretty and feminine in a flowery print for the summer. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.



4173



HALLMARK of every spring—navy blue with a flash of white—interpreted (above) in a slender suit. It could walk into any wardrobe as a welcome addition to greet the new season. Navy with white is just one color combination. If blue isn't your color, choose any of the latest, most vibrant shades — and for the newest look, make it gay! The jacket is waist-length and fitted, the sleeves three-quarter-length. The suit can be worn right now with a pastel or vivid colored coat; later it will step out alone. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. contrast material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. edging. Price 4/6.



CURRENT favorite (below), a bolero suit with a short, cropped jacket. These jackets were shown often in the latest Paris collections, and are definite figure flattery. The skirt has all-around box-pleats. The blouse illustrated here is not included in the pattern. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

4177



4174

SLENDER one-piece daytime dress (left) has lots of new fashion. Points to note include a softly "bloused" back, neat oriental-inspired collar, and short, tailored sleeves.



A row of buttons is an eye-catching feature at the front, and the whole dress has the "uncluttered" look of elegance. That look is right up to date for this season. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

4172



A NEW look for spring, the empire-line (right), chosen for a one-piece dress—the silhouette crisp, clean, and beautifully tailored. Note the belt under the bosom, for this is a style straight from Paris. The gored skirt "bells" in soft folds to the hemline. The simple lines of the dress are good for the not-so-slim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 3/9.



Brushing after meals is best. But if you can't . . .

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH KOLYNOS TOOTH- PASTE DESTROYS DECAY AND ODOUR-CAUSING GERMS



Of course there are times when we just can't brush our teeth after meals. That's why you should use Kolynos for "Round-the-Clock" proven protection from dental decay and bad breath.

Only KOLYNOS has S-15 miraculous new cleaner and decay-fighter for "ROUND-THE-CLOCK" PROTECTION

Kolynos is the only toothpaste that contains science's newest cleaner and best decay fighter—the miraculous "S-15".

Just ONE brushing with Kolynos Toothpaste in the morning destroys germs that cause tooth decay and bad breath. That single brushing promptly removes the enzymes that produce acid-causing cavities and at the same time sets up a most healthy, protective condition in your mouth

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The exclusive Kolynos foaming action gets into crevices and grooves no other toothpaste can—cleans even dull, dingy teeth to a sparkling new whiteness.



TRIPLETS AGREE KOLYNOS TASTES BETTER...

James, Michael and David all agree that Kolynos has the "nicest" taste of all. "And am I glad!" says Mrs. Cahill, Haberfield, Sydney. "Imagine having to buy a different toothpaste for each of them! We all use the same big tube of Kolynos at home—and I'm proud of the boys' teeth—so strong and white. They're off to a wonderful start with Kolynos."



Worth Reporting

THIRTY big, bronzed, and definitely rugged South Africans are now in Australia throwing their weight around—literally.

They are the Springboks, South Africa's Rugby team, who are playing a series of six tests against Australia.

The average weight of the 15 forwards in the touring team is 15 stone 3lb.

Being statistically minded this week we also discovered that the average age of the team is 25, that one-third of its members are from Western Province, and that eight are university students.

Schoolteachers and farmers each have three representatives in the team.

The captain, Basie Viviers, away from the football field back home, represents a fertiliser company, and vice-captain Salty du Rand is a liquor salesman.

Unfortunately, in our search for facts and figures on the Springboks we didn't discover how many of them are "eligible" and how many are not.

No housework for 50 years

A WOMAN who didn't begin cooking, washing-up, sweeping, or any of the usual household chores until she was 66 now housekeeps for her son in a Sydney flat.

She is Mrs. W. Bruce, who says that her calm philosophy and her determination that she will "never say I can't" is all due to the 50 years she spent in China.

When she went to China as a bride from Europe at the age of 18 she couldn't cook and had never kept house. But although she knew no Chinese it wasn't long before she organised a perfectly running household.

"The old China that I knew was always torn by war, and I had to learn to use a revolver just in case. However, I had so many good Chinese friends that I was never afraid."

White-haired, 81-year-old Mrs. Bruce, who has been in Australia for the past 15 years, lives with many memories and a few souvenirs of China to keep her company.

Mrs. Bruce, whose husband was killed in China, escaped on the last English boat to call on the outbreak of World War II. Now she has friends and relatives scattered all over the world.

One son is an artist in London, another a journalist in South Africa. Many of her old friends, including Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang, are still in China.



Do you eat like a bird?

DO you eat like a bird? Do you really have one of those "birdlike" appetites? If you do, you had better go on a diet.

If any human really ate like a bird he'd pack away about eight tons of groceries a year.

This fact was turned up during studies of parakeet and canary nutrition problems at a pet bird institute in the United States recently.

The average parakeet eats 100 times his own weight every year. The average human eats 1300lb. a year, about 10 times his weight.

A bird which ate like a man would starve quickly. Similarly, a man who ate like a bird would very soon die of over-eating.

Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

"MOLESKIN MIDAS," by Tom Ronan, is a tough book about a tough cattle king's career in Northern Australia.

Cattle king Anthony Yates, born 1860, son of a convict, has, by the time of his death, cheated and tricked his way to ownership of cattle, land, and £200,000.

Illiterate, shrewd, and ruthless, Yates, as presented by Mr. Ronan, shows inescapably that the toughest pioneering types were often the most unpleasant.

Cleverly enough, Mr. Ronan also allows readers to glimpse the loneliness of Yates' hard and circumscribed life.

Published by Cassell and Co. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Glimpse of an author

"SHE was very small and slim, with soft brown hair coiled in a chignon on the nape of her neck; her hands were folded, and she appeared enveloped in an ageless calm; she made me feel hot and bothered."

This is an impression of Rumer Godden (author of our serial "An Episode of Sparrows") given to us this week by another author, Margaret Luson, whose story "A Corsage of Elegance" appeared in our May 16 issue.

"Before I met Rumer Godden," said Mrs. Luson, "she had long been my favorite author."

The two writers met during the war in Calcutta and then worked together for some time. Rumer Godden was then better known as Peggy Godden, of the Peggy Godden School of Dancing, although she had long given up teaching at her school.

"She told me," said Mrs. Luson, "that she was particularly about punctuation, especially the use of colons and semi-colons."

A bird in the hand

THE old saying about a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush is firmly believed by Mrs. Nita Ewings, of Chatswood, N.S.W., founder of the Parrot and African Lovebird Club of Australia.

Mrs. Ewings has about 350 birds—most of them rare or of hard-to-breed species—in aviaries built by herself in her backyard. She is concentrating on breeding waning species.

The Parrot and Lovebird Club, which will be six years old in September, has grown from a mere handful of members to a roll-call of about 50 adults and 30 juniors.

The members meet regularly at Mrs. Ewings' home.

Mrs. Ewings collected her first bird, a pigeon, at the age of nine.

Today her collection includes rare Smutty Rosellas, brilliant Red-collared Lorikeets from New Guinea, Princess Alexandrines from the Northern Territory, Indian Ring-necked Parakeets, Stanley Rosellas, and a pair of Eclectus from New Guinea.

Aviculturists like Mrs. Ewings lead extremely busy lives. She reports that the Eclectus have to have a fruit-and-vegetable salad prepared each day, and that birds sometimes feel seedy—she has to nurse them through chills or pneumonia.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





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For the general health and well-being of your family, give them OVALTINE every day. Made from Nature's best foods and fortified with health-making vitamins, Ovaltine nourishes and sustains physical energy and mental effort—puts your family on top of the world!



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OVALTINE, a concentrated extract of Malt, Milk and Eggs, is fortified with additional Vitamins. It also contains valuable minerals such as Calcium for bone and teeth development; Magnesium to aid digestion; Iron for the blood; Niacin and Phosphorus for the nerves. A cup of OVALTINE with all its goodness sustains physical energy and mental effort and makes you feel on top of the world.



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In addition to the VITAMINS present in the rich, natural foods, OVALTINE is fortified with additional VITAMINS providing a balanced daily intake of VITAMIN A, B₁, D, and NIACIN. With every cup of OVALTINE you get many more VITAMINS and therefore greater health benefit.



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HOBART: Littler & Collins, 13 Gladstone Street.
LAUNCESTON: Littler & Collins, 54 Brisbane Street.

A singer comes home to the sun

Melbourne tenor wins fame abroad

After six years in Europe, former Melbourne tenor William Herbert looks forward to his arrival in Sydney this week for an Australian concert tour for three important reasons.

HE returns as one of England's leading tenors, a rank he achieved after his first three years overseas; with him will be his attractive ex-model wife, Jeanne, whom his family will meet for the first time; and he'll bask again in the sunshine he misses so much.

Having heard about her husband's family and birth-place for four years, slim, dark-haired Jeanne is just as excited as he is about seeing them.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert met in 1952 when they both lived in the same boarding-house in Kensington, London. Jeanne was then a dress designer for a big fashion house, and he used to see her climbing the stairs past his door.

"I asked the landlady who the lovely dark girl was," Bill said, "and when she told me I thought of a way of meeting her."

"I wrote out a formal little invitation to a Royal concert at the Festival Hall at which I was singing the next week, and left it in the hall. I was thrilled when she said she would come. It was like 'La Boheme' coming to life, except, of course, that neither of us looked like dying."

"After the concert I took Jeanne around to meet my fellow-Australian, baritone Harold Williams, and his wife, and from then on it was a foregone conclusion. In a year we were married."

When I visited the Herberts in their two-storied home in the beautiful London suburb of Hampstead Gardens they questioned me eagerly about Australia.

Even their black French poodle, Peppe, seemed to join in the excitement, although he will be left at home with Mrs. Herbert's parents.

When I arrived Mr. Herbert met me in the garden wearing an old gardening jacket.

Lively welcome

"HOW lovely of you to come," he said. "Now let's do this properly. You go around to the front door and I'll let you in. Are those letters you're carrying for me? You found them in the bird-bath, I expect. No, it wasn't the postman. I left them there this morning."

His exuberant welcome reflected his pleasure in showing off his house and garden. He told me how he had heard a nightingale singing in the



TENOR William Herbert and his English wife, Jeanne, take great pride in the house they redecored themselves in Hampstead Gardens, London. Jeanne, says her husband, is a most efficient housewife.

garden until 10 o'clock the previous night, then swept on to describe his recent recital in Holland.

This keen enthusiasm for life and work is characteristic of Herbert. It lies behind the success of his Melbourne debut at 19 as the leading tenor in Handel's "Messiah" and his quick rise from there to become Australia's outstanding oratorio tenor.

He knew what he wanted to do always. When he left school he took a job as a municipal clerk at Heidelberg, in Victoria, and promptly resigned against everyone's advice.

"It was a job all my school pals envied me for," he said. "Such a steady position for life, they said. When I resigned to take up singing full

time everyone thought I was mad. Even my parents thought they might be right, too."

Then the Australian Broadcasting Commission gave him a three-year contract.

"From then on I've never looked back," Bill told me. "I came to England because I always wanted to take my chance as a big fish in a big pool. Fortunately for me it paid off."

Obviously, it is this same enthusiasm, for work which makes him one of the most indefatigable performers in the British Isles today.

"As long as I'm working I'm happy," he says. "If not, I get fidgety. I do about 150 concerts in a year, and of these about 125 are in the provinces or Europe."

Although Jeanne doesn't

always accompany her husband, she does help him learn a lot of his work. One of his favorites is Schubert's "Maid of the Mill" cycle, which he will be singing in Australia and which he performs in Germany.

"I don't speak German at all," Jeanne says, "but it isn't hard to follow when one has the words in front of one. While Bill was learning it, which is a big job, as it takes an hour to sing, I used to correct his verbal mistakes as he went along. He says it was a great help."

Hard work

"AND so it was," said Bill. "Half a singer's work is learning the words. When, like me, he doesn't approve of performing unless he can do it all from memory, it can become an enormous task."

"I like to specialise in doing new works by new composers, or little-known works of the old composers."

A great deal of his reputation in England has been built up by this specialisation, though Handel, Bach, and Elgar are all, of course, in his oratorio repertoire.

"There is so much beautiful music being written in this century which is so seldom heard," he explains. "It will be wonderful to have the opportunity of bringing some of it to one's own country."

Another of his thrills is that his tour will take him as far north as Cairns in Queensland. "I've missed so much sunshine over here, I can't wait to feel it again," he says.

His tour will include concerts in towns and cities throughout Queensland, Victoria, and New South Wales.

"After October I hope to go to New Zealand for a month's tour," he told me, "but this is not yet finalised."



PEPPE, the Herberts' French poodle, leaps high to take a biscuit from his mistress in their lovely London garden. Peppe will not come with them on their visit to Australia.

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Baby's delicate skin needs these new, soft, super-absorbent, protective Actil Nursery Squares. You'll appreciate the extra wear in Actil's deep pile weave and non-fray hems.

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—Strongly woven the careful Actil way.
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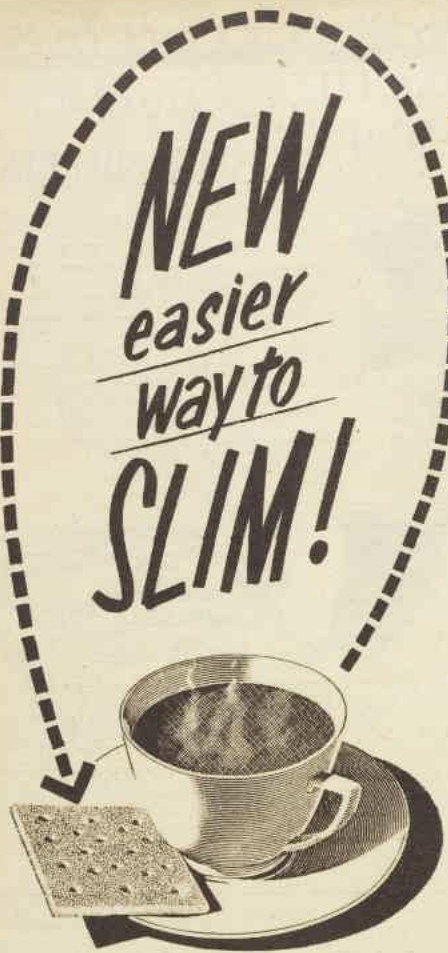


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Continuing . . .

The Trouble With Simpkins

from page 9

Simpkins rapped. "I didn't hear her say anything."

"You weren't there." He leaned towards Mike. "This is in the strictest confidence, boy, but only a few days ago Katrina told me how she felt about you."

"I know how she feels about me."

Jay beamed. "Ah, but you don't. That's the whole point, boy. She stood in this office, looking simply beautiful. Her expression was—er—modest." Simpkins knew he was warming to his subject now and coughed warningly, but he gave no sign of having heard.

"And do you know what she said, Mike?" Dramatically, he lowered his voice. "She confessed that she was in love with you, violently, head over heels in love with you, so much so that she couldn't be near you without wanting to throw herself into your arms."

Mike said nothing and Jay continued confidently. "And you know how a woman gets when she feels like that about a man, especially when that man doesn't give her any affection at all." Simpkins winced and found Mike regarding her.

"I—I suppose so. It's rather stunned me. I mean, well, never so much as a—kind word. Women are queer, very queer."

Mike was now massaging the back of his neck. "I—I suppose I'd better go back on stage, Jay. I don't—know. You're—you're certain that's what she said?"

"As certain as I'm sitting here," lied Jay with horrid equanimity. "Simpkins, see Mike out, will you?"

There was a heavy silence after Mike had stumbled out. Jay busied himself with something in the files. Simpkins waited.

"Psychology, that's the ticket," he said at length. "Just you wait and see the results."

"Jay, I've known you for ten years and I haven't seen you meddle in any private lives before. I'm—a little shocked."

"Ridiculous! It's all for the good of the show."

"That's just it!" she said slowly. "For the good of the show. You don't care what you do to actual lives as long as it's for the good of the show."

He rose and stood over her. "And what is wrong with that?"

"Nothing, I suppose, except that just once I'd like to see you do something that wasn't for the good of the show." She mimicked the last words.

"You'd better get Katrina in. Might as well do the job properly."

Katrina possessed a lovely, silvery voice and a lovely figure. Blond and beautiful was how Simpkins thought of her. She was wearing a brilliant smile.

"Good morning, Jay, a wonderful morning."

He hadn't noticed. "Gorgeous! Now let's get down to business, Katrina. Sit down. Simpkins, let Katrina have your chair."

Katrina deposited herself nicely and crossed her legs, which fully merited the attention paid to them. Jay sat back and took a deep breath. "It's like this, Katrina. I think things between you and Mike have gone far enough. It's about time I told you what ails the boy."

"What ails him?" A tinkling laugh. "Only one thing ails him, Jay. Conceit."

Jay seemed rather stunned, but rallied at once.

"You're wrong, my dear, quite wrong."

Katrina laughed again. "Oh, no, I'm not. Ask anyone,

ask Johnny. He'll tell you. That Mike thinks he knows it all. No one can advise him."

"Katrina, darling, believe me, won't you? Mike acts as he does towards you for only one reason. The fellow's in love with you, darling, madly in love . . ."

Simpkins shuffled her feet and received a glare. Katrina was leaning forward. "I—don't—believe it—I!" she said, making Simpkins stare at her.

Jay waved his hands in the air. "Believe it or not, it's the truth, darling. He told me himself in this very room, sitting on that very chair."

Simpkins said, "Jay, please . . ."

But Katrina was whispering. "Then why? Why doesn't he do something about it? Why isn't he ever nice to me? Why, Jay, why?"

"Darling, it's easy. You have at least a dozen admirers. You seemed to dislike him heartily, if I may say so. He's young and he's Irish, remember. A man has his pride. He thinks he doesn't stand a chance with you."

Katrina looked at Simpkins, who was biting her lips. "Jay's not—not kidding me, is he?"



" . . . and I'll be wearing a red carnation."

He jumped into the breach like a tank in action. "Certainly not! As if I'd do such a thing. You can take my word for it, darling, that Mike Delgado is in love with you, so try to be nice to him."

"Oh, I will, I will! And thank you, both of you!"

She rushed out, leaving a trail of fragrance behind her.

Simpkins felt depressed. "I hope you've done right, Jay. I feel somehow . . ."

"Rubbish! Antagonism comes over the footlights as you very well know. I can't have that in one of my shows!"

"No, of course not!"

Johnny knocked and entered still knocking. "Good heavens, Jay, what miracle have you worked now? Those two are actually talking to each other!"

Jay reached for a cigarette.

"Psychology, my boy. As a matter of fact, I said they were in love."

"With whom?"

"With each other, of course!" Jay said complacently. "Who else?"

Johnny stared, goggled, then slapped his knee with enthusiasm.

"Terrific! What a brain, what a man!"

Jay allowed his chest to expand a fraction and Simpkins reached for her bag. "Don't add to his already inflated ego, Johnny. Didn't you know that love begets love? Or is that too complicated for you?"

Rising, she jammed her hat anyhow on her head, stuck a pin through it, grimaced with pain, and went to the door.

"Me. I'm going for lunch!"

Normally calm, she was

amazed at her feelings. Anger, resentment, hurt; they were all churning inside her . . . She tried to reason with herself. "Silly to feel like this, old girl," she chided silently.

At her usual restaurant she ordered a glass of milk and a sandwich because, suddenly, she did not feel like eating. Afterwards, instead of doing some necessary shopping, she went straight to the theatre.

Johnny met her in the passage. "Message for you, darling, Jay's gone north. He might be back on Saturday or it might be Monday, depending . . ."

"Depending on what?" Simpkins asked, not knowing whether to be glad or sorry at the news.

"I don't know. That's what he said. Oh, by the way, the Mike-Katrina feud has ended, but definitely ended! I happen to know that they lunched together in a very, very cosy nook."

Except for the usual snags, nothing much happened until the Saturday evening. Simpkins had heard nothing from Jay. Usually, when he went away like this, he phoned every night. At first, she'd been glad, then annoyed, and finally worried.

She was drumming her fingers on the desk, wondering if she ought to try to contact him somehow, when Mike knocked and entered.

"Jay not in?" he queried, looking around vaguely. Simpkins was stung. "Not unless he's hiding somewhere!"

He smiled down at her. Handsome during the day, Mike in full make-up was startlingly so. Simpkins smiled back and patted her hair.

"I—I've got some news for you," he said, "for you and Jay, of course. It's—about Katrina."

Simpkins felt irritable again. "Well, what about Katrina?"

"We're engaged." The tone was slightly hurt.

"Why, Mike, that's wonderful, the best news I've heard in years! There was no mistaking the sincerity of her joy. I'm so glad, so very, very glad. Gosh, I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Silly, isn't it?"

Mike perched himself on the edge of the desk. "I knew you'd feel like that, Simpkins. Thank Jay for me, will you? But for him I might never have known her properly."

"I certainly will, Mike. Tell Katrina how glad I am, won't you? Oh, and congratulations!"

Left alone, with only the muted sounds of the show for company, Simpkins felt excited. A romance, a young romance, was something to be excited about. But more than that, she was ridiculously happy because Jay hadn't been wrong after all. Then the excitement left her. It didn't always work, not at all. Jay could still be wrong.

How well she knew him! In ten years she had watched a procession of beauties come and go in his life. Simpkins had waited; waited and hoped. And, according to her calculations, he had reached the age to settle down. But even that did not get her anywhere.

She was still considering when the internal phone buzzed. It was the manager at the front of the theatre.

"That you, Simpkins? Jay's just been on. Say he'll be back Monday evening."

"Yes, I know. Thanks!" Pride created the lie. She tried to argue with herself. Perhaps he had something important to

To page 34

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DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AT CENTENARY BALL are (from left) Rear-Admiral H. M. Burrell, who is the Flag Officer commanding H.M. Australian Fleet, Mrs. Burrell, Captain G. I. D. Hutcheson and Mrs. Hutcheson. The Lord Mayor (Alderman P. D. Hills) gave ball at the Town Hall.



ARRIVING AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BALL are (left) Mrs. Fred McAlister and Brigadier McAlister and (right) Colonel and Mrs. Hector Clayton. More than 1500 people attended the ball, which marked the centenary of responsible government in N.S.W.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

TWO-WEEKS-OLD Sara Elizabeth Nash and her mother, Mrs. Russell Nash, left Crown Street Hospital early this week. With her baby daughter, Mrs. Nash, who was formerly Elizabeth Northcott, daughter of the Governor, Sir John Northcott, will stay at Government House for a few weeks.

Then the Nash family will return to their flat at Point Piper.

Sara Elizabeth is the Governor's fourth granddaughter and she was born on the first birthday of her cousin, Priscilla Coburn. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Coburn (she was formerly Marjorie Northcott) have two other daughters—Margaret, aged seven, and Christine, who is five.

THEY'RE engaged . . . Maisie Schaefer, of "Moor-yana," Walcha, to Clyde Reynolds, of Richmond.

WHEN Vida Jeanette Slade celebrates her third birthday on June 27 her party will also be a farewell, for Vida and her mother, Mrs. Michael Slade, will leave a few days later for London. Mrs. Slade (formerly Pam Freeman) has been visiting her parents at Rose Bay for the first time in three years. And, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman are thrilled with their granddaughter, who was only three months old when Pam and Michael left Sydney to make their home in St. John's Wood, London.



SHORE OLD BOYS' BALL. Tony Norton (left), Rosemary Burns, Helen Fraser, and David Irons arriving at the Trocadero for the Shore Ball. Rosemary wore a polka-dotted ballerina and Helen chose a full-length white dress.

BACK in England after their honeymoon trip to France and Holland are Janice and Barry Nader, who were married in London at Easter. Janice is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Moorhouse, of Mosman. The young couple have a flat just out of London and plan another trip to the Continent—"this time to Italy and Spain"—at the end of June.

A NEW home at Seaforth—"with a wonderful view of the harbor"—will be waiting for Patricia and John Morrisey when they return from their honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise. Patricia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, of Eastwood.

FASHION notes . . . Helen Campbell's short-skirted dress of aqua organza, the wide neckline tying in a butterfly bow at back . . . Jennifer Roche's romantic white lace and tulle dress with a wide godet of tulle cascading to the floor from above the knee.

LOTS of interesting letters from her two daughters, Beth and Jill, are arriving at the Darling Point flat of Mrs. Bruce Campbell. Beth left Sydney by plane for London about six weeks ago and Jill followed about three weeks later. And they both visited another Sydney lass, Patsy Craig, during their stay in Hong Kong. In London, Beth and Jill will make their headquarters in a flat in Curzon Street . . . they are looking forward to seeing Marcia Moses, Diana Greaves, and Jenny Chapman, who have been in England for more than eight months. Beth and Jill will visit Paris and "perhaps will do some ski-ing in Switzerland."

Anne



WHITE CROSS DINNER DANCE. Astrid Nilsson and her fiance Phillip Burden were among guests at the White Cross Dinner Dance at Princes. Astrid wore a black silk taffeta coat over her matching short-skirted black dress.



GUEST-OF-HONOR Jennifer Purser with Michael Bray at party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Purser, at Darling Point home to celebrate her coming of age.



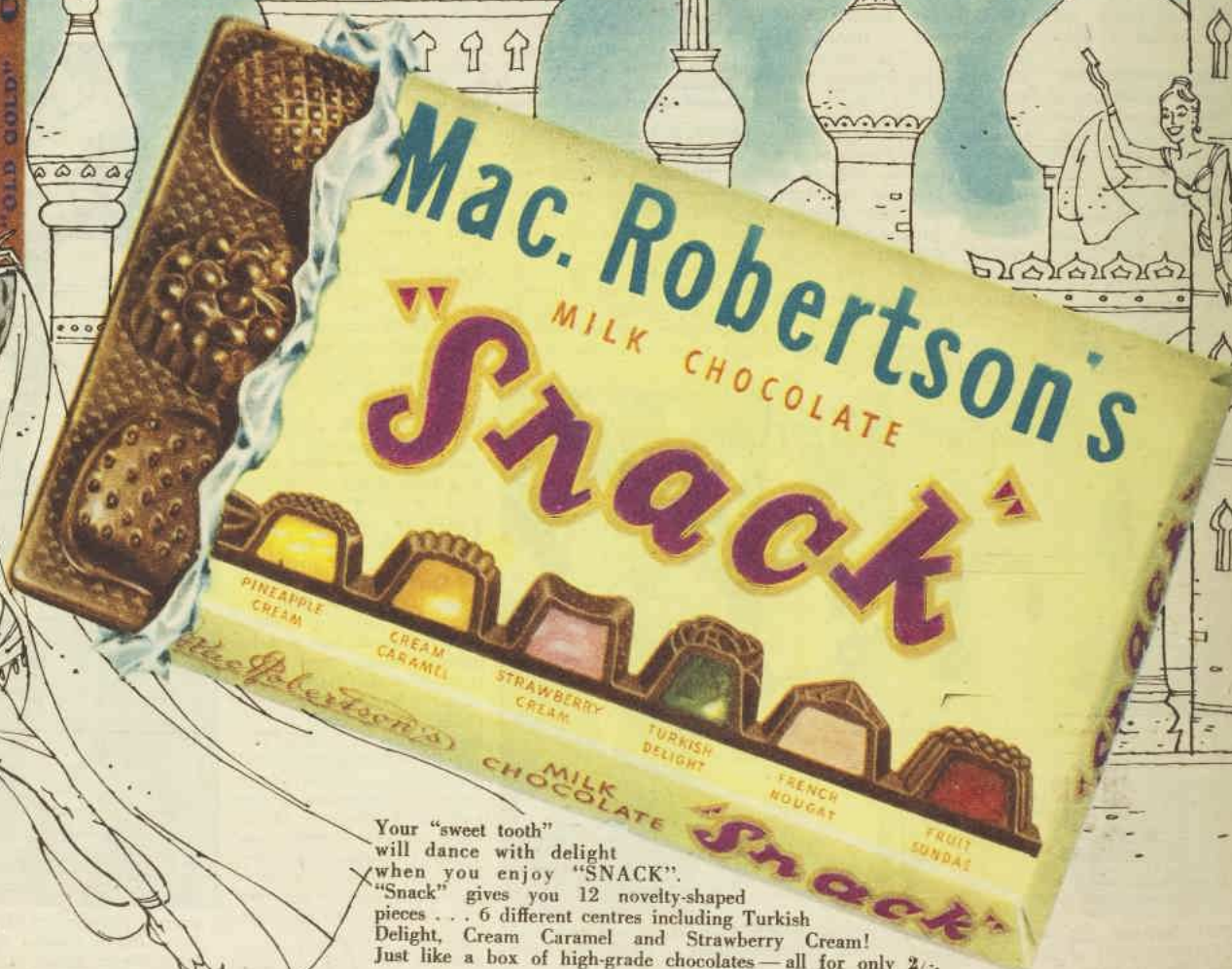
YOUNG GUESTS. Angela Money and David Lowe at Michael Lowe's 21st-birthday party. More than 100 guests attended party given by Michael's parents at Pickwick Club.

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PERSIL WASHES WHITER

Continuing . . .

The Trouble With Simpkins

from page 30

say to the manager, some message to convey. There was nothing, really, to feel so hurt about. "But, darn it, I do feel hurt," she said aloud, and decided to go home.

At noon on Monday Johnny entered the office, where Simpkins was engaged in the usual Monday task of going over the figures.

"I—I say, darling, sorry and all that, but I've been and gone and done it, if you get the idea!"

"What's happened now?"

"Sorry, Simpkins, but—oh, I don't know how it slipped out. I thought it was a huge joke, I guess."

"You thought what was a huge joke?" She said it menacingly.

"Well, everyone was congratulating Mike and Katrina and just for the fun of it I mentioned—about Jay's psychology and said how well it had worked out—and all that."

Simpkins took a long sip of water. "Still, Johnny, if you hadn't told them they would have found out some other time, some other place. Don't be too upset about it. How did they take it?"

Johnny looked down at his beautiful shoes.

"That's just it! Mike has walked out of the show and Katrina's crying her eyes out in her dressing-room. I didn't think they would act like that, darling, honestly I didn't."

"What did Mike say exactly?"

"Nothing much. Just that he wasn't going to have anyone, boss or not, make a fool of him."

"And then he walked out?"

"Yes."

"You'd better arrange to have his understudy standing by, just in case."

"I've already done that," Johnny said morosely.

"Jay will be back tonight," she said. "I wonder what he'll think of this mess now?"

When she got back at six o'clock, Jay was shouting. "It's on his contract, there, in black and white. If he does this to me, I'll sue him."

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that's your pigeon, not mine, thank God! I've briefed young Ford. He'll do okay."

"He'll do okay!" mimicked Jay, nodding to Simpkins briefly. "And what, may I ask, will those people out there think of that?" He waved his hands in the general direction of the auditorium.

"They pay to see Mike Delgado and Katrina Towers, not a tear-stained wench and an unknown boy from the back of beyond."

"He's a Londoner," Johnny pointed out, not very tactfully.

"I don't care if he's a Chinaman. He's not Mike Delgado." Jay's voice sank to a whisper. "And what will the atmosphere of my show be like now?" The last words were shouted, and Johnny looked unhappily at Simpkins. She jerked her head towards

the door and Johnny took the hint gladly.

"May I remind you, Jay, that Katrina wouldn't be feeling like that if you hadn't decided to interfere?"

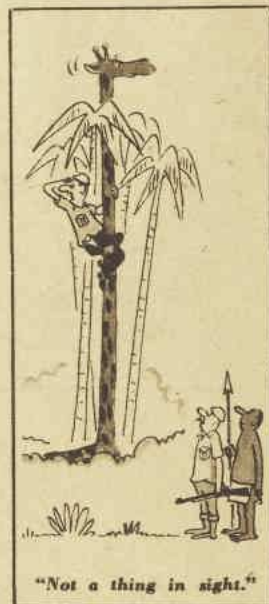
"Rubbish! We'd have had antagonism one way or the other. One way, Mike and Katrina; the other way, Katrina and the rest of the company. Who pays your money, etc. But I've got to have Mike! The lad's great!"

"I think he'll come—and on time."

"The trouble is that I haven't your faith in human nature. But I tell you this, Simpkins, let him not appear tonight and I'll sue him. I'll go to . . ."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, go where you like." She stopped, aghast. She did not want to lose her temper.

Coldly he asked, "And what have I done to warrant that?"



"Quite a lot over the past ten years."

He was glaring at the ceiling. "Women! Just like a woman. Must drag in something that occurred years and years ago."

Simpkins was really angry now. "You," she jeered, "you and your so-called psychology! You can't see anything that's directly under that nose of yours. Have you any idea, even the slightest idea, of how Mike is feeling right now? Or Katrina? Does it matter to you that you probably have ruined a love that was good, young, and—and—and—lovely?" Her voice cracked, and, running to the door, she slammed it behind her.

Johnny was talking to the stage manager. Simpkins stopped and pulled her expression into something akin to normal.

Katrina spoke behind them. "Mr. Delgado, has he come in yet, Alf?"

The stage manager shook his head. Simpkins laid a hand on Katrina's bare arm. "Please," she said softly, "I'm very, very sorry. Believe me, won't you?"

"Oh, I do, I do. Don't let it bother you. I'm only worried because I'm sure I shan't be able to work with this new fellow."

Chorus girls went past, hauling at their black tights. Katrina said, "How would you feel having to work with a new tenor? Having to go on and wonder how this new man's going to turn, if he's going to

come in at the right time, if he'll hang on to a top note or not—oh, I'm going mad, mad!"

She looked at Simpkins. "Oh, well," she said, "that's it!" And Simpkins thought, why, the girl's suffering, actually suffering.

"Five minutes to go," shouted Alf because he always shouted it. Stage hands rushed about importantly.

Simpkins thought, this is the last time I'll stand on the side of any stage. Someone stumbled against her.

"Simpkins, sorry, but . . ."

She yelled. "He's here. Mike's arrived."

He was leaning against the wall. The doorkeeper was supporting him. Mike said, "I'll be on, I'll be on. Where's Johnny?"

Johnny was grinning. "Right at your side. Come on, I'll help you into your props. Someone get some brandy or something."

"But what happened, Mike? Are you hurt?"

"Slight accident. Got out of my car and a fellow whizzing by knocked me down. My fault. Wasn't thinking." He shook his head to clear it.

"Mike, Mike, my darling, what happened to you?" Katrina was staring into his face. "Please, somebody, what happened to him?"

No one answered.

Mike said, "I'll be all right, darling. Johnny . . ."

Johnny nodded and took Mike's arm. Katrina ran after them and Simpkins saw her catch Mike's hand.

Simpkins stood where she was, thinking. And Jay said, "Oh, there you are. Hear Mike's turned up."

"Yes, he was in an accident."

"I know. Heard it all. Feel like some fresh air. Come on, well, come on!"

She allowed herself to be propelled down the stairs to the stage door. Jay opened it for her and then they were in the street. She looked up, feeling the breeze on her face. The sky was black-velvet, star-spangled. Jay said, "You certainly let me have it, didn't you?"

"I'm sorry. I apologise."

"But you don't mean it, eh?"

She stopped and looked at him. "I'm not sure if I do, Jay. You and your love begets love! Haven't you any heart, any feeling at all?"

"About Mike and Katrina? Not much. Artists are my business, Simpkins, just as canned goods are someone else's business."

She darted a glance at him, wondering if he was making fun of her, but he was staring at the pavement.

"Your name is Rosalinda, isn't it?" he said suddenly, apropos of nothing.

"Y-yes. Rosalinda Gladys. I'd nearly forgotten myself." She laughed.

"Well, Rosalinda Gladys, will you marry me?" Simpkins halted, tried to speak and couldn't. Again she tried, but only a croak came out.

Jay said, "Seems sudden, I know, but I never thought you were that kind of woman until tonight. I—I must have loved you for a long time, Simpkins. Up north, I got to thinking about you. Couldn't make out how I really felt. Knew there was something, though."

She smiled at the "Simpkins."

Jay said, "Well, if you're going to refuse, for heaven's sake get it over with!"

"I'm not going to refuse, Jay," she said.

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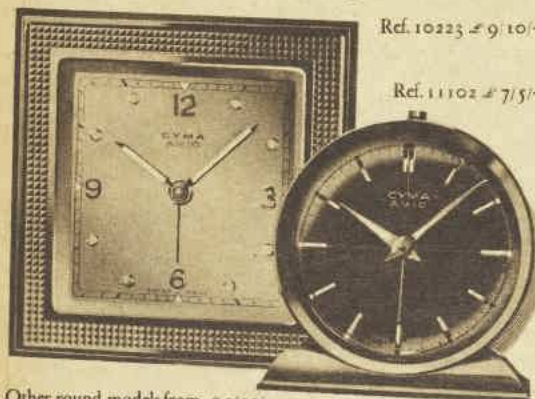
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ONE OF THE HOME'S youngest convalescents, Allan Grice, of 1st Field Regiment, Mosman, N.S.W., who broke a leg playing camp football, receives help with his first cane basket from handcraft instructress, Gwendolyn Wills.

The end of the rainbow

By PAT SOBEY, staff reporter

• The Red Cross is now conducting an appeal for £100,000 to extend the Lady Gowrie Convalescent Home at Gordon into a 137-bed hospital.

THE extensions will consist of a three-story hospital wing with full nursing facilities for 94 men and 43 women patients.

This will allow the home to take in many of the people on its waiting list. Typical is a 70-year-old World War I veteran, a widower left to struggle alone in his home in an inner Sydney suburb.

His married children live interstate, his treasured belongings are covered by sheets to protect them from dust and decay, and he depends on neighbors to look after him.

There are hundreds of similar cases on the list. As they get older their infirmities make them more dependent on other people.

Since the home opened in 1941, 16,000 people have received treatment.

In N.S.W. alone there are 70,230 men and 1111 women receiving war-service pensions.

Fifty-eight men and five women patients are at the Lady Gowrie Home now.

The conversion, which will take a year to complete, has been planned for the convenience of patients in wheelchairs.

Lifts and ramps will enable them to move freely about the building.

The Home, white and stately, is designed for peace and quiet, and is set among lawns, tall gums, and colorful flower-beds.

Wide french doors open out to cool verandahs and flagged terraces with steps leading to the garden below, while within, the entrance hall

and lounge-room look as welcome and attractive as an expensive hotel.

The first patient I met was Gerry Field, 64-year-old World War I veteran, who was involved in a car accident three months ago.

Miss Gwendolyn Wills, the handcraft instructress, was helping 43-year-old George Cumberbatch to weave a cane basket.

Mr. Cumberbatch, an Englishman, served as a gunner in the Merchant Marine in World War II.

He migrated to Australia 12 years ago.

Miss Wills told me: "I come here to instruct three days a week. The patients are very enthusiastic about handcrafts."

The radio plays a major part in the lives of seven former nurses living in the annexe for returned servicewomen opposite the main building.

Every evening they tune into their favorite serials and settle down with their knitting in the comfortably furnished living-room.

All were Sisters in World War I and went to France to nurse "Diggers" in appalling conditions of rain, mud, and bitter cold.

The eldest, Miss Lidia Abell, who is 84, often had to plough in heavy, muddy gum-boots between makeshift wards lit by lamplight and warmed by kerosene heaters.

And like Miss Abell (who won the Royal Red Cross Medal for her services), they returned to Australia to work as Sisters or Matrons in large hospitals until their retirement.



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WINTER PASTRIES

● Cold weather is pastry time, and in this special feature, which begins here and continues on succeeding pages, we give six basic pastry recipes and some of the most popular sweet and savory variations.

IMPORTANT to remember when making pastry is to use the flour, fat, and liquid in correct proportions, to keep the ingredients cool, and to handle them lightly and quickly.

Plan to make pastry while the kitchen itself is cool. Take care that the surface on which the pastry is rolled is cool, too. A marble slab gives good results.

Bake it at the recommended oven temperature.

Here are some basic pastry recipes. Spoon measurements are level.

SHORTCRUST

Two ounces self-raising flour, 6oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. good shortening, squeeze of lemon juice, 4 tablespoons water.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with lemon juice and water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, and roll to size and shape required. Makes $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pastry.

FLAKY PASTRY

Quarter pound flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2 to 3 tablespoons water, 2oz. butter or substitute.

Sift dry ingredients together. Divide softened shortening into four. Rub one-fourth into flour, add water nearly all at once, adding a little more if necessary to make a dough the same consistency as the shortening. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead well to an even consistency, and roll into a thin, oblong shape. Spread with another fourth of the fat, leaving a 1 in. margin around edge of dough. Sprinkle slightly with flour. Fold into three even folds one on top of the other, drawing the edges together well. Turn dough half round so that the open ends come opposite ends of board. Roll away from you only. Repeat rolling and folding process until all fat is used. Fold in three again without fat and roll to size and shape required. Makes $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pastry.

PUFF PASTRY

Half pound flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt and mix them to a light dough with the egg-yolk, water, and lemon juice. Turn the mixture on to a floured board, knead it lightly until it is smooth and elastic, and roll it into a thin, oblong sheet. Squeeze the butter in a clean cloth to remove the excess water, then spread the butter on half the pastry to within 1 in. of the edge. Glaze the edges, fold the other half of the pastry over the butter, and press the edges together. Turn the folded pastry so that the fold is at the left side, and roll it away from self into an oblong sheet. Fold in three, turn the fold to the left, and roll it again. Fold and roll in this way seven times. After every second rolling, chill until the butter is firm. After the last folding roll to the required size and shape. Makes $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pastry.

QUICK PUFF PASTRY

Eight ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 egg-yolk.

Sift dry ingredients, cut shortening into small pieces, and cut through the flour with a sharp knife. Mix to a pliable dough with milk and egg-yolk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. When required, roll thinly, cut to size and shape required. Makes $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pastry.

RICH BISCUIT PASTRY

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 6oz. plain flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add egg-yolk, mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients, making a dry dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Makes 6oz. of pastry.

BISCUIT PASTRY

Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift dry ingredients twice. Rub in shortening, add sugar, mix to a dry dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Makes $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of pastry.



FISH AND ANCHOVY SLICES

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups medium-thickness white sauce, 1 large tin salmon or fish cutlets, lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, anchovy paste.

Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut into circles with fluted cutter. Brush with milk, bake on a flat tray in a hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Spread two pieces of pastry with a thin layer of anchovy paste. Combine sauce, drained flaked salmon, lemon juice to taste, Worcestershire sauce, and parsley. Heat, pile on to half the pastry circles, place remaining circles on top. Reheat in oven, spoon more hot fish mixture on top, and serve garnished with lemon, parsley, and sliced olives.

CORNISH PIE

One 12oz. tin luncheon beef, 1 large parsnip, 1 large carrot, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cooked peas, 6 or 8 very small whole onions, 2 teaspoons gravy powder, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup tomato puree, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup coarsely chopped celery, 6oz. shortcrust pastry.

Line shallow ovenware dish with pastry, brush with a little egg-white and allow to dry out. Cut meat into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. blocks. Wash and scrape carrot and parsnip, cut into chunky pieces. Drop into boiling salted water with chopped celery. Cook 10 minutes, add peeled onions; simmer gently until onions are tender. Cook peas separately flavored with sugar, salt, and mint. Mix all drained vegetables with meat, fill into pastry-lined dish. Blend gravy browning with stock, add tomato puree, stir until boiling. Pour over meat and vegetables in dish. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes until pastry is crisp and brown.

● Illustrated above are winter favorites—fish and anchovy slices, Cornish pie, and savory roly poly. The recipes are given on this page, with recipes for basic pastries.

SAVORY ROLY POLY

Four cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 6oz. margarine, 1 cup milk, 1 chopped onion, 1oz. shortening, 1 large carrot, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon meat extract, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Peel and chop onion, cook in hot shortening until soft and yellow but not browned. Add coarsely grated carrot, steak, salt, and meat extract. Cook over medium heat 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Blend flour with water, stir into meat mixture, simmer 15 to 20 minutes longer. Add parsley. Turn on to flat plate, allow to become cold. Sift flour and baking powder, rub in margarine, mix to a firm dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Divide into two portions. Roll each to an oblong shape, spread with meat mixture. Moisten edges of pastry, roll up like a Swiss roll, starting to roll from the long side. Lift both rolls on to oven slide, brush tops with milk, make two or three cuts across top of each roll. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve with tomato-onion sauce.

Tomato-onion Sauce: Melt 1 tablespoon good shortening, add 1 thinly sliced onion. Cook until soft and yellow but not brown. Strain off excess fat. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup tomato puree and 2 tablespoons flour blended with 1 cup meat or vegetable stock. Stir until boiling, simmer 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

Some sweet and savory specials

• Good pastry is a great stand-by; it has dozens of uses for sweet and savory dishes.

FOR best results be sure to choose the type of pastry most suitable for the dish you plan to make.

Shortcrust, quick puff pastry, and biscuit pastry are most suitable for the pies and tarts usually included in everyday family menus.

For special occasions and party treats, draw on the richer types of puff and biscuit pastry; and, of course, choux pastry for puffs and eclairs.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

APPLE-APRICOT FLAN

Six ounces shortcrust, 6 apples, 1/3rd cup butter or substitute, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind and juice of 1 small lemon, 1/2 cup apricot jam, 3 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon gelatine, extra squeeze of lemon juice.

Peel, core, and quarter 4 of the apples. Slice thinly. Cook gently with a very small quantity of water until soft and pulpy. Beat with a wooden spoon, then add butter, sugar, beaten eggs, lemon juice, and grated lemon rind. Line tart plate with the pastry, prick base with a fork, pinch a frill around the edges. Fill with apple mixture. Peel and core remaining apples, slice very thinly. Arrange overlapping slices all over top, brush with extra lemon juice, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook 15 to 20 minutes longer. Press apricot jam through a strainer, add lemon juice, and gelatine softened in water. Stir over heat until well mixed, spoon over top of sliced apples on cold cooked tart. Serve cold.

JAM TRICORNES

Eight ounces flaky pastry, jam, water or egg-white, castor sugar.

Roll pastry to 1/4 in. thickness on floured board. Using a small saucer as a guide, cut pastry into circles. Brush edge lightly with water. Place a small spoonful of jam in the centre. Fold edge over in three places to form a triangle. Brush with water or egg-white, sprinkle with sugar. Bake on flat tray in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

SALMON VOL-AU-VENT

Half a pound puff pastry.

Make vol-au-vent case as follows: Roll the pastry to 1/4 in. thickness. Dip vol-au-vent cutters (or large kitchen knife) in hot water. Cut out the case with a large cutter, then with a smaller cutter cut halfway through, so that the centre portion of the pastry can be pressed down when cooked. Cut a second piece with a small cutter (for lid). Bake both pieces for 20 minutes in a very hot oven.

Salmon Filling: One tin salmon, 1 tablespoon grated onion, nut of butter, pinch cayenne pepper, lemon juice, salt to taste, 1/2 pint thick parsley sauce, lemon to garnish.

Cook the onion in butter until it is soft but not brown. Add it to the sauce with flaked fish and liquor, pepper, lemon juice, and salt. Fill into the cooked pastry-case, and place the smaller portion of pastry on top; garnish with lemon.

VEAL AND HAM PIE

One and a half pounds veal steak, flour, salt, pepper, 1 cup stock, thin piece lemon rind, 3 slices bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1/4 lb. quick puff pastry.

Trim steak, cut into cubes, roll in flour, pepper and salt. Place in saucepan with lemon rind and stock, simmer until tender. Place half the meat in a piedish, sprinkle with half chopped bacon, rind removed,

WINTER PASTRIES

and half the parsley. Add a layer of sliced hard-boiled eggs. Lastly add remainder of meat, sprinkle with balance of bacon and parsley. Pour any remaining stock down the side. Cover with pastry, decorate with a rose and leaves cut from pastry trimmings. Brush with water, cut 2 slits in pastry to allow steam to escape. Bake in very hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

Six ounces biscuit pastry, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1/2 cup cold water, 3 or 4 eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup mashed strawberries, pink coloring, extra 1/2 cup sugar, cream, extra whole strawberries.

Roll biscuit pastry thinly, line tart-plate. Prick base with a fork, pinch a frill around the edge. Cover base with greaseproof paper weighted with dried peas or beans to prevent pastry rising in the centre. Bake in hot oven, allow to become cold. Soak gelatine in cold water. Cook egg-yolks, 1/2 cup sugar, lemon juice, and salt over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Add strawberry pulp and a little pink coloring.

Stir while cooling over a bowl of ice. When beginning to thicken, fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly with 1/2 cup sugar. Fill into pastry-case, chill until set. Top with whole strawberries and whipped cream.

APPLE STRUDEL

Three and a quarter cups flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon shortening, 2 eggs, 1 extra egg-yolk, 3 dessertspoons sour cream, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 6 cups thinly sliced apples, 1/2 cup chopped sultanas, good 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 cup bread-crumbs, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Beat the 2 eggs, mix with two-thirds of the sour cream. Pour into dry ingredients, adding sufficient warm water to make a smooth, soft dough. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead until elastic. Cover and stand in warm place 1/2 hour. Turn again on to floured board, roll to wafer thinness, then lift, pull, and stretch carefully until the dough is paper thin.

Brush with melted butter, cover with mixture of apples, sultanas, sugar, cinnamon, crumbs, and lemon juice. Take filling to within 1 1/2 in. of one end, fold this over the filling and roll up into a long, thin roll. Place on greased oven-tray, twisting the roll to fit. Brush with the extra egg-yolk mixed with the remaining sour cream. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a hot oven. Cut in thick slices and serve hot.

CHOUX PASTRY

(For Puffs and Eclairs)

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1/2 pint water, 4oz. plain flour, 3 large eggs.

Bring butter or substitute and water to boiling point. Stir in sifted flour; beat until smooth. Beat steadily over low heat until mixture forms a smooth mass and leaves the sides of the saucepan. Allow to cool. Add beaten eggs a little at a time, beat until evenly mixed and quite smooth. For puffs, place spoonfuls well apart on a greased oven tray. For eclairs fill mixture into large bag (of paper or waterproof material) with plain pipe attached and pipe 3 in. lengths on to greased trays. Cook in hot oven for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and continue cooking until crisp on the outside and well dried out on the inside. Cool, split open, remove any moist centre. Store in airtight tin until required.

CUSTARD PUFFS

Choux pastry puffs, prepared and cooked as above, 2oz. butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1/2 pint milk, 2 egg-yolks, 2oz. castor sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, sifted icing sugar.

Split each one carefully

Continued overleaf

• This tempting array of sweet and savory pastries includes chocolate eclairs, jam tricornes, apple-apricot tart, veal and ham pie, apple strudel, salmon vol-au-vent, and strawberry chiffon pie.





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Party Treats

• There's nothing like a platter of assorted pastries for elegance on a party-table. Choose any of these.

START with a carefully made rich pastry, add fruit, icing, and cream, and the result will be a collection of good things you'll be proud to serve.

Remember that level spoon measurements are used in all these recipes.

FRENCH PASTRIES

Four ounces quick puff or rich puff pastry, castor sugar, icing for piping, cherries, angelica, passionfruit icing, warm icing.

When preparing pastry, roll in castor sugar instead of flour for the last two rollings. Now roll pastry (on castor sugar) into a strip 12in. long. Fold the top edge into the middle and bring the bottom edge up into the middle also. Glaze top with white of egg and fold over in halves. This results in a piece of folded pastry 3in. long. Using a warm knife, cut pastry into slices 1/2in. thick. Place flat on biscuit trays, well spaced to allow for spreading. (Pastry folded this way spreads and does not rise.) Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes until lightly browned. Cool on cake-cooler, decorate with

passionfruit icing or warm icing, cherries, and angelica.

CREAM MATCHES

Four ounces quick puff pastry, 1 egg-white, 6oz. icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon rice flour or ground rice, vanilla essence, raspberry jam, cream.

Roll pastry 1/2in. thick, cut with heated knife into pieces 3in. x 1in. Place on biscuit trays. Beat egg-white until stiff and frothy, gradually add sifted icing sugar and rice flour, adding sufficient icing sugar to make consistency thick enough to stay on pastry. Flavor with vanilla and spread a thin layer on top of each piece of pastry. Place in hot oven until pastry is risen and meringue lightly browned (approximately 7 minutes). Reduce heat to moderate and cook further 7 to 10 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler; when cold split and spread with raspberry jam and cream. Replace tops and serve, or store in airtight tin and fill just before serving.

WINTER PASTRIES

CELESTIAL TARTLETS

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1/2 cup cold water, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup orange juice, pinch salt, 3 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessert-

spoon lemon juice, 1 cup mashed ripe bananas, extra 1/2 cup sugar, 3 egg-whites, cooked tartlet cases made from short-crust or biscuit pastry, whipped cream.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine first quantity of sugar with orange juice, salt, and egg-yolks. Cook over boiling water until mixture thickens. Add softened gelatine and orange rind. Remove from heat, allow to cool, stirring occasionally. Mix lemon juice with mashed bananas, fold into gelatine mixture. Lastly fold in egg-whites, which have been beaten to meringue consistency with second quantity of sugar. Fill into cooked and cooled tartlet shells, allow to set. Top with a swirl of whipped cream before serving.

OYSTER PATTIES

Eight ounces puff pastry, 1/2 pint oyster liquor, 1/2 pint milk, pinch cayenne pepper, few drops anchovy sauce, 1oz. butter, 1/2oz. flour, 2 tablespoons cream, 2 dozen oysters, parsley, 1 lemon.

Roll pastry out to 1/2in. thickness, cut into rounds with a plain cutter dipped in boiling water; cut half-way through rounds with a smaller cutter. Bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Place butter in saucepan, melt over low heat, stir in flour. Add milk, oyster liquor, cayenne, and anchovy sauce, stir constantly until sauce boils and thickens. Remove from heat, fold in cream and bearded oysters, mix well. Remove centres from patties, fill with a spoonful of oyster mixture. Garnish with lemon slices and parsley.

VANILLA FANCHONETTES

Half-pound good shortcrust pastry, 1 1/2oz. butter, 1 1/2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, few drops vanilla, 4oz. castor sugar, 3 tablespoons cream, scant 1/2 cup

FRENCH PASTRIES are made from puff pastry, trimmed with passionfruit, icing, warm icing with cherries and angelica, and chocolate icing scrolls and dots. See the recipe on this page.

milk, squeeze of lemon juice, cherries to decorate.

Melt butter, add flour, stir until smooth and cook over low heat 2 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until boiling. Beat egg-yolks and sugar together, add to mixture, stir over heat, but do not boil. Remove from heat, add cream, vanilla, and lemon juice; allow to cool. Roll pastry out to 1/2in. thickness, cut with a round cutter, line patty-tins. Prick all over with a fork. Bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes. Allow to cool on cake-cooler. Place a spoonful of mixture into each pastry-case, pipe a rose of meringue on top, made by beating egg-whites and castor sugar together, set lightly in very slow oven, decorate with a piece of cherry.

CREAM NAPOLEONS

Half-pound flaky or rough puff pastry (divided into 2 portions), 1 quantity of sponge mixture cooked in a slab-tin, 1/2 pint cream, 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla essence, strawberry jam, warm icing, 2oz. blanched almonds.

Roll each piece of pastry out the same size as the slab-tin. Prick well with a fork to prevent rising; bake on a flat tray in hot oven 15 minutes. Spread jam on one piece of cooked pastry, cover with half the cream (whipped and flavored with sugar and vanilla). Place cake on top and press down lightly. Spread cake with jam and balance of cream. Place second piece of cooked pastry on top. Cover with warm icing and sprinkle thickly with chopped almonds which have been lightly toasted. Cut into finger-lengths before serving.

SOME SWEET AND SAVORY SPECIALS

Continued from page 38

(sometimes it is easy to split the puffs where they have cracked in rising), and remove the moist centre with a small teaspoon. To prepare filling: Melt the butter, add the flour, and cook for 2 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in milk and continue stirring until boiling. Cool slightly and add vanilla and egg-yolks beaten with the sugar. Stir over low heat for 1 minute, but do not allow the custard to boil again. Beat until smooth and cool, then allow to become quite cold, and fill

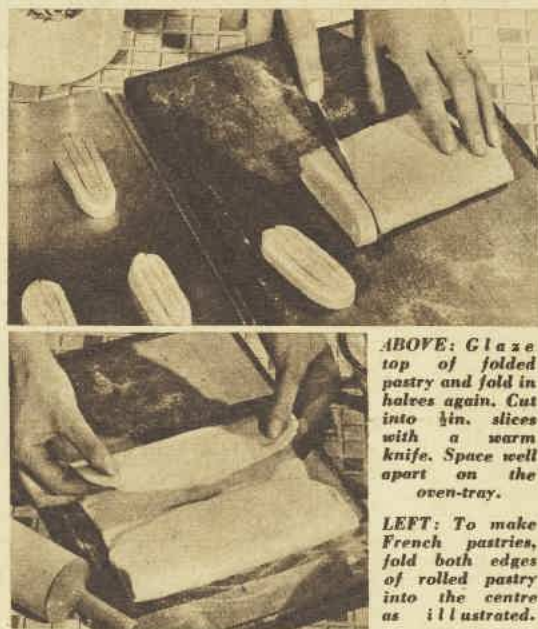
into puffs. Dust the tops with sifted icing sugar.

Note: Whipped cream may be used instead of the custard. For best results, fill the puffs with cream or custard as near serving time as possible.

CHOCOLATE AND COFFEE ECLAIRS

Quantity of choux pastry. Eclairs prepared and cooked as above.

Split the eclairs from end to end, then carefully remove any moist centre with a small teaspoon. Fill with whipped cream and join together again. Top with chocolate or coffee-flavored icing.



ABOVE: Glaze top of folded pastry and fold in halves again. Cut into 1/2in. slices with a warm knife. Space well apart on the oven-tray.

LEFT: To make French pastries, fold both edges of rolled pastry into the centre as illustrated.



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THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR RECIPES OF THE LAST 3 YEARS—and all easy to make!

By Mrs. Betty Dunleavy



This page of recipes you will keep and use often. They have been specially selected as the most popular dishes from a collection of the best tested recipes over the last three years. You will see, in the Chinese dishes, we have given alternatives for all special ingredients, so that now any average pantry can supply the distinctive flavours required for Chinese cooking.

BUTTERFLY CAKES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2oz. Wade's cornflour, 4oz. plain flour, 1½ level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons milk.

Beat butter and sugar to cream, add eggs, milk, and then dry ingredients, beat to a good consistency. Grease patty tins, half fill with mixture.

Bake 10 minutes in fairly hot oven.

Cut pieces of cake from centre and fill with whipped cream, and arrange cake as wings on top. Decorate.

Mock Cream: 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar (castor preferred), ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream the butter and sugar until white and fluffy. Cover with cold water and pour off carefully; repeat this process four or five times, mixing well in between each "washing" until all the sugar has dissolved. Flavour with vanilla and use as filling for sponges and cakes.

To make a larger quantity of cream economically, blend 1 level teaspoon Wade's cornflour with ¼ pint milk; heat and cook 3 minutes. Cool and gradually beat into the above mixture.

DELICIOUS SAUCES

to set your sweets aglow with new colour and flavour.

RASPBERRY SAUCE

One ounce butter, ½oz. Wade's cornflour, ¼ pint water, 1-2 level tablespoons sugar, ½ cup raspberries or concentrated raspberry syrup, 2 egg yolks.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the cornflour, then add the water gradually, stir until boiling. Simmer for 3 minutes and add raspberries and sugar to taste. Remove from heat, quickly add egg yolks and stir well.

The raspberries in this sauce may be crushed fresh or frozen ones. If using concentrated raspberry syrup or tinned raspberries, reduce amount of sugar to taste.

THICK BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

One tablespoon golden syrup, ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup water, 1 level tablespoon Wade's cornflour blended with 1 extra tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Heat the syrup, sugar, water, and butter in a saucepan until nearly boiling. Stir in blended cornflour.

Continue stirring until boiling and then simmer for 2 or 3 minutes. Add vanilla and serve hot or cold.

FRENCH WINE SAUCE

One and a half cups milk, 2 level tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter, 1 egg yolk, 1 level tablespoon Wade's cornflour, 5 tablespoons sweet sherry.

Blend cornflour with a little of the milk. Mix together sugar, egg yolk, salt, cornflour, and milk. Heat slowly, stirring continuously until boiling, add sherry and butter, and cook 3 minutes.

Served with a rich fruit pudding, this sauce is simple to make and delicious.

APRICOT SAUCE

Two level tablespoons sugar, 4oz. dried apricots, ½ cups water, 1 level tablespoon Wade's cornflour, juice of 1 lemon, ½oz. butter.

Soak the apricots overnight in the water to soften, heat and cook for 5 minutes. Drain and rub through a strainer, combine with sugar, apricot juice, and lemon juice. Blend cornflour with extra half cup water and heat with the apricot mixture. Simmer 3 minutes and add butter.

This sauce is particularly nice with sweet steamed pudding, as the tartness of the apricots and lemon gives a sharp contrasting flavour.

VEGETABLE PIE WITH SAVORY MEAT CRUST

MEAT CRUST: 1½lb. minced steak or sausage meat, 1 onion finely minced, 1 cup Uncle Toby's oats, 2 level teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 egg, 2oz. flour.

Combine all ingredients in a basin and mix well. Press onto base and sides of an ovenproof casserole or pie dish. Bake in a moderate oven for 20-25 minutes.

VEGETABLE FILLING:

1 tin sweet corn, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup white sauce, 2 tomatoes, salt and pepper.

WHITE SAUCE: 1 cup milk, 1oz. butter, 1 level dessertspoon Wade's cornflour, salt, cayenne pepper.

Blend cornflour in a small quantity of the milk and pour remainder into a saucepan to heat. When hot, but not boil-

ing, add cornflour and stir well. Add butter and seasonings to taste, simmer 3 minutes, and cover with a tightly fitting lid until ready for use.

Slice tomatoes thinly and spread over meat crust base, reserving a few slices for garnish. Combine sweet corn, peas, and white sauce, and season to taste. Spoon onto tomatoes and finish with tomato slices. Return to a moderate oven for 10-15 minutes and heat through. Serve hot, for lunch or dinner.

For extra flavour sprinkle tasty grated cheese over top of pie before reheating.



CHOW MEIN

Two eggs, 2 tomatoes, 1 cup sliced green beans, 2 sliced onions (or leeks), ½lb. prawns, 2 cups stock (fish or vegetable), 2 level tablespoons Wade's cornflour, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 packet Chinese macaroni or noodles, 1 tablespoon peanut oil.

Boil macaroni in salted water until soft. Boil beans and onions 10 minutes—drain and mix with sliced tomatoes. Fry beaten eggs in peanut oil and when hard cut in thin strips.

Thicken stock with blended cornflour and add eggs, tomatoes, beans, onions, and flavouring. Simmer 10 minutes and add shelled prawns. Drain macaroni and fry until golden brown in peanut oil, turning frequently. Serve prawn mixture over fried macaroni.

Extra ingredients could be bamboo shoots, dried mushrooms, and soy sauce.

For variety in dishes use diced ham, pork, chicken, or lamb in place of the prawns.

In place of the macaroni make a paste of 8oz. flour, 2oz. rice flour, 2 eggs, and 2 tablespoons milk. Roll out thinly and cut into ribbons. Dry overnight.

SPRING ROLLS

FILLING: Mix together cubed pork flanks, prawns, chopped onion, shredded cabbage, diced celery, and thicken with gravy of stock and Wade's cornflour to make quantity of 4 cups. Flavour with salt, pepper, dry sherry, and ve-tsin to taste (1 dessertspoon each of Worcestershire sauce and vinegar may be used instead of ve-tsin). Allow to cool. Place 1 tablespoonful of mixture in spring roll skins and roll tightly, securing the ends with raw egg. Fry in deep oil.

SKINS: 1 cup Wade's cornflour, 1 cup plain flour, 1 egg, water to mix.

Mix the cornflour and flour together with egg and add water. Beat until thin and smooth. Using a piece of pork fat, wipe over bottom of a hot pan, then add the paste (similar to a thin pancake). Be sure the paste is not too thin and the cooking heat only moderate. When cooked on one side, place over an inverted plate to cool before using. (Skins must be rolled with the raw side out.)



LEMON MACAROON PUDDING

One and a half cups sugar, 1 pint water, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 level dessertspoon lemon rind, 2 level tablespoons flour, 2 level tablespoons Wade's cornflour, 2 eggs, 1oz. butter, ½ cup crushed macaroons.

Place water, 1 cup sugar, half cup sugar. Place in lemon juice and lemon rind into saucepan and heat. Mix together flour and cornflour and blend with a little extra water, add to saucepan and stir well. Simmer for 3 minutes, cool slightly, and beat in egg yolks and butter. Pour into an ovenproof dish and sprinkle with crushed macaroons. Beat egg whites stiffly and gradually add the extra

shape and size required. Lift into pie dish, press down and decorate with a frilled edge. Bake in a moderate oven for 15-20 minutes until golden brown.

CHAMPAGNE PASTRY

Five ounces self-raising flour, 3 level tablespoons Wade's cornflour, 3oz. butter, 3 level tablespoons sugar, 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream together butter and sugar, add egg yolk and milk, and mix to a dry dough with the sifted dry ingredients. Turn onto a floured board, knead lightly, and roll out to

Everyone talks about your cooking



WHEN YOU USE

WADE'S CORNFLOUR

IT'S TRIPLE REFINED FOR SMOOTHER COOKING



AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning June 4

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 18 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 19 - MARCH 20	Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck arrives in a parcel. Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a crowded building. Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in personal relationships. Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in recovering a lost article. Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in sharing a windfall. Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck depends upon superiors. Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a new hobby. Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a savings campaign. Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. You will be lucky in love. Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, off-white. Gambling colors, off-white, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in overcoming obstacles. Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, navy-blue. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck comes through a relative.	All the know-how in the world cannot save you unless you keep your feet on the ground. Make schedules, determine what must be accomplished by a certain time. How to stretch your money farther is the main issue. If you can't increase your income, you must watch the small items which run away with so much of your cash. Make the best of things. Act deliberately and never when keyed-up. What you do now will influence all your affairs for many months, both personal and financial. Waiting for something to turn up is never much fun, and you really have earned a break in your favor. Be patient a while longer, carry on under present conditions. Suggestions from you are likely to be hailed with enthusiasm, and this is the right moment to benefit from personal popularity. Your dramatic sense helps plans. With opportunity beckoning, you need your wits about you. If you can give the right answer at the right time, you may win fortune. Do your best to share it. Don't lose your mind to new ideas. You can always learn new tricks, manipulate new gadgets, or discover short cuts from experts who are anxious to help you. You'll be tempted to forget all your fine plans and wish to throw your hard-won gains to the four winds. With the goal close, this would be foolish. Hang on. You may request removal to another department. If a homemaker, you wish to shift into another neighborhood closer to a very old friend. You help someone. You can be led but not driven. Don't suik. State your point of view. You will find your relationships on the job improving if you are frank. You may do something from kindness that you wouldn't do for money. The reward will warm your heart. You may now be faced with an unusual proposition. You spend more time working for yourself than for others. Your interest in the job may rise to fever heat. You will have evidence of your industry.	Watch advertisements or shop windows for something attractive to wear. If you can afford it, do so immediately while the cosmic rays favor smart clothes. Don't strain at the domestic leash. An existing controversy will not be settled if you grow increasingly impatient, particularly if it involves money. Drop the matter. If you wish to change your place of residence, find out if all your likes and dislikes will be taken care of in your new home. Check for possible drawbacks. At all costs try to maintain a cheerful home atmosphere. Allow members of the household to think and act without interference. Be a good listener. Be responsive to suggestions, but don't rush into some project on casual advice. What "they say" should not influence you to go against your own wishes. Resourcefulness turns a debacle into a success. In an emergency you could cover yourself with domestic glory, and the secret is in a quick survey and improvisation. Friendly stars animate creative talents. Your ideas may prove valuable. Don't hesitate to try them out on a small scale before launching out. Originality counts. Don't permit little domestic mix-ups to rankle in your mind. Every family has them on occasions. In spite of differences, there is more affection around than you realise. Your mind may not be so alert that you can tackle many details with accuracy. Extra efficiency over essentials will be rewarded. Talk over family problems with the family. Consider each suggestion before you discard it. Your own opinions may be biased. This may be true of parents. If there are a number of tasks you have promised to do for other people, budget your time at home so that you feel free for engagements. A glimpse into the future may come through resting or through an original personality. You attempt to apply these new ideas could produce fascinating results.	Centre romantic longings on an attainable object. Why waste time wishing? That date of yours may not resemble a prince in a fairy-tale, but he's a solid fellow. If you have a love problem, test it with reasoning, or get the opinion of someone else. If worried, your emotional life may need stabilising. If you discard a boy-friend with whom you have been going for some time in favor of a new charmer, you may find yourself without either. A chance meeting with a former friend with whom you have had an emotional misunderstanding might bring about a reconciliation on an entirely new basis. Cheery words, a few beaming nods of approval, and pats of encouragement may work wonders on the beloved whose ambition needs stimulation. Pay no attention if the beloved tries to gauge your emotional reactions. Let the one you love disclose why he, or she, is fishing for information. If the loved one wishes to keep your romance a secret for the time being, and cannot give solid reasons for it, stop, look, and listen. If you and your beloved vary in many ways, this can turn out well. You can supplement each other's abilities with qualities lacking in either. Love is a plant that must be carefully tended if it is to survive and grow. The casual lover who doesn't hesitate to put his own plans first will be no oak. There may be many attractive members of the opposite sex in your life just now. Not one appeals as a permanent mate. It's easy to wave farewell. There could be a gold-digger, either male or female, on your list. If you are being cultivated for any ulterior motive, you'll decide it is not good. Emotional tangles may interfere with your hopes and ambitions. Turn a cold shoulder to flirts, and to all those who fall short of your standards.	Your hesitancy to approach a certain person in order to tackle an obstacle to plans makes the whole question seem more formidable than it actually is. Do not attempt to carry out something heroic just to make a good impression. Stick to what you can reasonably manage. A minor success is worth while. A few hours of pleasant relaxation works wonders. Think, talk, and amuse your friends. Keep clear of serious discussions over controversial matters. Just now it will be better to attract attention to your abilities rather than your personality. If managing a social event, avoid high pressure tactics. Someone might make you a wonderful promise. It might prove merely a grand gesture and not a serious intention to help you get what you want. Scrap old-fashioned ideas and prejudice that may bias your thinking, denying you many possibilities for social enjoyment, bound up with business affairs. Be careful, even when travelling over a familiar road. On any outing keep your mind alert, where there is danger of accident through carelessness. A person befriended in the past may help you to reach your goal in a social or community project. Do not ask for anything that cannot be granted easily. If you cannot advance under your own steam, join a group with punch. This will bring you nearer to your objective, and provide you with congenial friends. Second thoughts are sometimes best. With changed conditions plans formerly unworkable can be revived, probably from a slightly different angle. Use originality. Tomorrow's worry may be the result of today's blunder. Check facts before taking action or making a statement, saving yourself hours of grief over a mistake. Time-wasters are with us always. Add up the moments of idleness during any day, and you will realise how important it is not to allow anyone to waste your time.
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V-neck spencer in peach, ivory and grey. Sizes SW-XOS. From 15/11.

to teach Amelia how to make up her face and do her hair. He brought her suntan oil for her back and scarlet varnish for her nails. On the last day of the week he brought a pair of sunglasses.

"Whatever for?" asked Amelia, who never suffered from glare.

"Ever see a celebrity's picture without dark glasses?" said Jim, shutting her up.

The day of Amelia's launching into society was a brilliant one in every sense. Jim had arranged for the reporter of the Carlo Column to be on the spot, and a television roving reporter on vacation had half promised to be there.

Highly graphic posters announced the appearance of a very distinguished visitor and all the right ears had been whispered into.

The beach was, if possible, more crowded than it had ever been when Amelia made her entrance, riding superbly on a large white wave which brought her right in to land on the biggest raft moored below the Eden Roc Hotel. She looked splendid. Her mouth and nails were as red as any on the beach and her hair shone in a coil at the back of her neck.

She wore a green-sequined Bikini—the top of one, that is—to match the scales of her shining tail, and real coral earrings, shaped like shells, of the largest size. She wielded her sun-glasses like a veteran film star. She was, in fact, a very sophisticated mermaid.

The sea round the raft immediately became thick with people as Amelia delivered her speech (prepared by Jim).

"Folks," she declared, throwing wide her arms in an expansive, all-embracing gesture. "I'm surely glad to be here at last among you all. You just can't guess how happy I am to talk to you instead of watching you from afar. And I hope you are going to like me just as much as I like you."

They loved her. Immediately Amelia was a success. Everywhere you went that summer along the Riviera,

sooner or later you'd come across her, riding side-saddle on a water ski, tearing through the water behind a frothing motor-boat.

Or you might catch her in the glare of half a dozen cameras, posing for pictures; she appeared on all the covers of the Parisian magazines and several American ones.

When she was not sunbathing on the raft or giving personal interviews, she was the hub of attention at one of the floating cocktail parties which became so fashionable on her account, or leading the way in gay underwater snorkelling expeditions (Amelia had no need to wear the disfiguring mask and breathing tube, which gave her an immense advantage over the ladies who did).

From being a success, Amelia became the rage. No party was held on dry land, for none was thought to have any social value without her. The fashion, becoming extreme, reached ridiculous lengths.

Women with pretensions to chic grew their hair as long as they could get it, or even achieved shining wigs "en Amelie." An advanced few had tails of green plastic especially made in which they floundered ungracefully as they tried to imitate Amelia's effortless back-flips and dolphin-rolls.

A visiting film director offered her the lead in a film that was to be entirely sub-aqueous and shot with special waterproof cameras. Three Sunday newspapers serialised her life story, entitled variously "My Life and Loves — by Amelie de Mer," "Men or Mer-men? Which I Prefer," and "From Rock Bottom to the Crest of the Wave."

Amelia's friends and family were shocked at the way "Poor Amelia" was carrying on. No good could come of it. She would undoubtedly come to a bad end. A mermaid's place was in the sea.

It was unanimously decided that Amelia was making an ex-

hibition of herself and Mervyn was detailed to bring her to her senses before she absolutely disgraced them.

Amelia, when Mervyn found her — surrounded as usual by admirers — was shameless.

"What have I done?" she said. "I'm enjoying myself for the first time. Have a martini."

So he left her and looked for Jim, whom he found sulking under a red and yellow umbrella by the water's edge. Jim was peeved. He had grown very fond of Amelia while he had trained her and Amelia had hung on his every word. He had even fancied that she was a little in love with him.

But ever since her jet-propelled rise to fame, Amelia had hardly noticed his existence. He'd had his fee, paid out of her fees for her life story, and that, as far as Amelia was concerned, was that.

Jim, nursing wounded pride and a sore heart, welcomed Mervyn both as a fellow sufferer and as a means to revenge. Together they planned a reversal of fortune which would send Amelia finning it home to the bosom of her family.

On the following Monday a new poster appeared on the Esplanade. "Touring the Riviera," it said "for their World Premiere — The Merry Mer-Marvels. Unique Spectacle-Daring Aquatics and Aquabatics. This Friday Night on the Eden Roc Water Stage. BIG ATTRACTIONS."

Mervyn had had a hard job to persuade the family that they must join in his plan to redeem Amelia, especially when they fully realised the implications. However — to save Amelia —

Jim and Mervyn had drilled them well and on Friday night the Mer-Marvel Company of Monaco was acclaimed with applause and champagne. They put on an exceedingly fine show. Amelia's mother gave a complicated figure-diving display.

Continuing . . . Sophisticated Mermaid

from page 3

Her brothers were a competent and cheerful, if not perfect, team of water tumblers; and Mervyn himself in flame-colored tights thrilled the audience with an impressive shark-taming act, juggled with eels, and was magnificent as the acrobatic clown.

Amelia, watching the show from a raft party near the stage, was disgusted. She shuddered when she saw her father and brothers form themselves into a preposterous sea monster which suddenly split up into a series of bowling hoops, tail to mouth, spinning across the water-stage. And when her mother took her third bow in a spangled bodice Amelia nearly died of shame.

Her only hope was that no one would connect her with "those people" . . . as she described them to her party. But that hope was shattered as, at the end of the performance,

her father swam forward and held up his hand for silence. His speech was short, but for Amelia it was mortifying.

"And to a little lady who's with us tonight we should all like you to give a big hand. There she is on my left," he pointed to Amelia before a thousand people, "the grandest little artiste in the business. Go on, girlie, give them an earful of 'Seashell Susie' — just to please your old Dad." And with a wave of the hand he started up the orchestra.

But Amelia had slithered into the dark water and vanished, diving deep to shut out the titters which were flickering up among the whole audience.

Of course, after that Amelia could not show her face in Monte Carlo, or indeed anywhere along the Riviera, as the story seeped through from one resort to another. No one much

regretted or remembered for long; not only did the novelty of feting a mermaid wear off with the presence of a whole company of mer-marvels, but their debut as a concert party killed Amelia's social aspirations.

She was dropped as quickly as she had been taken up, and was glad to retire into the obscurity of a small island. There she amused herself by playing sharks, and frightening the fishermen by appearing tail-fin first.

Her family, on the other hand, toured the Riviera with enormous success. Feted wherever they performed, they never let their success go to their business heads, and after a couple of unparalleled seasons they are now in Hollywood, making a subaqueous film in specially constructed glass tanks.

Amelia is quite forgotten, and Mervyn is madly in love with Esther Williams.

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Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

MY wife was knitting a Fair Isle pattern and asked me to read it out to her so that she could knit more quickly.

"Knit one white," I read.

"I'm doing black instead of white."

"Six blue . . ."

"I'm doing red where it says blue."

"Three pink . . ."

"I'm doing yellow instead of pink. Here, give it to me. You aren't reading it correctly!"

£2/2/- to Mr. Colin Crosier, Elalie, North Coast Line, Queensland.

JUST LIKE A MAN

A FRIEND was invited to a big wedding and spent the morning of the great day having a hair-do, facial, manicure, etc., while her husband polished the car. When the time came to set out, my friend emerged looking very glamorous in a new outfit. She waited hopefully for a compliment from her husband.

"Gosh," he breathed ecstatically as he opened the car door for her, "doesn't the car look super?"

£2/2/- to Mrs. M. Dunstan, Stephen St., Camp Hill, Queensland.

● Mark your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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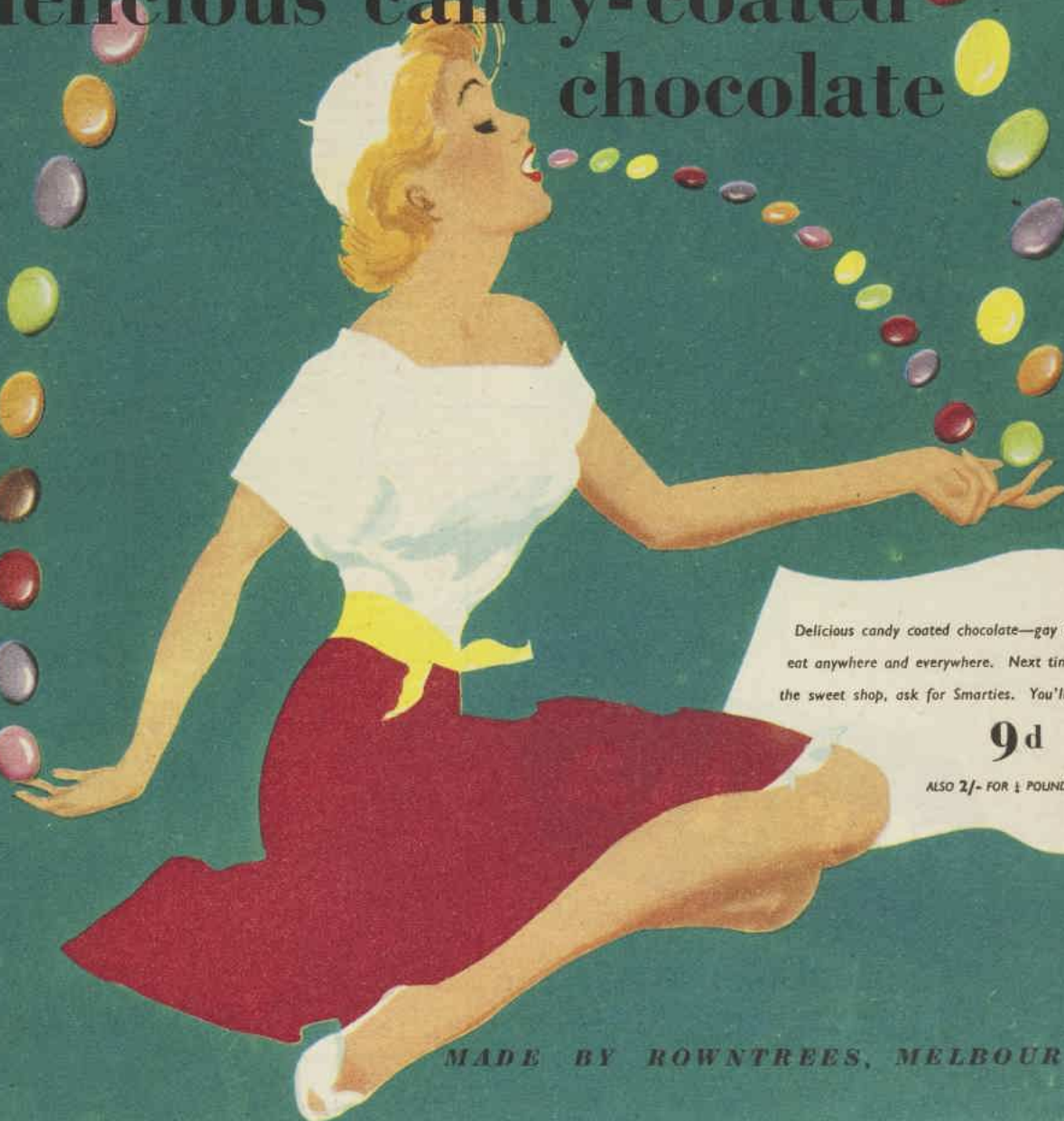
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Page 46

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 5

or Mrs. Combie, but she felt Tip beside her and she noticed him acutely.

She saw the shabby blue jeans, the way his wrists came far out of his torn old sweater—it was halfway up his arms—the way his shoes were rubbed and the heels worn down. He did not seem to mind any of these things; she thought that her sandshoes, and her faded and threadbare coat might seem to him entirely natural and that gave her a feeling of ease.

She noticed other things: how hard and bony Tip's arms were, where hers showed round and soft; the funny look of his cheek, and that was bony, too, thought Lovejoy; his hair was rough; Lovejoy's head only came up to his shoulder, and when he turned to look at her his eyes were dark blue. A boy with blue eyes? thought Lovejoy surprised. She had never thought of a boy's eyes as having a particular color before; for Lovejoy that made him seem suddenly human.

As for Tip, he only stole glances at her, but she seemed to him small and curiously clean and he noticed that her hair was beautifully brushed.

They sat together and the tears dried on Lovejoy's cheeks; fixing her eyes on the hopscotch, watching it without seeing it, she told Tip about the garden, beginning with the packet of cornflower seeds and going on to the buying of the fork and trowel—she left out the candle-box—but Tip did not seem to be listening.

"Who brushes your hair?" asked Tip.

"I brush it," Tip, thinking of the screams and protests of his young sisters, Josephine and Bridget, when his mother brought out the family hairbrush, marvelled, but Lovejoy was telling him about Mr. Isbister and the grass seed, and the net—leaving out how she took it; she told about the seeds—leaving out how she stole them—and of how the grass and the cornflowers had come up. There she stopped.

Tip listened, hitting his leg thoughtfully with the fork. Boys have to hit something, thought Lovejoy irritably. "That's how I made the garden," she said, staring across the road. "My garden," and she gave a little hiccup of misery.

"Make another."

It sounded so unsympathetic that Lovejoy sat up indignantly until she saw Tip was better than sympathetic; he was interested. "You were silly to make it there," he said. "Make another somewhere else."

That was what Mr. Isbister was to say. He was quite angry. "Cairford Street?" he said. "What do you expect? Cats—boys, frost, drought—or a dang—great thunderstorm. Make a garden; you're in for it. Then don't come mewling here," said Mr. Isbister.

"But is it any good? Do things ever grow?" asked Lovejoy.

Mr. Isbister grunted and said, "Look." He had been putting in cuttings of geraniums, plain little pieces of plants with three or four leaves.

"They haven't got a root," said Lovejoy.

"They make one," said Mr. Isbister. "Stick 'em in the ground, they grow."

"Just bits of plant?" asked Lovejoy incredulously.

"Bits of plant," said Mr. Isbister, poking at them with his finger. "That's earth," he said, "and not boys, cats—hailstones—can—beat that all the time." And he said what Tip said now, "Make another."

"You were silly to make it there," said Tip.

"But where else can I make it?" Lovejoy's voice was as sharp and irritated as Cassie's. "There isn't anywhere," she said scornfully. "Nowhere that boys don't spoil. It wasn't a very good garden," she said, "not what I wanted but—" Her voice trembled as if she were going to cry again.

"What kind of garden do you want?" asked Tip hastily. He only asked to divert her, but it brought an answer from Lovejoy, an answer she had not dreamed of before.

"I want an Italian garden," said Lovejoy.

There was one walk she had been with Vincent—long ago, while I was still looking for a garden, thought Lovejoy now. It was a street along the river, with gardens, embankment gardens, thought Lovejoy, in front. Its houses were dark red. "What is it called?" she had asked Vincent.

"Cheyne Walk," said Vincent.

Most of the houses had small private gardens. "That's what I want," Lovejoy had said, looking at them, "a small private garden."

Those in Cheyne Walk were not very private; they could be looked into easily; Lovejoy had thought, I'd want mine to be more private than that. They were all different; some had small lawns, edged with colored cobbles; some had clipped bushes, in some there were beds of daffodils and wallflowers; one had a rock garden built of rough stone; one or two had round beds with rose-bushes cut back; some had empty beds, ready for planting or sowing—in April, thought Lovejoy. She had stopped to study one of these carefully; the soil was finely raked and black-looking.

"Is that good garden earth?" she asked.

"I suppose it is," said Vincent. "Come along."

Then they had found a garden they both liked.

It was different from the others. It was worked out in stone and it was shapely; in the middle was a small stone urn filled with earth and standing on a pedestal; round the pedestal was a square of grass, clipped smooth and green, and this was bordered with narrow flowerbeds that were edged with fluted stone. "The flowerbeds in the Square Gardens don't have stone edges," said Lovejoy.

"The Square Gardens are

ordinary gardens," said Vincent with scorn. "This is Italian."

Vincent had schooled Lovejoy into thinking that everything superbly good was Italian, that everything Italian was superbly good, and she looked at the garden with awe.

"Italian gardens," said Vincent, who had never seen one, "are stone and green, with fountains and vases and walks, not just flowers."

This instant, as she sat beside Tip on the kerb, that came into Lovejoy's mind.

"I want a garden with stone," she said. "With a vase in the middle and walks—"

When she said "stone" Tip looked up. He stopped beating his leg with the fork. "I know where," he said.

"But we're going into the church," said Lovejoy and stopped. She was wary of going into Our Lady of Sion now.

"That's all right, it's my church," said Tip serenely.

"Yours?" Lovejoy was astounded.

"Yes," said Tip firmly, "where I go."

"Go to church?"

"Yes. Don't you?"

"I've never been," said Lovejoy, and she looked at him as if he were a phenomenon. "I've never known anyone who went to church," she said.

Tip was suddenly moved to take her hand. "C'mon," he said.

Lovejoy followed him up the church steps to the landing where the rusty bell was; Father Lambert had put it into a cage because the boys slipped in and rang it.

"Look," said Tip, and, going to the top of the opposite flight that led down into the church, he hoisted himself up, in the footholds made by the broken bricks, till he was sitting on the wall above. "Can you do that?" he asked.

"Of course," said Lovejoy and came up after him, more nimble than he.

"Turn yourself around," said Tip, "and come down." He disappeared behind the wall. "Slide down," he said. "Feel with your toes." There were some broken bits like ledges in the wall. "You kin put your feet on them," whispered Tip. "Gimme your foot and I'll show you. No, the other one. Now down. Hold on tight."

It was hard to hold to a ledge, hanging by a hand while

To page 51

Beauty in brief:

Concentrate on lips

By CAROLYN EARLE

● **Lovely lips are undoubtedly the real finishing touch to anyone's make-up. Yours will be lovely if you use the right color and apply your lip-rouge skilfully.**

THE new lipstick colors include wonderful deep pinks and rosy reds that are perfect complements for all the fashionable shades of the season.

The same pinks and reds do wonderful things for your skin tones, too.

It is always safer to follow the natural lines of your lips with a brush or pointed lipstick unless you have any re-drawing to do and are capable of doing it expertly.

But do remember that a botched "new" mouth is infinitely less attractive than a well-drawn natural one, even though the latter may not please you altogether.

In lip work, the best results are usually achieved by drawing a clear outline of your mouth first of all and then filling it in carefully.

N.S.W.

THREE MOODS OF LESLIE

★ French-born star Leslie Caron reveals charm both on and off the screen in these new pictures. Leslie's next movie for Metro is the title role in "Gaby," in which she plays a Continental ballerina who escapes to London during World War II. There she shares a bitter-sweet romance with an American paratrooper, played by newcomer John Kerr. "Gaby" is an up-to-date color CinemaScope remake of "Waterloo Bridge," in which Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor scored a big hit in 1940.

Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY
M. J. McMAHON



LEFT, Bright flowers stress the gay mood of actress-ballerina Leslie Caron in this Hollywood glamor shot. Leslie plans to concentrate on acting and do less dancing in future films.

ABOVE, The handsome, bearded young man in an affectionate pose with Leslie is Aimery, her 20-year-old brother, who attends a Los Angeles university. They share a modest home.



WISTFUL Leslie Caron revives memories of "Lili," her favorite screen character, in this odd outfit of sweater and sunbunnet. Leslie thinks that "Gaby," her new role, has just as much appeal.



Pat Woodley, LOVELY SYDNEY MODEL SCHOOL PRINCIPAL,
INSISTS THAT HER TRAINEE MODELS USE THE

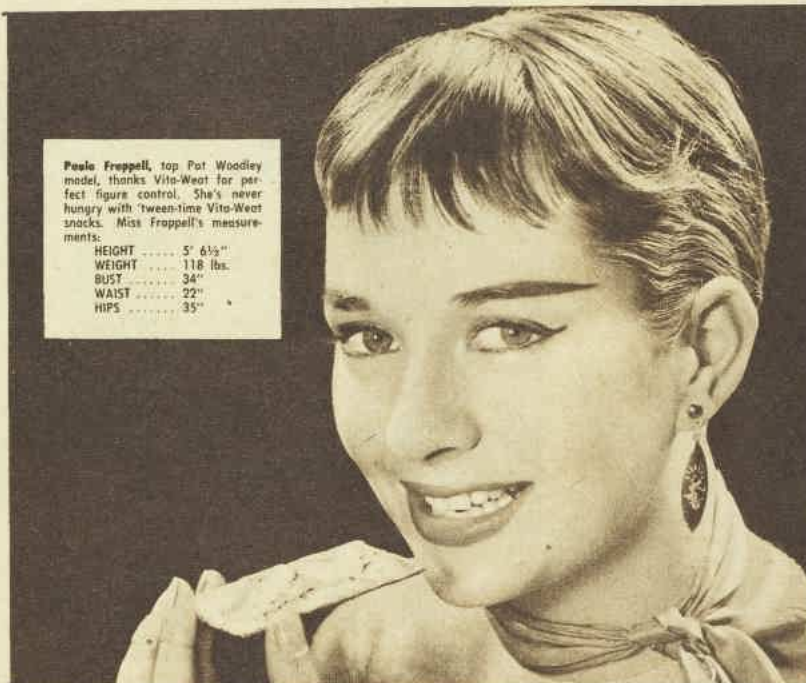
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Paula Frappell, top Pat Woodley model, thanks Vita-Weat for perfect figure control. She's never hungry with 'tween-time Vita-Weat snacks. Miss Frappell's measurements:

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If you want to stay slim

Then do what astute models do. Eat healthful Vita-Weat and keep your energy up, your complexion clear, and keep regular at the same time!

That's how valuable world-famous Vita-Weat crispbreads are to your figure control!

And only Peek Frean's Vita-Weat contains the natural goodness of the whole wheat kernel that keeps you energetic, healthy and complexion lovely while you slim!

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Vita-Weat keeps you regular, too! As well as providing essential basics in your diet, Vita-Weat forms a natural roughage that keeps you regular—the first step to beauty.



The whole family loves Vita-Weat's exclusive natural wheat flavour. They're so economical, too... about 80 to the pound.

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Studio news and gossip

From London and Hollywood

TYRONE POWER, who is now producing his own pictures, is making two films in England starring himself.

The first will see him in the title role of "Lorenzo the Magnificent," a spectacular costume story set in Italian Renaissance period.

The other is a lifeboat drama called "Seven Waves Away." It is a big year for Tyrone.

His "Eddie Duchin Story" shows shortly, and for this his co-star, Kim Novak, now on a triumphant European tour, is coming to England to launch a European premiere.

A FEW months ago Frank Sinatra turned serious for a spell and directed a recording company's symphony orchestra. Now comedian Jerry Lewis is getting into a similar act. But Lewis will do Frankie one better. As well as directing a 45-piece orchestra recording standard numbers, he'll also narrate the album.

HANDSOME young Canadian star of British films Vernon Gray, who has just finished co-starring with Janette Scott in "Now and Forever," is busy denying rumors of a romance with Australian singer Lorraine Desmond.

"Somebody put us together in a club, then took a picture," he told me. "It was as simple as that. But the next thing I saw was headlines about it."

AVA GARDNER may be getting ready to return to the United States after all, but not necessarily to Hollywood. The actress is reported

to have a real-estate agent looking for a home for her on Long Island, the fashionable residential district near New York.

ESTHER WILLIAMS' giant-sized husband and manager, genial Ben Gage, is in England scouting for a hundred long-legged lovelies for Esther's big aqua spectacle, which is to be filmed here in June for United States television.

Said Ben: "Esther has given me special permission to speak to girls on this trip—but only on business. I have a male chaperon sticking with me."

A TELEVISION play entitled "Bachelor Party," which is shortly to be filmed, has almost everything in common with "Marty," last year's Academy Award winner, excepting Marty himself. In each case playwright Paddy Chayefsky did the writing, and Albert Mann will again do the directing. But Ernest Borgnine will not be in the new film, although the part would be ideal for him.

MICHELINE PRESLE, French film star, who has now returned from Hollywood to pursue her film career in her native Paris, confesses to enjoying the admiration of wolves.

Said she, "I like to hear men whistling after me. It is like the hooters on tugboats—one likes to hear them even if one has no intention of making the trip."

Talking of Films

★★ I'll Cry Tomorrow

METRO makes no bones about showing all the grimmer aspects of dipsomania in "I'll Cry Tomorrow." These may not appeal to all tastes, but nevertheless the film is an absorbing screen experience.

The circumstance that the whole thing is based on true-life happenings and also that it has, if not exactly a happy-ever-after ending, at least one of continuing hope for the future gives the story added impact.

American singer-actress Lillian Roth (she appeared here on the Tivoli circuit just after the war) started hitting the bottle in her late teens and didn't stop for about 16 years.

This spree took her all the way from Broadway fame down to Skid Row in a California town.

At long last, after a suicide attempt, Miss Roth got hold of herself with the aid of Alcoholics Anonymous, and after telling her own story on the nation-wide television show "This Is Your Life" collabo-

rated in writing the book "I'll Cry Tomorrow."

The choice of actress Susan Hayward to play the Lillian Roth role in the movie version of her career is a masterly stroke.

Susan's powerful study of a drunk and the sympathy with which she endows her character have already won critical plaudits overseas.

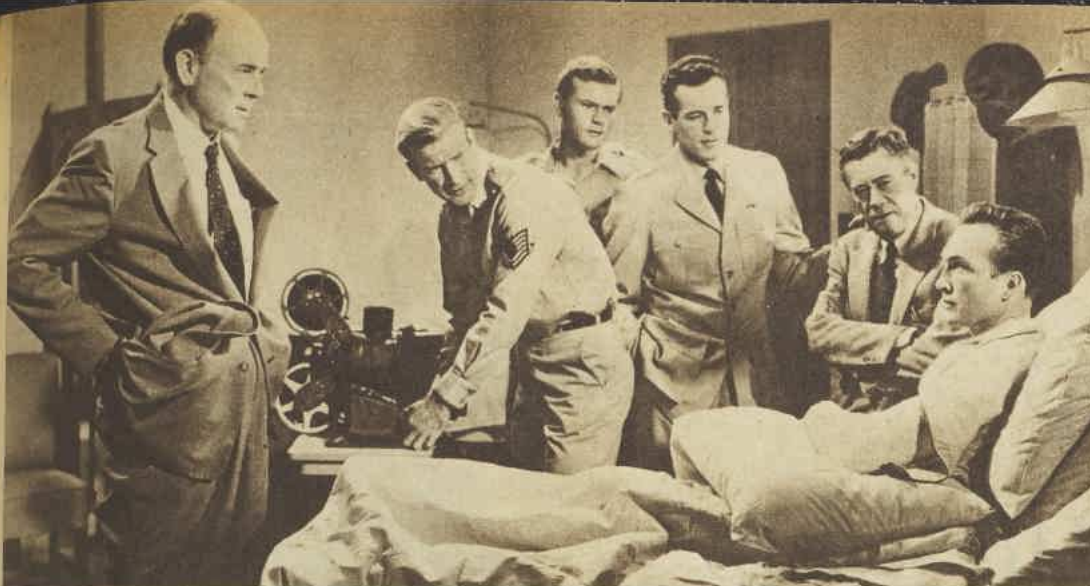
On the musical side, her voice is attractive and well presented.

There is a familiar ring to the backstage story of a child actress promoted to stardom by a loving mother of iron determination. Jo Van Fleet plays the mother role.

Some of the dramatic passages between the mother and daughter seem unnecessarily shrill.

Grief over the death of her childhood sweetheart (Ray Danton) and marital woes caused by Don Taylor and Richard Conte are suggested as the reasons for Lillian's lapse.

Eddie Albert is quietly in character as the New York publisher, himself a reformed alcoholic, to whom Lillian Roth is currently married.



1 IN HOSPITAL is Captain Mike Bentley (Warren Stevens), right, who broke his shoulder while being ejected from a jet plane at 520 m.p.h. Searching for possible causes, the experts wonder if the seat mechanism can be faulty. Among them are Dr. Hugo Thornton (Dean Jagger), left, and Captain Jim Hollenbeck (Guy Madison), centre. When Hollenbeck repeats the ejection his shoulder is also broken, but he is able to recommend a change in seat construction which will remedy the problem.



2 DINING with his fiancée, Pat Lange (Virginia Leith), Hollenbeck soothes her fears. When he admits accepting a hazardous assignment, Pat agrees to marry him right away.

AVIATION DRAMA

★ Guy Madison, Virginia Leith, John Hodiak, and Dean Jagger star in the CinemaScope drama "On The Threshold Of Space" (20th Century-Fox).

The story is a carefully documented drama of the striking advances in jet-age aviation medicine. Its central theme is the problem of human survival at great speed in high altitudes.

Filmed in color, the production features Warren Stevens, Martin Milner, and King Calder.



3 HOLLENBECK'S planned balloon ascension for an altitude test is scrubbed, but he volunteers for sled tests which simulate the effects of a pilot bailing out of a jet travelling at supersonic speeds.



4 PRESS reports on Hollenbeck's record jump irritate the new Base Commander, Major Thomas (John Hodiak), left, who considers this officer is a thrill-seeker, not an honest scientist willing to risk his life to prove his theories.



5 AT THE SLED SITE the two men forget their differences as Hollenbeck gives Major Thomas a final medical check-up prior to the take-off. But it misfires. Thomas, strapped in the sled, is dazed and burned when it fails to leave the tracks.



6 LETTER requesting release from the service is refused by Thomas at the hospital. Instead he okays a balloon ascension in which Hollenbeck will make the jump. Dr. Thornton believes that at last Thomas and Hollenbeck are reconciled.



7 RADIO observations are received from Hollenbeck at 100,000 feet. With his oxygen failing he is ordered to descend by 'chute. Having tracked him to his location, Pat, Thomas, and Dr. Thornton race to the site. They find Hollenbeck asleep.



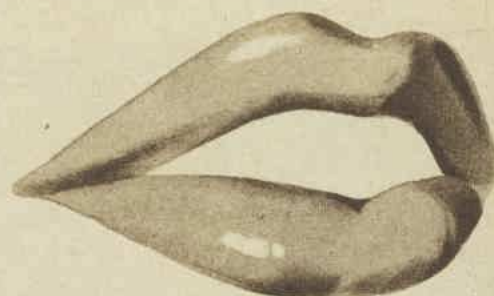
Now stops odour 24 hours a day. American scientists have shown that new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene—positively stops odour all the day through. Modern women demand this assurance against offending.

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Safer for Skin—

Safer for Clothes—

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A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS MU44A



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CUTEX

Stay Fast LIPSTICK, 4/11

Cutex Nail Polish, 3/3, regular
Cutex Nail Brilliance, 4/9



P 252

INTER-DENS
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because they finish
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INTER-DENS soft wood Tooth-Sticks:

1. Remove deeply embedded food particles and thoroughly clean surfaces between teeth that are not reached by brushing—no foothold for decay now!
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ENERGY
FROM THE
SUN

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You'll find sunshine every morning, right where Nature stored it, in big, rustling, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes! You'll find concentrated heat and energy, too, because corn soaks up more of the Summer sunshine than any other grain. And you'll find tempting, toasty flavour — the secret Kellogg's flavour

that has made Kellogg's Corn Flakes the world's favourite breakfast cereal.

Whether they choose hot or cold milk*, the people at your breakfast table will feel brighter, happier, better-fed after a warming, *welcoming* bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Why wait a minute longer than tomorrow morning?



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*Ever served Kellogg's Corn Flakes hot? They're wonderful! Shake them in a pan over low heat for a minute or two... or just slip them into a warm oven. Quickest, easiest, most delicious hot breakfast you EVER served!



the other groped for the next ledge; below was a heap of sharp rubble and stone that would hurt if one fell on them, but Lovejoy came on down.

"Steady! Let yourself down now. You're there!" whispered Tip and she dropped lightly beside him. "Good girl," he said. "Bridget wouldn't have done that, but that's what you have to do, see? Look carefully, and when no one's there, get over the wall. It's difficult going back; you have to climb up by the bricks."

"I can do it," said Lovejoy. She looked round. They were in a space behind the church that once, long ago, had been a graveyard. At one side was the Priest's House, but the two windows that looked on it were blank and curtained.

"It's Father Lambert's bedroom," whispered Tip. "He's only in it at night, and the room above's a storeroom; I know. I've carried books up there." At the back a long blank wall ran the length of the graveyard. "That's Potter's garage," whispered Tip, "and that's the dairy." He nodded towards a wall on the third side with high gratings.

"Nobody can get up there to look," he said, "and nobody comes here. Most people don't even know it's here. They don't think of it because it's the church, see, but you could make a garden here, if you kin find a place," he added—the space was piled with rubble and debris. "There's a lot of stone," said Tip, looking at it.

There was more stone than Lovejoy had ever seen, bits of broken pillars, cornices; a great tombstone with cherubs on it—"Supernatural babies," whispered Lovejoy—had been laid against the wall. There were flutings and chippings and pieces, bits of faces, and hands

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 46

and wings, and flowers. "They're from the old church," whispered Tip — instinctively they whispered here. "One day they're going to build it new."

"The aeroplane isn't nearly up," said Lovejoy comfortably. She was quite alive again. She could see already that this was a much better place for a garden. Protected by the church, it would be safe. Lovejoy had never heard the word "sanctuary," but she knew she had found a safe place. She felt like Christopher Columbus when he had landed on the shores of the Bahamas, and perhaps to have discovered in Catford Street a quiet, empty place for a garden was a feat almost as unlikely.

She took two steps over the rubble, and then stood still. The last sun was slanting exactly where she needed to look; at the back of the church hut, between stumps where a second row of the old pillars had been, was a space, empty and sunny; it was strewn with chips of glass and stone but it was earth; she could see its darkness. It was perhaps seven feet by four, the size of a hearthrug, but big enough, and at one end, as if it had been placed in readiness, was not a vase but a bit of a small broken-off column, whiter than the stumps of the big pillars.

"Pure marble," whispered Tip, who had come up; marble and fluted. "Like a piece of Edinburgh Rock," whispered Lovejoy, and, as if to prove the ground was fertile, up the little column grew a stem with green leaves, broad and shining, in the shape of hearts. "What is it?" Lovejoy was to ask Mr. Isbister when she took him a leaf.

"You never seen ivy?" asked Mr. Isbister incredulously. Lovejoy could not remember that she had.

But now it did not matter to her what the stem was; she simply gazed.

Then as she studied the plot, measuring it with her eye, considering what to do with it, she found out a surprising thing; where before she had groped uncertainly, now she knew something about gardens: she

can make paths with this," she said.

She had said "we." Tip began to feel uneasy. He had shown her where she could make a garden, that was enough. "You do what you like," said Tip. "S your garden, not mine."

"We'll make a lawn here," said Lovejoy as if he had not spoken, "and flowerbeds here, between the stone edges and the grass. Let's clear some of the bits." She squatted down and began picking up the stones. "We mustn't make a



"We were in the same graduating class. I had a brilliant mind; he had a nagging wife."

began searching among the stone until at last she picked up a piece of fluted carving. "We must edge the beds with stone like this," she said.

"That's a bit of grave," objected Tip.

"The grave's all smashed," said Lovejoy, unconcerned, "and look." She had found another broken grave spread with fine marble chips. "We

noise, so don't throw anything, put it down gently," she commanded. Tip did not move. "Help me," said Lovejoy.

"Who d'you think I am?" said Tip. Lovejoy did not answer.

"I'm not going to make no sissy garden," said Tip. "I showed you where it was; what else do you want?" And he turned to go back to the wall.

He expected an outcry; when anyone crossed Bridget or Josephine Malone — or Clara or Margaret or Mary, any of his five sisters—there was always an outcry; that was a good name for it, a howling. It might almost have been called a bawling, that could be heard right down the Street; but Lovejoy said nothing. She stayed where she was, picking up the stones, only her head sank lower and the two sides of her hair swung forward, hiding her face and showing her neck; with her finger she poked in the earth.

The effect was curiously powerful. Tip went a few steps and looked back; the silence tugged at him; she seemed so small and solitary among the stones that he could not bear it; he tried to go, he went a step more, then he came back.

"All right, then, I'll help you," said Tip angrily.

She kept him till it grew cold and eerie in the graveyard. "My mum'll lam me," he said.

"Does she lam you?" asked Lovejoy wistfully.

"Don't they care how late you are?" he asked.

"No," said Lovejoy briefly and worked on. Tip began to think there were advantages in being Lovejoy; she could stay out as late as she liked, she was free of church; he began to look at her with a mixture of disapproval and respect.

They worked on; he had to admire the way she did it, soundlessly moving and clearing the stone and glass. "Keep any little bits that will do for edging," she said, but to almost every bit Tip found she said, "No, that won't do."

It was hard work. Tip's back had begun to ache when at last she stopped. "You're tough, I'll say that for you,"

said Tip, when she stood stiffly up.

"It isn't nearly done," was all she said. "You'll come tomorrow?"

"Me? No fear," said Tip. She looked at him.

"I've got things to do," said Tip loftily.

Lovejoy bent her head again in that quivering silence.

"I promised the others," said Tip not quite so loftily.

"I was going to move that big stone there an' I can't by myself," said Lovejoy sorrowfully. "An' that iron bar, I can't get that up." It was a lament. "You told me to make another garden," said Lovejoy. "How can I all alone? It was going to be so lo-ve-ly." In the darkness her whisper seemed to go on and on like a sad little ghost. Tip tried to shut it out but he could not.

"Oh, all right," he said crossly. "I'll come for a little while."

He was soon to learn his mistake. Lovejoy was a tyrant.

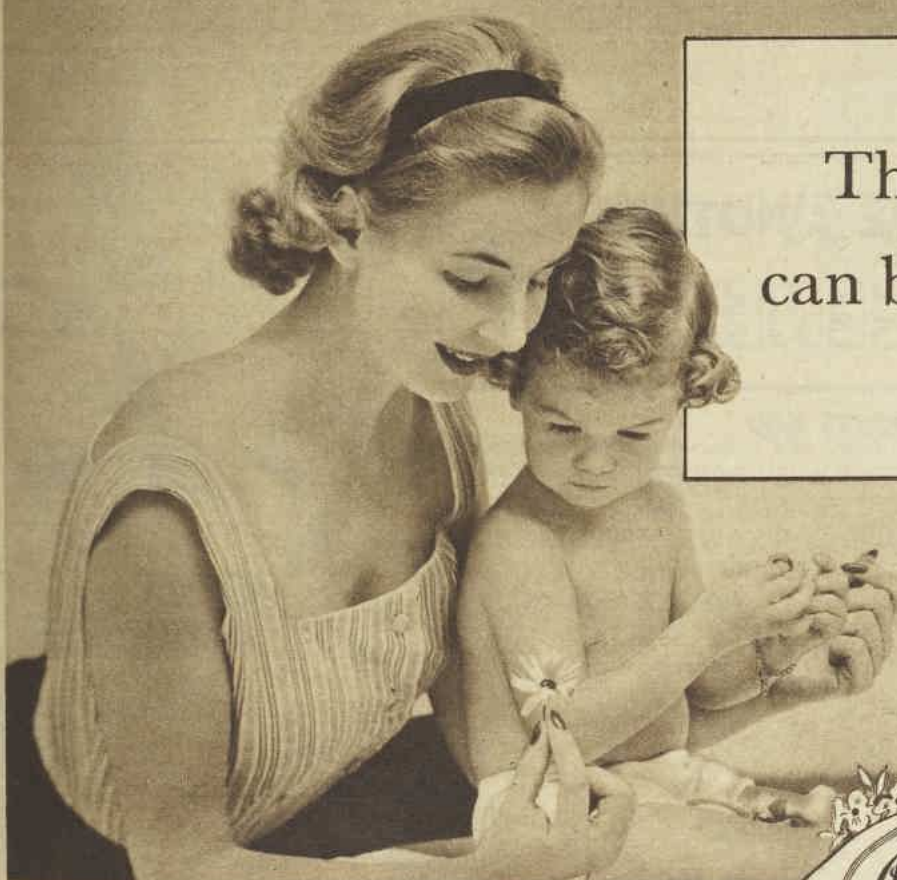
"I only came to tell you I can't come," he would begin. "We're meeting down by the river." But mysteriously he stayed, and missed the meeting. "Come straight after school," begged Lovejoy. Her begging was almost as compelling as her silence.

On the second day the patch was cleared, and now began the work of finding the stone. Schooled by Vincent, Lovejoy was meticulous. "That doesn't match," she said to most of Tip's efforts.

"Why does it have to have a stone edging?" asked Tip rebelliously. "Other gardens don't."

"This is an Italian garden," said Lovejoy, "a real Italian garden." Words could not describe how she loved the

To page 52



"Mummy started using PEARS when she was just a little baby like you."

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smooth pale stone and the little broken column.

Tip began to be infected. It was oddly exciting. There was the excitement of stealing up the Street and into the church, of listening, clinging like limpets to the wall to hear if the way were clear before they came out. "Never come out without listening," Tip impressed on Lovejoy. "You can always hear; the stone makes footsteps sound loud if anybody comes." Lovejoy knew that, from when she herself had listened as she stole from the candle box.

They worked, speaking in whispers, careful to keep their heads down in case they were seen from the church-hut windows. If either of them was there alone and heard someone coming, even though he was sure it was the other, they arranged that they should immediately freeze into stillness behind a big tombstone that was laid against the hut wall; they could glide there in an instant from the garden, and it was big enough to hide them. If either of them was trailed or saw the other in danger, he was to give three deep hoots that they thought were like owl's.

"Sparkey can do that too," said Tip.

"He won't be able to," said Lovejoy with scorn.

"I will," said Sparkey at once when Tip told him, but his hoots sounded more like a bat's squeak than an owl's.

Tip had had to tell Sparkey, though Lovejoy objected. "He'll tell if you tell him," she said.

"He'll tell if I don't," said Tip. "He's seen us. He sees everything in the street. He doesn't stay on his step. Now he's our spy he patrols."

A friendship had grown up between Tip and Sparkey, made of worship on Sparkey's side, kindness on Tip's; Tip had taken him one Saturday to the park across the river and let him watch a game of baseball, and Sparkey's mother had even let him go to the Malones' to spend the night; now Sparkey was in a quandary. He would

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 51

have loved to expose Lovejoy—to torture her, he thought, his eyes glittering—but he would have cut his throat sooner than disobey Tip. "It's top secret," said Tip.

"Kin I see it?" asked Sparkey.

"Nope," said Tip, which was hard on a little boy. "You couldn't get down the wall, but we've let you into it. None of the other boys know," he said, to take out the sting.

Lovejoy had been fearful of Father Lambert. "He lives next door in the Priest's House. He'll catch us," she said.

"Not he," said Tip. "He never knows anything. He's half asleep."

They did not see Father Lambert, up above them, carefully draw back his head from the wall and go down the steps into the church. Every now and then he stepped up to the windows and glanced down at them as, absorbed, they carefully fitted in their pieces of stone to make the garden edges. They were well hidden. On the church side the windows were high up, only someone as tall as the Father could have looked through them.

"He won't know," said Tip. "Besides, I can always pretend I'm going into the church to pray."

"But I can't," said Lovejoy.

Perhaps it was this conversation that made her think of the church; before she had not raised her head to look at it at all. The windows ran all along the back, and from the graveyard the ceiling, the lamps, the top of the altar, and the statues' heads could be seen. Lovejoy had been happily setting two bits of stone into the edging, which was now almost finished; as she looked up and into the church Tip saw her face change; for a moment she was still, then, forgetting, she stood upright.

"Get down," hissed Tip, but Lovejoy said, in a strange polite voice, "Thank you very

much, Tip, but I don't think I'll make the garden here."

Tip followed her eyes. He could see the ceiling, two hanging lights, and the top of a blue screen; that's the top of the altar, thought Tip, the altar in the Lady Chapel. He could see the statue of Our Lady; she stood on a high pedestal that made her higher than the other statues; Tip could see her head and white veil, the breast of her blue robe, her hand, and the Holy Child's gilt halo. Through the glass she looked quite close, as if she were watching them, but what was there startling in

signed. After a moment he put his arm round her.

"Well, no wonder," said Tip when Lovejoy had finished telling. "No wonder!"

That was not very comforting and Lovejoy's hairs lifted again. "You mean, no wonder the garden was smashed?"

Tip had not meant anything of the kind; he meant it was no wonder Lovejoy was frightened, but he was suddenly filled with an irresistible desire to torment this tormenting little creature. He nodded solemnly and Lovejoy quailed.

"Will she smash this one?"

"You couldn't be surprised," said Tip solemnly, and was gratified when the last of Lovejoy's control broke to smith-



that? But Lovejoy was still standing up, her eyes wide open, not concealed as they usually were, and, as Tip watched, tears of consternation ran out of them.

In the church Father Lambert dropped a pile of books; Tip seized Lovejoy, dragged her down, and pulled her behind the tombstone. She crouched, weeping, beside him. Do girls do nothing but cry? thought Tip.

"What's the matter?" he said impatiently, then more patiently. "What's the matter? Go on, tell," he said, re-

cons. "But what am I to do?" she wailed. "What can I do?"

They had come out from the tombstone, and she knelt down beside the garden while the tears ran down her face. Tip began to feel uncomfortable. He did not know what she could do.

"You could tell Father Lambert," he said at last.

"Tell Father Lambert?" That seemed to Lovejoy a really idiotic thing to do.

"He'd forgive you and give you a penance."

"What's a penance?"

"A penance is—a penance,"

said Tip. Then he tried to make it clearer. "It's a sort of punishment that makes things all right again. It would have to be a dreadful one for this. That was holy money!" said Tip, shocked.

Lovejoy thought deeply, her tears drying. Then she looked up at Tip. "You give me one," she said.

When Lovejoy looked at him in that trustful way, Tip felt a heady bigness. He said, "I don't know if it would work," but more in duty bound than anything else. The thought of punishing Lovejoy was so delicious that he had to look at his toes to keep from smiling.

"All right, I'll give you a penance," he said, and then pronounced, "You'll put all those twopences back."

There was a silence, then: "I don't like that punishment," said Lovejoy. "Give me another."

"The less you like it the better it is," said Tip glibly. That had often been said to him, but she did not take this view of it all.

"I haven't any twopences," she said.

"You must get them," said the inexorable Tip. "Get them, not steal them," he said quickly.

Lovejoy's face fell. "How am I to get them, then?" she said, going back to tears. "Even with stealing I took weeks to get the fork."

"You didn't—you took three days, you told me so," retorted Tip, but Lovejoy had already a woman's power of shrinking and expanding time. "Weeks!" she wailed, and in a way that was true. She was a child as well as a small woman.

"They did it all so quickly," Angela was to say when she knew the whole story. "How could it happen like that? It was so quick!" But Olivia made one of her rare contradictions.

"It wasn't quick," said Olivia. "At least not to them. A month can go on forever to a child. To wait five minutes can be an agony. You've forgotten what it was

like." And she said again, "It wasn't quick."

Now to get the three-and-eightpence seemed an impossible task. "I'll never get it. Never," sobbed Lovejoy, and soon, weakly, Tip found himself promising to help. "I'll help you earn it, but you must put the money back yourself—in candles," said Tip, feeling his power. "And you'll pay twice as much for each candle to make up," he said.

"Children are half-price," said Lovejoy, fighting, but Tip did not waver.

"You'll pay fourpence each, and you'll light them one by one, each time we get a fourpence, and that'll be your penance. Three-and-eightpence is eleven candles. You'll go into church eleven times."

"And," he added, seeing a respite for himself, "you're not to touch the garden till the penance is done."

Lovejoy looked at the garden and then up through the window at the statue. "I don't like her. I don't want to look at her," she said bitterly.

"That's because you're wicked," said Tip cheerfully, then he relented. "I'll get better with each candle. Each time you'll mind it less."

"Here's sixpence for you," said Tip to Lovejoy. It sounded lordly, but that sixpence had taken a week to get. Even to Tip it had seemed an interminable time.

"The Malones must be well off with all they earn," Angela had said when Clara Malone had got into the Dame Una Fanshawe secondary school—Angela was a governor—and Mrs. Malone had appealed for a grant towards the uniform. "There must be plenty of money."

With Mr. Malone and the three eldest Malones in work, and Mrs. Malone doing night shift twice a week in the kitchens at the Corner House, it was indeed surprising the way the money flowed into

To page 54

SEEING SPOTS?

TO TAKE OUT GREASE SPOTS WITHOUT HARMING FABRIC, IRON THE SPOT BETWEEN TWO LAYERS OF ABSORBENT KLEENEX. GREASE SOAKS INTO KLEENEX ABOVE AND BELOW THE FABRIC.

£5 to L. Ross,
41 Austral Avenue,
Beecroft.

"TELL ME ANOTHER"

says KLEENEX

ALL WRAPPED UP NO MORE MILK DRIBBLES ON SCHOOL CLOTHES WHEN CHILDREN WRAP KLEENEX 'ROUND THEIR BOTTLES AT LUNCH TIME. BE SURE TO PACK KLEENEX WITH LUNCHES. IT'S A WONDERFUL WIPER FOR STICKY FINGERS, SAVES LOST HANKIES.

£5 to T.C.,
Ferguson Road,
Wavell Heights,
Brisbane.

THE RED PERIL

KEEP DISPOSABLE KLEENEX TISSUES IN THE BATHROOM FOR REMOVING MAKE-UP. SAVES GUEST TOWELS, TOO.

NEITHER A BORROWER...

NO ONE WANTS TO BORROW YOUR COLD! BE CONSIDERATE. USE DISPOSABLE KLEENEX TISSUES. USE THEM FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, TOO. SOFT KLEENEX IS SO KIND TO SORE NOSES. 1/6 SIZE TO NURSE YOUR NOSE THROUGH A FULL-SIZE COLD. 2/- SIZE TO OUTLAST THE GRANDDADDY OF ALL

JUNE is the time to . . .



DRAP'S PINK
HYDRANGEA

... follow this work-calendar
devised for varying local climates

NOW that the weather is cool to cold in all districts, heavy outdoor jobs—building rockeries and bushhouses, fencing, readying lawn sites, and laying out new gardens—seem easier. It would be wise to do them this month. Roses can also be planted now in all districts.

First, second weekends

COOL DISTRICTS: Prune shrubs that flower in summer, but hands off those that flower in spring, or there will be no bloom. Hydrangeas not yet pruned can be thinned, but leave the top buds.

TEMPERATE AREAS: Prune those shrubs that need it in winter. Pile the prunings up to dry and burn them. Scatter the ashes round the roses. Spray indoor plants with E605 for mealy-bug control.

SEMI-TROPICAL AREAS: Prune roses and feed them with bone-dust spread evenly round each bush. Divide perennials; plant deciduous shrubs. Loosen soil round dahlias to hasten tuber ripening. Sow seed vegetables.



APPLE BLOSSOM

Third weekend

COOL DISTRICTS: Hold off flower-seed sowing until September, when the soil, air, and water warm up. Vegetables such as artichokes, asparagus roots, broad beans, cabbage, garlic, horseradish (roots), leeks, onions, and spinach seeds can be sown now. Prune summer-flowering shrubs like oleanders, and fork in some manure all round them. Spray fruit trees for control of fungous diseases with Bordeaux mixture or lime sulphur.

TEMPERATE AREAS: Trim up lawns and weed them, and cut back chrysanthemums which have finished seasonal growth. Clean out garden pools and clear more ground for September citrus plantings. Weed bulb beds by hand; hoeing at this stage of the year will ruin many shoots just peeping through. Prune your roses to outward pointing eyes, and spray with white oil any showing rose scale on the stems.

SEMI-TROPICAL AREAS: Winter is short in these areas, and seed-sowing should be done promptly so that flowers provide their main flush before the summer rains set in and ruin the crop. Orchid-growers should watch their plants at this time of the year, particularly cattleyas, dendrobiums, and phalaenopsis, which are either in bud or bloom. Keep the blooms dry to prevent spotting. This can be done by covering them with plastic.



ROSA CHINENSIS
VIRIDIFLORA

Fourth weekend

COOL DISTRICTS: Ground that has been heavily cropped for years will need manuring and digging over to a full spade depth now. If it needs liming, apply generously, but do not manure until at least a month later or the nitrogen it contains will be released and lost.

TEMPERATE AREAS: Get ground ready for July potato plantings; set out bramble fruits such as boysen and loganberries, sow peas, carrots, parsnips, cabbages, onions, lettuces, and turnips, and prepare beds for asparagus, chokoes, and rhubarb.

Plant peach, nectarine, plum, apricot, apple, pear, and persimmon trees.

SEMI-TROPICAL AREAS: Clean up bushhouses and glasshouses; paint outdoor woodwork and repair garden furniture. Remove dead fronds from ferns and cut down all spent stems from perennials. Lift and store dahlia tubers in dry sand or sawdust. Plant out strawberries, pineapples, rosellas, and cape gooseberries. Clean up rubbish in the garden that may harbor slugs, snails, slaters, and other pests, or carry over fungous diseases. Green stuff can be dug in.



SAXIFRAGA

Fifth week

COOL DISTRICTS: Rake up fallen leaves and place them in compost heaps. Prune deciduous fruit trees, removing all mummified fruits from peaches, nectarines, apricots, and plums, which carry spores of disease. These should be burned, not buried.

TEMPERATE AREAS: Give delphiniums, irises, larkspurs, and stocks some lime. Apply manure round established fruit trees, and lime citrus trees, but merely rake in lightly. Dust or spray greens for control of grubs, using DDT, or, where the plants are nearly ready for harvesting, with derris powder. Plant liliun, gladiolus, tuberose, and tigridia bulbs.

SEMI-TROPICAL AREAS: In the extreme North, bean, lettuce, pumpkin, marrow, beet, cucumber, melon, pea, and tomato seeds can be sown. Seeds of most half-hardy annuals can be sown; farther south towards the N.S.W. border and on the North Coast of that State many of these plants are raised from June sowings, according to locality. Sow seeds of snapdragon, balsam, coreopsis, cosmos, gaillardia, portulaca, larkspur, leptosyne, lupin, marigold (French and Frisian), phlox, Iceland poppy, petunia, candytuft, godetia, and salvia.



Make your entrance

in style says Roger Smithells



The clever use of glass has made an enchanting feature of the tiny entrance vestibule. Light enters softly through an outer wall of 'Insulight' hollow glass blocks and passes through an inner door and partition glazed with textured rough cast glass. The door panel is toughened to withstand shock. ARCHITECTS: Messrs. Braddell & Laurence, F/A.R.I.B.A.

DOES your entrance hall let you down? I have seen many cheerful homes marred by gloomy passages and stairways. And there is a simple cure. Fit glazed doors through which light from sunny rooms can flood into dim corners. Existing doors can often be adapted to take glass panels and the transformation will give them new elegance. Choose patterned, textured or architectural reeded glass if you want to preserve privacy and, to avoid accidents, be sure the glass is of the toughened, shock-resisting type. One decorative glass with protective properties, well suited to doors, has wire mesh embedded during manufacture.

WHERE TO BUY GLASS. You can order glass cut to size and finish you require from your glass merchant or your local builders' merchant. The fixing of glass in your home presents no difficulty. Once installed it lasts for ever.

A NEW BOOK. The illustrations on this page are taken from a new book *Glass in Your Home*, which Roger Smithells has written to help you in planning your own decorative schemes. Its 52 pages of home-making ideas are lavishly illustrated with photographs—many in colour. There is practical information on how to measure up and order the glass you need. Send for a free copy by filling in the coupon.

MR. J. M. PEMBERTON, P.O. BOX 561, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "GLASS IN YOUR HOME" by Roger Smithells.

NAME

ADDRESS

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

This handsome 'ARMOURCAST' door, fitted between a kitchen and entrance hall, is made from a single sheet of shock-resisting translucent glass.

ARCHITECTS: Messrs. J. Walton Taylor.



PILKINGTON BROTHERS LTD., ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND

Makers of all types of structural and decorative glasses.

the house; the only thing more surprising was the way it flowed out. "Nine children, for food and clothes, and the price of food!" Mrs. Malone said. "Food and drink," she added, for she was an honest woman.

"Are they all at home?" Angela had asked.

"All at home," said Mrs. Malone with pride and pleasure.

Tip had only been able to get sixpence, and now Lovejoy looked at it with an absence of opinion that stung him.

"It's not much," said Tip defensively, and Lovejoy agreed, which stung him still more. "I'm going with Sid and Lucy on his round on Saturdays," he said, "soon's the boy he's got now goes to work proper. Summertime he sells ice. That'll be half-a-crown a Saturday," he boasted.

"Half-a-crown!" said Lovejoy. She was interested now. "We can buy lots of things with that!"

Tip could have pointed out that it would not be her half-crown, but as it was only in the future—Sid still had his boy—he did not think it was worth it. Meanwhile, he had decided the penance was too hard. I was too tough, he thought with the same kind of pleasure with which he had punished her, and he said gruffly, "You needn't do your penance. It's too difficult."

"But I've done it," said Lovejoy.

"You couldn't have."

"I have."

"Three-and-eightpence!" Tip could not believe it.

"I have."

He looked hard at Lovejoy.

"You stole it."

Lovejoy was not offended; she knew it was only too likely, but, "I didn't. Honest," said Lovejoy, and it was honest.

"But how, then?" said Tip, bewildered. "How?"

"Ssh," said Lovejoy with a look at the statue. "Ssh, I'll tell you. I had sixpence to begin with," whispered Lovejoy, "left over from the first candle money—"

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

[from page 52]

"You shouldn't have used that," said Tip.

"The penance was to put back the money," argued Lovejoy, "and that was the money." He supposed it was.

"Then I sold my shoes."

"You what?"

In the Malone family shoes were not owned by anyone, they were a child's for the brief period in which he or she could wear them, and then were handed down and down as valuable treasures.

"You sold shoes?" Tip could not believe it, but Lovejoy went on as if this were nothing strange.

"My red shoes to Mr. Dwight for one-and-six." She had taken twopence from the telephone kiosks. "I went round pressing Button B's four times a day every bloomin' day; it should have been threepence, but it was twopence." She had let down the hem of one of Cassie's dresses. "She said she'd give me threepence, but then when I'd done it she said I had nicked the stuff, and she only gave me twopence. Dirty cat!" said Lovejoy with venom. "Vincent gave me one for darning his socks—"

She broke off there. She had a feeling she had not darned them very well, while for Cassie she had tried hard. How strange that one should be mean to the nice people, thought Lovejoy; her conscience was getting tender, but only in places. She had not scrupled, for instance, to do an old trick of hers, getting on the bus and pretending she had lost her fare; some kind lady or gentleman would give the money to her, and, "Then I jump off and run away," she said.

"They're always doing that," Angela told Olivia, who had been fooled several times. Nor did Tip approve.

"But it's hard work," said Lovejoy virtuously. "I had to try four times before I got anything." And she said, annoyed, "They will pay the conductor 'stead of giving the money to me. They have to give it to you before you can jump."

"I think that's stealing," said Tip. "It oughtn't to count."

"It's not stealin', it's actin'," said Lovejoy stoutly.

"And the other shilling?" asked Tip.

Lovejoy came closer to him and jerked her head towards the statue. "Tip," she said "I'm frightened. She does things."

"Does things?"

"Twice," said Lovejoy, "and so quick." Her eyes were wide open, alarmed yet gratified. "Twice, like that," and she brought one palm down with a clap on the other to make a clap of thunder.

"But what did she do? What happened?" said Tip, exasperated.

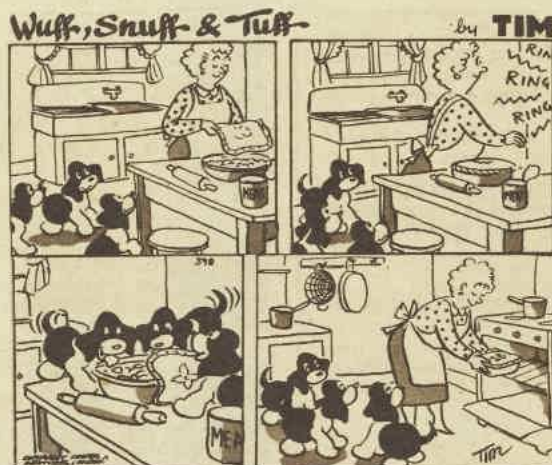
Lovejoy came even closer.

"It had happened on the evening of the day when she had gained her eighth candle; if the time seemed short to Tip, to Lovejoy it had been endless. "Days and days and days," she said.

"Only a week," said Tip.

"Ages," said Lovejoy. "Ages"

FOR THE CHILDREN



steps. They're Real People, thought Lovejoy. Somebodies.

"But what were they like?" Tip was to ask.

"He's dark and she's fair," said Lovejoy glibly, then paused. She, who photographed every detail about everybody she met, instantly and certainly, was uncertain about these two. "He's dark with dark eyes, and she's fair with blue." But was she, Lovejoy, just saying what she made up?

"They're both brown," said Tip disgustedly when at last he saw them. "Mousy-brown, and he has brown eyes, she has grey."

Lovejoy was not even accurate about their clothes, which was extraordinary for her; she saw their clothes, of course, every detail of them, but oddly haloed. The gentleman had a dark grey suit—worsted, thought Lovejoy—a cream shirt—pure silk, thought Lovejoy—and a striped tie—his old school tie; this was, as a matter of fact, correct. He was hatless, his shoes shone, and in his breast pocket was a folded white handkerchief—fine Irish linen, thought Lovejoy; it would have a white embroidered monogram on it, like the ones she and Vincent had studied in the Piccadilly shops.

On the little finger of his right hand he wore a ring, a signet ring—the family crest, thought Lovejoy, to whom Vincent had talked about crests. Perhaps he's an earl, thought Lovejoy, to whom Vincent had talked about earls.

The lady was even better than the gentleman; she wore a plain grey suit—a soft suit, thought Lovejoy, what they call a dressmaker suit, she thought, which she knew was not at all the same thing as a suit made by a dressmaker. The blouse was shell-pink—and it's hand-made, thought Lovejoy—with it were slim, plain, high-heeled dark brown shoes—because it's a town suit, quite correct, thought Lovejoy—long, dark brown gloves wrinkled over the wrists, a

brown bag, and a small brown hat, all to match her long bright brown fur stole. Mink! thought Lovejoy, transfixed; Her very bones knew it was mink.

She followed at a respectful distance behind them as they went up the steps to the landing beside the rusty bell. They were talking about the church.

"I have to decide if they can have some money," said the gentleman, and he touched the broken netting where the cage had been torn round the bell. "They look as if they needed it."

"But why you?" asked the lady.

When the Catford Street children went to the pantomime—and almost the whole Street went each Christmas—none of them would have been pleased if Prince Charming and Cinderella, or Dick Whittington and Alice, or Jack and Jill had declared themselves flesh and blood; Lovejoy, who was a stage child, knew dreadfully that pantomime people were people who blew their noses, washed their underclothes, ate sausages, drank beer like anyone else.

For the other children it was the Principal Boys and Girls who moved in a circle of glamor; now Lovejoy knew that for her it was Vincent's people, the earls, the Somebodies. When she heard the lady and gentleman talking, though she was fascinated, she did not want to hear. Their voices were too real. If she had been asked how she expected them to talk, she could not have said. But not like that, she thought; she would have approved of the old court languages.

"But Charles, why you?"

Charles? Lovejoy cocked an ear, but it sounded right; there was, after all, Prince Charles.

"It's a trust," he was saying, "for rebuilding churches and making schools—Catholic, of course. My father did it, and my grandfather. It's called

To page 59

Fast on-the-spot relief....

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DINING OUT



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ON HOLIDAYS

Wherever you go, whatever you do, carry a few handy De Witt's Antacid Tablets in your pocket or handbag for sure protection against digestive upsets. At the first sign of trouble, dissolve a pleasant-tasting De Witt's Antacid Tablet on the tongue, and halt indigestion before it develops. They are made to the same well-balanced formula as the world-famous De Witt's Antacid Powder. These convenient,

cellophane-packed tablets rapidly neutralise excess stomach acid which is the common cause of digestive disorders. You enjoy prolonged relief too, because De Witt's Antacid Tablets leave a soothing, protective coating on the inflamed stomach lining to check any sudden recurrence of the trouble. Make a habit of never being without De Witt's Antacid Tablets—make them your dependable standby for all occasions away from home. Sold by chemists and storekeepers everywhere.



At home, always keep the familiar, sky-blue canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder handy on the shelf. A teaspoonful in half a glass of water brings quick, lasting relief from all stomach upsets caused by excess acid and over-eating. Perfectly safe, De Witt's Antacid Powder can also be given to children with absolute confidence.

DeWitt's ANTACID TABLETS



TABLETS 3/3 LARGE ECONOMY SIZE - REGULAR SIZE 1/9
POWDER 7/- LARGE ECONOMY SIZE - REGULAR SIZE 3/6

HOLIDAY COTTAGE AT PALM BEACH

The concerted efforts of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Ingman, of Lindfield, N.S.W., and their three teenage sons and daughter went into planning and building their charming holiday cottage at Palm Beach.

THEY used professional assistance only for masonry, plumbing, plastering, tiling, and foundations.

The compact timber home is L-shaped (see plan at right) and has three bedrooms, a large living-room overlooking a lovely view of Pittwater, and a kitchen and dining-room, with bathroom and laundry behind them.

Outside is a combined garage-boatshed large enough to accommodate the car, a boat, and holiday and workshop gear.

Mrs. Ingman designed the house, but had an architect to do the specifications.

Section-built

"We cut all the timber for the frame at home in Lindfield on Saturdays and carted it to the site in a trailer on Sundays, when we erected it section by section," she said.

"All the family helped. The floors were nailed down in two weekends by our three sons while my husband drilled the nailholes.

"I did all the painting outside and in, as well as the oiling of the weatherboards — four coats to date.

"I still get the horrors when I think of painting the guttering on the Pittwater side on a swaying ladder 20 feet above the rock-strewn ground."

Mrs. Ingman also planned all the color schemes.

"Each room," she said, "had to harmonise with the others, as all the main rooms open off the living-room and I'm one of those people who like all the doors open."

The living-room has natural maple panelling two-thirds of the way up the walls to darken the room and make a frame for 14 feet of sliding-window space.

The panelling, shelves, and much of the built-in furniture was made by Eric Ingman when he was 17. He also designed and built a radiogram for the holiday house.

A neutral carpet and sandstone fireplace in the living-room are brightened with colorful chairs in red and blue, and ornaments on a plate rack around the walls.

The dining end of the sunny kitchen looks out over Pittwater. Mrs. Ingman has framed the big windows with frilled organdie with red ribbon insertion to create a picture effect.

The bedrooms have soft pastel walls. The boys' room is yellow, the girl's room is pale green, and the main bedroom is light blue.

Provision has been made for outdoor living on the built-up sandstone patio, which is bounded on two sides by the L-shape of the house.

The whole house is planned for holiday comfort with a minimum of work.

"We started to build in August, 1952, and the cottage was ready for occupation by January, 1954," Mrs. Ingman said.

"We had no previous experience and worked only at weekends.

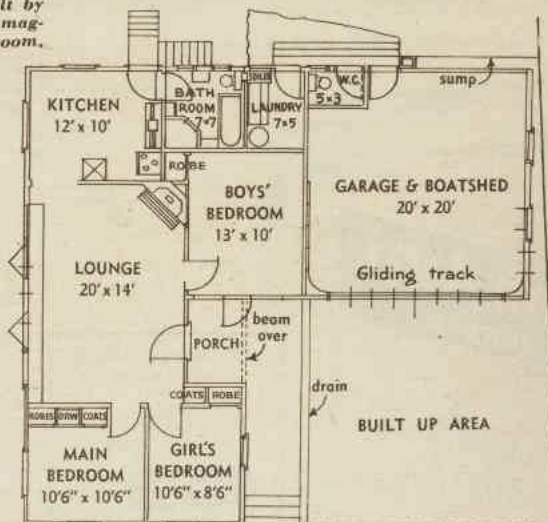
"We think our work was well worth it, and feel that if we could do it so could many others."



ABOVE. The living-room of the attractive cottage built by the Ingman family at Palm Beach, N.S.W., features a magnificent sandstone fireplace across one corner of the room.



ABOVE. The other end of the living-room shows how the bedrooms open off it. Many ornaments on the racks at the end of the room are Finnish. The plates are Wedgwood.



FLOOR PLAN of the holiday home shows Mrs. Ingman's compact design. The garage doors are on sliding tracks. Compare the view of the house in the picture below.



LEFT. The dining area at the end of the kitchen is very simple in design, with a long table and matching benches underneath. Note the pleasant window treatment with frilled organdie.

RIGHT. Exterior of the house shows the front entrance, the built-up patio, and part of the garage and boatshed. The Ingman family has left most of the natural bushland setting around the house.



New!

BON AMI.

with 'fsp'



takes the BACKACHE OUT OF YOUR CLEANING!

BON AMI with 'fsp' cleans your sinks and bathtubs faster than ever—protects and polishes as it cleans so that your sinks stay cleaner longer and need to be cleaned less often.



Secret of a
'SPOTLESS' SKIN

Use the SOAP with the
OINTMENT in it!

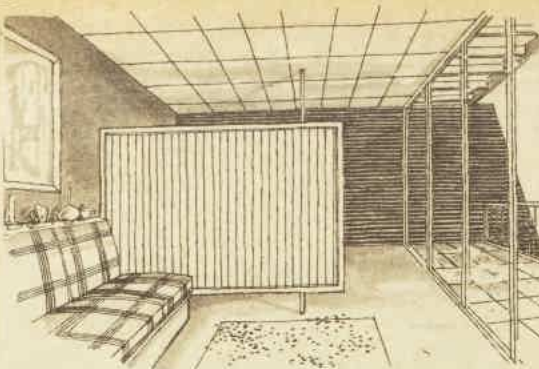
Cleanliness is the chief beauty secret! To keep your skin spotless and attractive, use fragrant, super-fatted Cuticura Soap. The rich, mildly medicated, deeply penetrating oils in this refreshing soap will increase the benefit. At bedtime smooth in Cuticura Ointment, leaving it overnight.



SKIN NEEDS

Cuticura Talcum is heavenly after your bath—in face, so fragrant—and silk-soft.

Cuticura



A ROOM-DIVIDING SCREEN like this is an attractive textural contrast to any room if made from one of the many lovely hardwoods native to Australia.

COLORFUL HARDWOODS ARE BEST INDOORS

● Peter Malin (the name is mine), a European architect friend, has been impressed by the extensive range and attractive colorings of Australian hardwoods.

"IN my country," he explained, "softwoods are cheap and plentiful. We would have to pay a high price to import hardwood of the color and quality of Australian timbers."

"Hardwood in this country seems to have fallen into disfavor," I said. "Its decorative value has never really been appreciated and used to the best advantage."

"Oregon was scarce after the war and people used it widely in timber frames for homes."

"Much of the timber available was unseasoned and of poor quality, so that it warped and twisted."

"Its weight and extreme hardness would make it unsatisfactory for framing," Peter said. "I'm surprised it is not used more for wall panels and ceilings."

"We have become preoccupied with fibrous plaster and cement render in this country," I said. "One inside wall of naturally colored polished hardwood contrasts well with other surfaces."

"Where walls become hand-marked, such as behind children's beds or in a play-room, natural timber is more practical and easily maintained."

"Among the warmer-toned timbers I like Sydney blue gum and red mahogany. Blue gum varies from rich rose-pink

to red in color. Red mahogany is deeper in tone and difficult to distinguish from Western Australian jarrah."

"Turpentine and brush box are similar timbers with color varying from rosy-brown to grey-brown."

"Some of the paler timbers are extremely attractive, too. Crows ash, pale to deep golden yellow, is a tough timber suited for outdoor use."

"Tallowwood, with its greasy surface, is suitable for dance floors and varies in color from greyish to a pale honey-yellow. Blackbutt—commonly used for flooring—is pale brownish-yellow, and alpine ash is more of a grey-tinted cream."

Peter interrupted. "A builder warned me that many hardwoods are full of blemishes, such as borer holes and knots."

"Yes," I said, "some hardwoods are attacked by a type of borer while the tree is growing."

"But when the timber has been properly seasoned this type of borer cannot live."

"Small holes on the surface do cause alarm, but when properly prepared are not visible."

"The percentage of knots varies in different types of timber. In some timbers, such as cypress pine, the attractiveness depends on firm, dark knots and the characteristic variations of color from pale yellow to dark brown."

Miss Precious Minutes

TO prevent mildew on un-ironed clothes, place the dampened clothes in a plastic bag and put in the refrigerator until ready to iron.

TO keep woollens fluffy and soft as new, add two desertspoons vinegar to the final rinsing water.

A RUBBER fingerguard eases a finger which has become tired from knitting for a long period.

A CLOTHES basket not quite old enough to discard but with broken or discolored cane that may tear or stain wet clothes can be given a new lease of life with a lining of table baize or thick plastic.

WHITE tapes on venetian blinds can be cleaned with white shoe cleaner. Apply with a discarded toothbrush and leave blinds down until tapes are dry.



UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

the *satisfying* breakfast

and you serve 3 plates for 4d.

another new RECIPE

BANNOCKS

1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 cup flour, 1 teasp. baking powder, ½ teasp. spice, ¼ teasp. ground ginger, ¼ teasp. cinnamon, 3 ozs. dripping or margarine, 2 tablesp. golden syrup, 1 egg, lemon peel. Add warmed dripping and golden syrup to beaten egg and mix into dry ingredients. Roll out on to floured board to about ½ inch thickness, cut into rounds and top with piece of peel. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven 15-20 mins.

used to get it at Poona!
"VENCAT" that's the
flavah!



Famous for over 100
years Old Boy!

VENCATACHELLUM CURRY

THE WORLDS BEST CURRY



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 6, 1956



Prize recipe

● Mayonnaise veal shape is the appetising dish that wins this week's £5 prize.

It is ideal for luncheon or buffet dinner, and especially delicious sliced and served with salad.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

MAYONNAISE VEAL SHAPE

Breast of veal (4 to 5 lb.), 1 large onion sliced, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 stalk celery, 6 cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup mayonnaise.

Place veal, onion, salt and pepper, chopped celery, and boiling water into large saucepan; cover, bring to the boil and simmer for 2½ hours or until meat is tender. Drain

(reserving 1 cup liquid), remove meat from bones and cut into chunky pieces. Pack meat into a small mixing bowl, add reserved liquid, and stand overnight with a heavy weight on top. Next day turn out on flat plate. Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes, dissolve over boiling water, and add slowly to cup of mayonnaise, stirring constantly over ice. Pour this dressing over veal (as it thickens), spreading with spatula to coat meat on all sides. Serve cut in wedges on a bed of watercress or shredded lettuce with pineapple slices and cottage cheese.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Grant, Flat 2 "Pasadena," 73 Beach Rd., Rushcutters Bay, Sydney.

DESSERT IDEA. Make your favorite milk pudding, and while it is hot put chocolate peppermint buttons on top. When they begin to melt, swirl carefully with a spatula to give a decorative effect.

FAMILY DISH

BEST neck lamb or mutton chops cooked in a casserole and topped with curry-cheese scone mixture make this week's family dish, which costs 5/9 and serves four.

If preferred, the sprinkling of grated cheese may be omitted from the curry scones and the scone shapes topped with chutney before serving.

CURRY AND LAMB BAKE

Four or five best neck lamb or mutton chops, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 dessertspoon gravy powder, salt, pepper, 4oz. scone dough (made with 4oz. flour and flavored with 1 dessertspoon curry powder), 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Trim chops, remove any loose bone; coat with seasoned flour. Brown both sides in hot fat, place in ovenproof dish. Brown chopped onion and carrot in pan, place in dish with meat. Blend gravy powder with stock or water, season with salt and pepper, and pour into dish. Cover and cook in moderate oven 1½ hours, or place all together in pressure-cooker. Pressure-cook 20 minutes, then place in large ovenproof dish. Roll scone dough ¼ in. thick on floured board, glaze with milk, sprinkle with cheese, cut into shapes with floured cutter. Increase oven temperature to hot, remove lid from dish and top meat mixture with scone shapes. Return to oven for further 20 minutes.

a child needs sympathetic understanding.

One or both parents must help find the origin of the particular fear, and be able to "lay the boggy" and restore the child's confidence.

A leaflet with hints on how to treat the nervous child can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

CHILDISH FEARS

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

films, to which so many young children are taken, all contribute to the nervousness of a highly strung child.

Perhaps the greatest fear of a nervous child is that of being thought cowardly. Such

A SMALL child's fear of the dark, of animals, or of strangers is usually due to the attitude of an adult or older child.

Nervousness and fears on the part of a mother instantly react on the plastic mind and temperament of a young child.

Modern life, with its tense-ness, blaring radio sessions, complete with "thrillers," as bed-time stories, and horror

Thousands know it's the "WORLD'S BEST WASHER"
— now there's an

ELECTRIC WRINGER and POWER RINSE for the NEW HOOVER

Hoover takes the hard work out of rinsing
and wringing as well as the washing

Are you the washing machine in your house? Is your precious energy being drained away doing the job a Hoover Washer could do for you... for a few modest weekly payments? Then take your husband along to see a demonstration of the new Hoover Washer with the electric wringer! You know that Hoover has always given the cleanest, fastest wash... now it does the hard part of the rinsing and wringing as well. Hoover is the washing machine that husbands prefer to buy because it's a name they know and trust. See a demonstration this week.



POWER WRINGING

The "stop" button on the control panel is conveniently placed. When you have finished feeding the clothes through the wringer, a touch with your knee can stop the rollers in an instant.

POWER RINSING

The Hoover even rinses right in the tub—just as thoroughly as the expensive automatic machines. In only half a minute all the soap is rinsed right out of your clothes—with no effort from you.

AND THE CLEANEST WASH OF ALL!

No other washing machine ever invented can get your clothes so clean. The exclusive Hoover Pulsator sends currents of sudsy water surging through the clothes with an action just like boiling.

Why more women buy Hoover
than any other washer

It does big washes **FASTER**. Washes 6 lb. of clothing in 4 minutes. A full week's wash is over in an hour or so. Rolls away into a corner after use.

It washes **CLEANER** than you can by hand. Without pre-soaking or rubbing, Hoover gets even deeply soiled articles, like overalls, thoroughly clean. The exclusive Pulsator set in the side loosens the dirt with an action just like boiling.

You can use it for sheerest fabrics because it's so **GENTLE**. Instead of the usual metal paddle, Hoover has a Pulsator set in the side of the tub which never touches the clothes but sends soapy water surging through them.

It's easily filled and empties itself. The new Hoover is filled direct from the water tap—empties itself quickly by automatic built-in pump.

ALL THIS FOR **82 Guineas**
Easy terms, of course

HOOVER makes the best again

HW 38 WW141gr

7 soups for 7 days



"Made all the tastier because
you home-cook these
CONTINENTAL SOUPS yourself!"

BRAND
says Betty King, Home Economist of World Brands

Choose a tempting meal-starter for to-day. Take any of these wonderful-tasting Continental brand Soups, just tear open the packet and empty into the pot. That's the way you get soup that tastes *home-cooked*—without all the fuss and bother of home-cooking! And what flavours you will enjoy—creamy mushroom, golden chicken, hearty pea soup and other delicious vegetable soups. They're all home-cooked in minutes, so you can serve an exciting meal-starter on even your busiest day.



SUNDAY CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

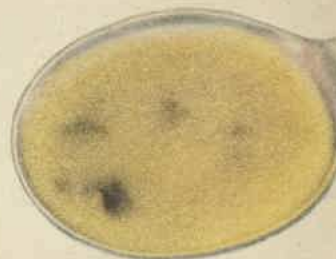
Wonderful for Sunday night tea... Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup. Just empty contents of packet into boiling water, simmer seven minutes—then serve big bowls of golden chicken broth made from plump spring chicken, tender egg noodles and delicate seasonings.

So quick, so nutritious—six simply delicious

Continental Soups



MONDAY



NEW MUSHROOM SOUP

Continental brand Mushroom Soup is truly magnificent—rich and creamy with real mushroom pieces. A soup to give any meal a touch of "dining-out" excitement.

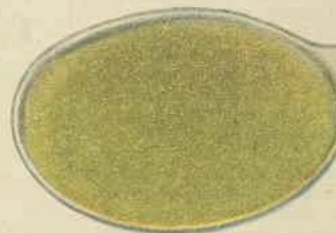
TUESDAY



NEW, THICK VEGETABLE SOUP

Family coming home in dribs and drabs? Set a saucepan of Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup a-simmering on the stove—and everyone helps themselves. Nine garden-fresh vegetables in rich beef stock.

WEDNESDAY



NEW PEA SOUP

Hearty, nourishing Continental brand Pea Soup—and what a help to a lady as busy as you. In a minute it cooks to a velvety puree of tender, young peas in a seasoned beef stock.

THURSDAY



TOMATO VEGETABLE SOUP

Choice vegetables in a rich, ripe tomato stock, enriched with egg noodles—that's Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup. Great to come home to on a chilly night.

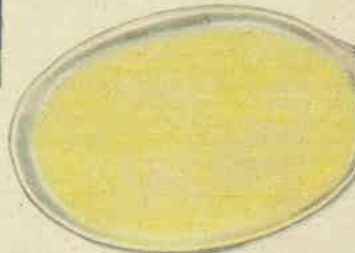
FRIDAY



CREAM OF CELERY

Tired from shopping? Let Continental brand Cream of Celery come to the rescue. It's a satin-smooth, seasoned puree of juicy celery pieces.

SATURDAY



CREAM OF CHICKEN

For lunch, when the family's off to sport, follow Betty King's recipe below for Cream of Chicken. It's rich—taste that chicken—almost a meal in itself.

BETTY KING'S RECIPE FOR CREAM OF CHICKEN
Cook one packet of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, using three cups of water instead of four, as stated on packet. Stir in cup of unsalted white sauce.

Suggested recipe for white sauce. Add one level tablespoon of flour to 1/4-oz. melted butter or margarine. Cook several minutes without browning, then add one cup of milk. Stir till it boils and thickens.

the Charles Whittaker Adams Trust."

"That's your name."

"Yes. That Charles was my great-uncle."

Charles Whittaker Adams—it was a rounded, satisfying name and Lovejoy repeated it over to herself as they went down the steps into the church. But what was her name? wondered Lovejoy, and then Charles told her. "Careful, Liz," he said as they came to a broken bit of step.

Liz! could a Somebody be called Liz? "It's short for Elizabeth, goose," said Cassie. Nothing could be more royal than that, not even Charles, but it was a long time before Lovejoy was reconciled to Liz.

"What a funny little church!"

Liz stood in the doorway as Charles went in; he looked round him, then walked slowly along by the walls, looking at the door, the ceiling, the old pillars. He stepped to the windows, craned up, and looked out; Lovejoy held her breath in case he saw the garden, but he obviously saw nothing interesting, because he stepped away again.

There were people praying, and Lovejoy slipped past Liz to light her candle; I'll do it quickly, and then I can see what they do, she thought.

She bent her knee to the altar as Tip had taught her, and went round to the chapel, where she bobbed again and knelt by one of the chairs.

"You mustn't just go in and take a candle," Tip had said. "First you must pray."

"Why?" asked Lovejoy, mystified.

"Because it's polite," said Tip.

"I don't know what to say," objected Lovejoy.

"Say Hail Mary," said Tip; as a cradle Catholic it had not occurred to him that any child could not know Hail Mary.

"Hail Mary," said Lovejoy as she would have said "How do you do," and got up to light her candle.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw that Liz had

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 54

walked across at the back of the church. Is she watching me? thought Lovejoy. Oh, I hope she doesn't go before I've finished.

"You mustn't just walk out," Tip had said. "You must go back to your place and pray."

"Again?" asked Lovejoy; that seemed exaggerated.

"Yes. That's when you do your asking."

"Oh!" said Lovejoy, more reconciled.

"You can ask for anything you want," said Tip.

"Anything?"

"Yes."

"Let me get those flicking pennies quickly," prayed Lovejoy devoutly. She said that each time, but still it was hideously slow and as she rose from her knees she sighed. There were three more candles, twelve more pennies to get, a whole shilling, and she thought it prudent to add a word. "Quickly, mind," she said to the statue.

"And do you know how quick it was?" she said to Tip now. As she had come down the side aisle Liz had smiled at her, beckoned, and given her a shilling.

"Blimey!" said Tip.

"It was blimey," said Lovejoy. "And that was not all."

She had taken the shilling, three fourpences, the ninth, tenth, eleventh candles, and, forgetting to thank Liz, she went straight back up the church, genuflected, and bought three more candles. Then she went and knelt down. She felt Charles and Liz come up behind her.

"Did you see?" Liz asked him. "I gave her a shilling, and—"

"Ssh!" said Charles.

"Do you think she's a little saint?" Liz whispered.

"Little sinner more likely," said Charles.

"Now we're quits," Lovejoy had said to the statue, but she was not quite quit; three candles meant three prayers, or she supposed they did.

"You've got to do it properly," said Tip.

"Let me get those flicking—" But that, her routine prayer, was finished. There were no more candles to get. Well, what else? thought Lovejoy. "Let Mother come back"—that would have been the prayer a short while ago but, on the whole, she thought Mother was better with the Blue Moons. Let Mother not come back—that was



safer, and, "Let my garden grow," that was sense, and it was suitable because now she could begin in the garden. There was one prayer left.

"You can ask for anything you want, or anyone else wants," Tip had said; she could have asked for clothes, but suddenly she thought of Vincent.

That morning Vincent had been in trouble again; he had come back from Driscoll's with two punnets of strawberries.

"Strawberries already?" Mrs. Combie had said.

there's a chicken come in, and steaks. Oh, George!"

"We can eat them up," Lovejoy offered hopefully when the scene was over.

"At six shillings a basket I should choke," said Mrs. Combie.

"Ettie, somebody will come. They must," Vincent had said desperately, and, "I used my prayer for that," said Lovejoy. "Send the lady and gentleman to Vincent," she had commanded.

"Well?" said Tip. "Well?"

"When I got up they had

gone out of the church," said Lovejoy.

"I'll have to go in and see the priest," Charles had said.

"We'll need to talk, but let's go now. I've seen all I need for the present."

"When I came out they were going down the steps," said Lovejoy. "They got in the car and drove—" She broke off dramatically.

"Well?" shouted Tip.

"Drove straight to the restaurant," said Lovejoy.

Tip looked squarely into Lovejoy's face. "Straight?" he asked.

"Well, nearly straight," said Lovejoy. The car had stopped when it was well past the restaurant, almost at the river, where it had waited a moment and then turned. "But they went to the restaurant," said Lovejoy obstinately.

It had been that rare thing, a perfect evening.

If Vincent had chosen a car to stand outside his restaurant, he could not have chosen a better than the big green one, and no two people could have been nearer his dreams than Charles and Liz. Like Lovejoy, Vincent gave them attributes at once. Charles was young, rich, handsome; Liz was charming. To Vincent they were that forever and ever.

When they walked in, the restaurant had never looked better; driven by the quarrel, he had spent the whole day in polishing and cleaning. The flowers in the vases were extra good that day; infected by the strawberries, he had bought lily of the valley for every table.

"How did you know you should buy them?" asked Mrs. Combie, and Vincent answered solemnly, "I was inspired." He had lit the flame in the silver rechaud and put on the best napery, silver and glasses.

"On your own head be it," Charles was saying to Liz as they came in at the door. Vincent smiled.

"Can you give us dinner?" asked Charles. He spoke half doubtfully.

"Of course," said Vincent, as if to say, What else? "This table?" He led the way to the

best table and pulled back a chair for Liz. As they sat down he saw them looking round in surprise and pleasure, and he smiled again. "We were just driving away when we saw the bay trees," said Liz.

"An aperitif?" asked Vincent, as he brought his pad. That was a dangerous thing to ask; he had only some sherry and Ginzano and bitter Campari—"And they would hardly ask for that." Don't let them ask for fancy cocktails, he prayed. They ordered sherry. "Medium dry," said Charles. Vincent thankfully poured his best dry sack into his best glasses, brought them to the table, and took up his pad again.

No one, Mrs. Combie often said, could ever tell what Vincent would do; now some inspiration told him to be modest; to Mrs. Combie's wonder—she had her eye to the glass panes—he did not produce his elaborately written menus but suggested something he could do easily, here and now, with what he had, and that fitted his little restaurant.

"I shall make you an onion omelet," he announced. He did not mean to announce it, but he was thinking aloud; eggs and onions, of course, I have got, he thought.

"And then a nice rump steak Bercy?" That will be easy, he thought, and he quickly ran over all he would need—butter, parsley, chopped shallot, lemon juice. "Unless you would rather have fish?" he asked. That was dangerous, too; there was no fish, but it was Vincent's lucky night. They ordered the steaks. "With saute potatoes," said Vincent, his face intense, "and a salad?"

"What wine have you?" asked Charles.

"I'll bring the list," said Vincent as glibly as if he had a real list, and then stopped. "A barbera would be good with the steak," he suggested, "or Chianti. I have a barbera forty-nine—"

Charles ordered the barbera. "The omelet will be about ten minutes," said Vincent, then he went through the glass door

To page 60

Now enjoy your daily bread
—and say "goodbye" to middle-aged spread!



RYVITA...
the delicious RYE crispbread,
makes you fit—keeps you slim

Even if you're watching your waistline, there's no need to cut down on bread. Provided you choose Ryvita—the appetizing rye crispbread—you can enjoy bread every day, at every meal.

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Ryvita is more satisfying, because it is all nourishment. Every crisp, wafer-thin slice supplies you with the vitamins, minerals and proteins which abound in the whole rye grain. Ryvita steps up your energy and sense of well-

being... stays with you longer, so prevents you getting hungry for snacks between meals.

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Everything you like tastes better with Ryvita. See how it brings out the flavour of jam, cheese, salads or your favourite spread. Taste how good it is just spread with butter. Serve Ryvita for a quick, sustaining snack after school. Enjoy it with every meal—and keep your waistline in its place the easy modern way.

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A PRODUCT OF THE WESTON BISCUIT COMPANY

Now made in Australia at a new low price

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 6, 1956

Page 59

Why you should
use Harpic
every
night...
to keep
your toilet
clean and bright



Scrubbing is unpleasant — and tiresome as well. And no brush can reach around that hidden "S" bend — where disease germs may lurk and breed. To be sure that your lavatory bowl is thoroughly clean at all times, use Harpic.

Specially made for the lavatory



New, pleasant way! Simply sprinkle Harpic, leave it overnight and flush the bowl in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and kills germs around that bend. Harpic leaves the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. And Harpic not only removes the cause of unpleasant odours but, being delicately perfumed, it keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic is perfectly safe for cleaning the toilet bowls of septic tank systems. On sale at all stores.

HARPIC

1. Cleans round the "S" bend. 2. Disinfects. 3. Deodorizes. 4. Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls.

**RUB ON...
SPOTS GONE**

**SEE YOUR
SKIN TROUBLE
GO IN A FEW
DAYS**

Skin complaints like eczema, spots, pimples and rashes don't heal unless you get at their cause — the germs beneath your skin. Valderma, the wonderful new, double-antiseptic balm gets right under the pores and gives speedy relief from your skin trouble. See for yourself how effectively Valderma works! Try this simple 7-day test on your skin. Rub a little Valderma on your skin where the trouble is. Do this several times a day for a week. Within a day or two you will see and feel the difference Valderma makes. Often in only a few days, your skin will be clear and healthy again. From then on it's a simple matter to help prevent any further recurrence of your skin trouble. Merely rub a little Valderma into your skin at regular intervals.

DOUBLE-ANTISEPTIC ACTION

Valderma contains two powerful but gentle antiseptics which penetrate deep down under your skin and promote rapid healing of your skin complaint. Its



* A British discovery — a new non-greasy antiseptic balm — works wonders with common skin complaints like eczema, spots, rashes.

non-greasy oil-in-water emulsion base does not clog the pores and allows septic matter to escape. Itching and irritation end. Gentle, soothing, healing Valderma does not stain clothing, and is invisible on your skin. You simply rub it in, then watch your skin trouble go. Ask for Valderma at your chemist or store; jars 3/6, tubes 2/6. *Reg. Vic. 4659.

TRY VALDERMA FOR YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

Page 60

and called ecstatically, "Ettie," he called. "Ettie, Ettie."

When Mrs. Combie came he took her in his arms, pressed a kiss on her forehead, and said, "They've come, Ettie. The people I've always wanted. They've come. Now help me. Help me."

"I'll help you, George," said Mrs. Combie.

If Vincent were pressed for time he became silent and swift. He took off his coat and hung it over a chair by the restaurant door, ready to slip on again, and gave rapid, low orders. Lovejoy was sent scurrying for fresh watercress for garnishing. "Knock and make Mrs. Driscoll open," said Vincent, "and run all the way."

He went back into the restaurant to clear the table Mr. Manley had just left. If they see me busy they won't get impatient, he thought. Thank God Mr. Manley has left, thought Vincent; to think of Charles and Liz in the same room as Mr. Manley seemed to Vincent sacrilege, but he was glad of Mr. Manley's used table. That evening he did not have to act, it was all genuine. He cleared the table and came to Charles and Liz.

"Do you like your steaks rare or medium?" he asked. Back in the kitchen he and Mrs. Combie worked with a quiet passion until the omelet in the pan, the plates warming, Vincent cut bread, slipped on his coat, and took it in. "Put the steaks under," he commanded, "and pray God the potatoes brown in time."

A moment later he was back again, slipped off his coat, and went to the wine bin.

"If we had a cellar," he said, "the barbers would have been too cold; it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Chop the parsley, Ettie," he said, "and the shallots finer than that; fine, I said," and he tweaked her ear as he passed.

To Mrs. Combie it was an onion-smelling evening. Now Vincent told her to arrange the salad, and she had to rub the bowl and the leaves lightly with garlic though her nose twitched with disgust.

When the steaks were done the savory butter was piled on top; as Vincent put on his coat he said, "I'll bring the omelet plates out; come to the door and take them, then pass me the tray and the other things as I tell you. You, Lovejoy!" Lovejoy had come panting back—"pass the things to Mrs. Combie from the stove."

In a chain they worked, Vincent's face absorbed, lumpy with worry as Lovejoy had seen it, but infinitely happy; Charles and Liz watched him, amused and pleased, as he slid the steaks on to their plates, garnished them with watercress — my watercress, thought Lovejoy, her eye at the glass door — served the crisp brown potatoes; then he rolled the trolley away and fetched the wine, which Mrs. Combie had kept in the hot kitchen to warm a little more after it had been shown in its cradle to Charles and carefully uncorked.

"Let it breathe a few moments," Vincent had said, and Lovejoy had looked at it, not daring to touch it; she had not known wine was alive.

When Vincent had served the wine—and Lovejoy marked how he poured a little into Charles' glass and then waited until Charles sipped and nodded before he served Liz; Lovejoy took in all these mysteries and was never to forget any of them—he set the wine carefully down, then began to mix the dressing for the salad at the table. "In front of them? Is that polite?" asked Mrs. Combie.

"Very polite," said Vincent. Back in the kitchen he had asked her to bring him a clean cloth to mop his forehead. "I'm out of training," he said,

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 59

"Dearie, it's the strain." "I used to serve eighteen," he said, his voice high with excitement. "Twenty — but then I had a waiter. We'll have a waiter, Ettie."

"And have you seen the car?" asked Lovejoy. "We'll have rows of cars," said Vincent.

But—what was a car like that doing in Catford Street? thought Mrs. Combie. "It's probably just for once, George," she said. She had to caution him though it went to her heart to dash the hope in his eyes; it was not dashed. "They'll come back," said Vincent. "After this meal they'll come back."

"All right?" he asked as he went back into the restaurant. "Superb," said Charles.

"He's Charles, she's Liz," Lovejoy whispered to Mrs. Combie as they peered through the door.

A crack of reality broke through. "That's not mink," said Cassie—with her unerring nose for what was not her business, for what Vincent would rather she did not see, Cassie had seen Lovejoy running with the watercress and at once had arrived. "That's not mink. That's marmot," said Cassie, running her eye over Liz, but Lovejoy refused to hear.

"They're having strawberries," she said. Vincent brought out one of the baskets. He did not say, "I told you so," he said solemnly. "Bring me one of the Angelica Kaufman plates."

"You mean two, George?"

"No, one. For her."

"But—won't he mind?"

"You'll see. He'll be pleased," said Vincent.

When he took in the coffee cups, Liz was touching the deep red plate with her fingers; Lovejoy had chosen a red. "It's beautiful," said Liz.

"I keep them for my most beautiful clients," said Vincent. His heart beat in case Charles thought he was impertinent, but, sure enough, Charles smiled.

"George," said Mrs. Combie when Vincent came out. "Do you think they're in love?"

"A good dinner helps love," said Vincent. "More coffee, Ettie." He had a delighted small grin on his face that made him look like a boy and he kissed Mrs. Combie as he passed. This is what Vincent is like, thought Lovejoy, happy and sure, not little and worried and small.

The bill came to three pounds three shillings. "He'll create," said Cassie warningly as Vincent took it to Charles folded on a plate, but Charles paid it almost without looking. He put down four pound notes and when Vincent brought the change, "Congratulations to the kitchen," said Charles and left the silver.

"I didn't know there were people like that," said Cassie. For the first time there was awe in her voice.

Vincent gave Lovejoy sixpence. "From Charles," said Lovejoy reverently.

"If he gave you sixpence you won't want mine," was all Tip said to this story.

His voice was surly. What was the matter with him? Was he jealous? thought Lovejoy. She did not know that males do not care to be circumvented, however wonderfully, by their females.

"And you're a silly little girl," said Tip. "A statue, even if it's Our Lady, can't do things."

He was impressive but Lovejoy only said, "Huh!"

"It's too late to plant seeds," said Mr. Isbister.

He was giving a coat of

"Even grass?" asked Lovejoy.

Mr. Isbister grunted, which meant "Even grass."

"There, you see," said Lovejoy bitterly to Tip, "that's what you've done with your penance."

Lovejoy was tenacious in getting her way, even with her mother—though there she had not been very successful—even with the Virgin Mary, and there she had been singularly successful. She believed she could bend most things to her will. "You can't plant seeds now," said Mr. Isbister.

"What if I will?" asked Lovejoy.

Mr. Isbister spat on the area ground before he answered.

"In England," he said, "there's five months when grass will grow. April to September." Lovejoy opened her lips. "But not in London," said Mr. Isbister. "Least, not in Catford Street. Hot spell, ground bakes—hard as a plate unless you can water, sprinkle—the whole blasted time."

"We can't," said Lovejoy. "How could we? There's no water where we are."

"Then leave grass alone," said Mr. Isbister, "and for flowers get—seedlings."

"Get seedlings." Lovejoy was beginning to learn that, as a gardener, she was one of a confraternity; moving in rhythm; as needs arose, things appeared to match them. She would once have said that not much gardening went on round Catford Street; then why, in every greengrocer's shop, on the counters at the chain store, had boxes and boxes of seedlings appeared?

She tried the patience of the shopgirls asking what they were; some of the plants had flowers on them, so that she knew them, pansies—she had a particular affection for pansies, with their wise faces—geraniums, double daisies; but the others were just clumps of green.

"What are those?"

"Alyssum."

"What are those?"

"African marigolds."

"What are those?"

"Antirrhinum, snapdragons."

Lovejoy's eyes raked the stiff, queer plants, trying to imagine what kind of flowers they would be.

After a great deal of hovering with Tip's and the dinner sixpences, she bought two marigolds, two alyssums, a daisy, and a snapdragon.

"One?" said the shopgirl when Lovejoy bought the snapdragon. "We sell them by the dozen," and, "Don't ruin yourself," said the girl when Lovejoy bought the daisy.

The garden was not ready, she had no pots, and she had to plant the seedlings out in tins, a golden syrup tin, two cocoa tins, and a child's old seaside pail she found in a dustbin.

"Just for now," said Lovejoy. "Till we're ready." She looked at the long roots of the snapdragon. "When we put them in the beds we'll have to plant them deep," she said. She brooded over them, and went to tell Mr. Isbister.

"Must take care of them," said Mr. Isbister. "Young plants are the same—as babies; that's why they call—a seedling bed—a nursery. They need—food and—warmth and quiet and—loving," brought out Mr. Isbister.

"Loving?" asked Lovejoy, astounded. She had never thought of plants as being loved, but, "Yes," said Mr. Isbister curtly.

He was giving a coat of

green paint to an empty half-barrel in his barrel garden.

"Why is it empty?" asked Tip, looking at the way the other barrels were crowded. Nowadays Tip sometimes came with Lovejoy to see Mr. Isbister. "Why is that one empty?"

"That's my summer holiday," said Mr. Isbister. Tip and Lovejoy looked so blankly at the half-barrel that he chuckled. Lovejoy had never heard him do that before; it sounded as if he were excited. Then he straightened his back and told them. Every July since they were married—"Fifty-three years now," said Mr. Isbister—he and Mrs. Isbister had gone on an excursion to the sea, but this year Mrs. Isbister was going alone.

"Why is she?" asked Lovejoy dutifully as he paused dramatically.

That was the right question.

"Because I need m'ticket money," said Mr. Isbister in glee, "t'buy something special." He was going to the Chelsea Flower Show, he told them—"Well, every year I go," he said, "but I've never ordered anything. The prices is wicked; but this year, for once, just for once before I'm too old, I'm going to buy, up to twenty-nine-and-six, that's the price of the ticket and what we'd spend. You don't buy straight off, mind."

"You order. I'll order from one of those big slap-up nurseries," boasted Mr. Isbister.

"What will you order?" asked Lovejoy.

Mr. Isbister did not answer at once; then, "Might be a fuchsia," he said, "and a new chrysanth— but I'd have to wait till the autumn shows for that—or it might be a rose." When he said "rose" his voice took on a deeper, more respectful note.

"Last year there was a new little rose, a polyanth," said Mr. Isbister; he was looking up at them through the railings, but now his eyes looked over their heads. "Twain't even on order then, but it will be now; I saw it in the catalogue, pink-orange, coppery, it was; they called it flame. Costs a guinea," said Mr. Isbister.

A guinea to Lovejoy was rich and exclusive; the things in the shops she looked into with Vincent, if they were marked at all, were marked in guineas. She had assessed Liz's suit in guineas. "Guineas used to be gold," Vincent had told her and she saw them as rare little round gold moons.

"Can a plant cost a guinea?" she asked.

"It can," said Mr. Isbister proudly. "Look," and he searched among the catalogues he kept in a pile, took out a new-looking one, wet his thumb, and turned over the pages and then held one up for her to see; it was a colored photograph of a copper-pink rose.

"I don't think it says 'rose,'" said Lovejoy, peering down as she tried with her usual difficulty to spell out what it did say. "Jim—Jim."

"Jiminy Cricket," said Tip, looking over her shoulder.

"That's its name," said Mr. Isbister complacently.

"Do roses have names?" To Lovejoy it made them come almost into the category of people.

"All special flowers have names," said Mr. Isbister. Not people, Somebodies, thought Lovejoy.

"Jiminy Cricket." She tried it over on her tongue. "Jiminy Cricket." For a moment she too, was dazzled, then she sighed and came back to her own garden. It had too many

To page 61

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 6, 1956

problems to let her have guinea-vision just now.

The few little plants looked naked and solitary against the pair of long stone-edged beds, each six feet long and nine inches wide. "I had dozens of cornflowers, but how can we get them?" asked Lovejoy. "They're four shillings a box, that's twopence each, and the pansies are fivepence."

"I'll get you some," said Tip.

"It took ages to get the candle money," Lovejoy did not mean to be ungrateful, but she was beginning to know how quick was time, how inexorable; even her stiff little neck had to bow to that. The earth in the beds was not even dug, she saw the whole garden doomed, and her voice was sharp as she said, "And all that time you only got sixpence!"

Tip did not answer. Soon the silence seemed so long that Lovejoy looked up. He was sitting on his usual bit of stone but he was not whittling anything with his old knife, not knocking anything with his shoe or a bit of stone; he was quite still; his head was bent and he was looking at a piece of skin on his fingers.

"What's the matter?" said Lovejoy.

"Nothin'," said Tip. That was true; there was nothing the matter with his finger; it was Tip himself who was hurt.

A new feeling began to be in Lovejoy; it was the first time she had ever hurt anyone and minded. The unkind words seemed to go on and on in the air. Lovejoy suddenly found she could not bear Tip's stillness, his bent head and hidden face. She could not take the words back—words never will come back—and she looked round for something she could do.

With the fork she began to dig up the earth in the beds; she was not really thinking of what she was doing but of Tip; she put in the fork, and there was a small, hard sound as if it had hit something; she brought the fork up, put it in, and the sound came again. She looked down the hole she had dug, remembered the length of the snapdragon roots, and looked up with a horrified face. "Tip! Tip!" she cried.

No answer. Tip looked at his fingers.

"Tip."

The unhappiness in her voice reached him. "What?" said Tip unwillingly.

And Lovejoy answered, as if the end of the world had come. "Tip, there isn't enough earth in these beds."

The little garden was laid out, enclosed in its stone; round the space that was to be the lawn they had made a path with the old grave's marble chippings; the broken pillar rose gracefully with its ivy trail at one end; the beds were outlined; at the entrance were two corner stones embossed with lions. The lions had wings, they were super-natural lions; Tip had found them on a shattered monument, and Lovejoy had identified them. There never would have been such a garden, but it seemed almost treacherous now.

"We could have found a way to get the seedlings," Lovejoy lifted a stricken face. "We could have tried to sow the grass; but we can't do anything, anything at all, without earth."

"Let me see," said Tip, but it was true; there was a depth of perhaps four inches of soil before the fork struck stone. Lovejoy threw the fork down in despair, but "There's more earth underneath," said Tip.

"We can't get through to it."

"No," said Tip. He knelt.

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 60

tapping the fork, which he had picked up. "Don't do that," said Lovejoy irritably.

"I'm thinkin'," said Tip with dignity. At last he said, "Flowers grow in window-boxes and boxes have hard bottoms and are not very deep."

"Deeper'n that," said Lovejoy.

"We must build the beds up with earth," said Tip.

There was plenty of earth, of course, under the rubble, but there was no hope of moving the heavy pieces of stone; it had been as much as their hands could do to bring the bits they had used. Earth was there, as it was under everything, under the church, under the houses and the Street, the whole of London. "Why, the world's made of earth," said Tip.

"And we can't get through to it," said Lovejoy. She sat down on her chosen stone by the garden and began to cry.

It was a strange thing that Lovejoy, who before had scarcely ever cried, and certainly would have let no one see her, cried continually with Tip; as on the first day, he seemed to encourage her to cry and, when she did it, an equally strange thing happened to Tip; he became both weak and strong. The weakness seemed to come from somewhere above his stomach, where his counterpart, Adam, had lost a rib, perhaps, and it

"They won't miss one," she would say defiantly.

"Love-JOY!"

"Of course it's not stealing," said Tip now about the earth. "It's only dirt. If we took flowers, or broke off branches, it would be stealing, but dirt's dirt," said Tip reasonably.

"If it's not stealing why do we have to come at night?"

"Because we have to get over the railings," said Tip. "They wouldn't let us do that. They don't trust us," he said with animosity.

But that had its compensations; never, not even in the faraway days with Maxey, had he made such a perfect plot. Had he made it or had Lovejoy? He decided not to go into that, but he was beginning to feel that it was the time he spent away from her that was wasted. He did not, of course, let her know this.

"You can't come tomorrow," she would say as if the sky had fallen, and Tip would growl, "Can't I have one day off?"

It was not an easy plot; as Olivia was to say, they should have had a medal for persistence. "And full marks for carrying it all out," she said.

"Marks for stealing?" asked Angela coldly.

"They are not big children," said Olivia, "and to wake in the middle of the night, night after night, well, three nights running, shows—enterprise and

tell him," said Tip. "He'll do anything for me."

"But—can he?" asked Lovejoy.

"He doesn't sleep very well, he's so delicate, you see; if there's a mouse he wakes up, and he'd be thrilled," said Tip. "But would his mother let him?"

"She lets him go with me," said Tip easily. "She knows that I'll look after him. I will, you know. We'll make him put his gumboots on and a thick coat. It's only three nights," said Tip. "We ought to be able to take four loads a night."

"But he won't have to come," said Lovejoy. "You can leave him in bed."

"That wouldn't be fair," said Tip sternly.

Tip was awakened by the dutiful Sparkey. "I thought you was dead," Sparkey said to Tip the second morning, but he had to dress Sparkey and then lift him out of the window—they slept in the basement flat—and grope up the area steps to the railings and the pavement. "F you hear a policeman or anyone, get into a porch and duck down," ordered Tip.

It was light in the Street, but a queer, colorless light that made them feel as if they were not real; it was queerly cold, and their stomachs were empty, which made them feel more queer. After the first night Lovejoy brought some bread, but what they needed was something hot, and their stomachs rumbled loudly. "What's the use of us being quiet?" said Tip.

"It was on the morning of May 26," Father Lambert was to say when, later, he made his statement to Inspector Russell at the police station. "Priest's House," he explained, "adjoins the church steps, and I sleep in a room at the back, overlooking what was the old churchyard. It was a sliding sound, followed by a slithering."

"Is there a difference between sliding and slithering?" asked Inspector Russell.

"The one," said Father Lambert, "is an even sound, as of a rope being let down—which is what it was; the other is uneven, like legs."

"Was it legs?" asked the Inspector.

"It was," said Father Lambert.

It was Tip who let the rope down with the buckets, one at a time; the legs were Lovejoy's, coming over the wall, groping their way down. She untied each bucket, staggered with it to the garden, emptied it on the beds, took it back, and tied it to the rope again, and Tip drew it up.

"Did you hear anything else?" asked Inspector Russell.

"Not a chink," said Father Lambert. He also admired the buckets. "They were cleverly muffled," he said.

He had heard the beginning of a lament from Sparkey, who wanted to see the garden, but that was instantly smothered.

"Did you recognise the children?" asked Inspector Russell.

"I knew Tip, Malone, of course, and I recognised the little girl, but I didn't know her name."

"Did you hear them again?"

"I didn't listen. I went back to bed."

"Didn't you know what they were doing?"

"Not exactly," said Father Lambert. "What I did know"

—and he said this later to Angela—"is that children have to play."

To Lovejoy it was very far from play. When the last bucket was tipped out and she saw the two flowerbeds filled with fine black earth, good garden earth, she had a feeling of such triumph and satisfaction

as she had never known. "Who plants a garden plants happiness," says the Chinese proverb. In that moment Lovejoy was absolutely happy.

To Tip it was not play either. He had thought that, having got the dirt, he would be allowed to rest on his laurels, or at least to go back to the gang, but there was a story Olivia could have told him, a story she and Angela used to ask for when they were little girls, "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Vinegar Bottle."

The old woman who lived in a vinegar bottle found sixpence one day when she was sweeping; she took it to the river shore to buy a fish for dinner, but the fish was so small that she had pity on it and put it back in the water. "Bubble, bubble, bubble," went the water, and there was the little fish. "Call me, and whatever you ask I shall give you," it said. The old woman said there was nothing she wanted, but no sooner had she gone back to the vinegar bottle than she remembered the dinner she should have had; she went back to the river and called the little fish.

The hot dinner was provided, and then she thought she would change the inconvenient vinegar bottle for a house; but her furniture would not go with the new house, and she asked for new furniture; her clothes looked shabby with the new furniture, and she asked for new clothes; she could not do housework in her new clothes, and she asked for a little maid; the maid sent her to the shops to buy chops for dinner, and she asked for a pony-carriage. "Bubble, bubble, bubble," went the water all day long. If Tip—or Mrs. Combie—had heard that story they would have known just how tired the little fish became.

"Wanting is the beginning of getting," Vincent said that often.

"Then why don't people get things?" asked Lovejoy.

"Because they don't want hard enough." Certainly no one could have accused Vincent or Lovejoy of that.

"We can't put these poor little things in this beautiful earth," said Lovejoy, looking with disfavor at the snapdragon, the daisy, and the marigolds, and alyssums. "We must have something special."

"What sort of special?" asked Tip warily. It was a word he was beginning to dread. Tip's face was beginning to look as no Malone face had ever looked before, careworn.

"Mum," said Tip, coming to sit on a box by his mother when she was washing up at the sink. "Mum, I do wish I had some money."

"How much money?" asked Mrs. Malone cautiously.

"I don't know," burst out Tip. "That's it. I don't know. I don't know where I am. There's never any end to it," said Tip, and kicked the box.

Mrs. Malone looked at her son in astonishment. That was how Mr. Malone talked on a Friday night.

To give Lovejoy her due, some of her wants she achieved for herself; for instance, the lawn.

"In Catford Street you can't sow grass seed now," Lovejoy puzzled and puzzled how to get over that until one afternoon in school she was sent on a message to the infants' classroom. It was half-past three, but the kindergarten teacher, Miss Challoner, was still there, cutting out paper figures for the next day's project. Lovejoy threaded her way among the small chairs and tables, and, as

To page 62

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PC64

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

[from page 61]

she stood in front of the teacher delivering the message with parrot correctness, she looked round the room with its sand-tray, its brown-paper pictures thumb-tacked on the wall, its shop, the tadpoles in a battery jar on the window-sill, the pots of plants, the big cardboard clock, all the fascinating things the infants had.

I wish I was an infant, thought Lovejoy, and then she saw, standing on trestles under the window, pans filled with something dense and short and green. She forgot Miss Challoner and tiptoed nearer and looked to make sure. Yes, it was green and short and dense. "What is it?" she asked.

"Gracious, child, haven't you ever seen mustard and cress?" said Miss Challoner as Mr. Isbister had said about the ivy.

"It looks like very special grass," said Lovejoy.

"It's for eating."

"Eating?" Lovejoy was shocked.

"You buy it in twopenny packets," said Miss Challoner, "and sow it thickly; it will come up anywhere, even on flannel."

"Even on not much earth?" There was not much earth on the patch of lawn.

"Yes."

"If you sowed it now?"

"Any time, except in winter."

Perhaps Miss Challoner sensed Lovejoy's burning interest because she opened her desk and said, "I have some over. Would you like these?" and into Lovejoy's hands she put half a dozen packets. Lovejoy's thanks were so fervid that Miss Challoner asked her name.

"You have a very responsive and charming little girl in your class," Miss Challoner was to tell Lovejoy's teacher, Miss Cobb.

"Lovejoy, charming?" asked Miss Cobb, who only saw Lovejoy's inscrutable small mask.

"I shall expect some cress on bread and butter in about ten days," Miss Challoner called to Lovejoy when she saw her on the stairs. After that it was strange how Lovejoy disappeared as soon as she saw Miss Challoner.

The mustard and cress were sown thickly all over the patch; the mustard seeds were like tiny dark yellow balls, the cress as fine as grass seed, but oblong, nut brown; the cat net had been lost when the gang raided the first garden; in any case it would not have been big enough to stretch over the new lawn, but Tip and Lovejoy criss-crossed black cotton from side to side; it looked professional again and Tip was impressed.

"They'll be up in five days," Lovejoy told him. She had the prospect of a lawn, but there were still only the six little seedlings in the beds—"And they're a mistake," said Lovejoy restlessly.

"What are you thinking of now?" said Tip. Lovejoy did not answer but he knew. Something special.

Sid's boy had left and the next Saturday Tip began work with Sid and Lucy. "Delivering ice," said Tip. "Ugh." On Monday he came to Lovejoy in the garden.

"Here's half a crown," he said. He might have been a husband handing over his first pay packet; he gave it proudly but resentfully.

When I was single, My pockets did jingle—

Tip might have sung that. "I went round with Sid the whole blooming day, and was that ice dirty and heavy!" He grumbled but all the same he was proud that he, Tip, had earned his first real money—a huge big lot, he thought, but

Lovejoy held the coin with her head bent over it. "Well?" said Tip belligerently.

"It isn't enough," said Lovejoy.

"Not enough! It's half a crown!" He sat down beside her, feeling suddenly tired. "What do you want?" he demanded.

"A box of pansies," said Lovejoy instantly.

"A box?" said Tip in alarm. "You said they were fivepence each. A whole box would be—"

Words failed him.

"Ten-and-six," said Lovejoy calmly.

She said nothing more and Tip's heart sank; then, sitting beside her, he found himself distracted from the pansies. He was noticing how she had a ridge of very fine short hairs on the back of her neck, soft as down, mouse-colored but tipped with gold; they looked as if they were protecting the tender knobs of her spine; gently Tip put out his finger and felt those little bones. Then he sighed. It was no good; even when Lovejoy was difficult and ungrateful he found it impossible to be angry; instead he began to coax her.

"Couldn't you have those little white things?" said Tip.

"Alyssum," said Lovejoy dully.

"They're pretty," urged Tip, "and only ninepence a dozen. For half a crown you could have more'n three dozen of those."

Lovejoy turned her head to look at him. "What would white look like against white stone?" she asked, like stone herself.

"But they're cheap," Tip pleaded.

Lovejoy did not want to drive Tip—she would have worked herself, the whole day with Sid, if Sid would have taken her—she did not want to be hard, but it was that or spoil the garden. "People will want to drag you down," Vincent had said. "Don't let them. They must not."

It was strange how things grew, not only plants, ideas, thought Lovejoy; a little while ago—and now she conveniently shrank into little the time that had seemed so endless—a little while ago half a crown to spend, to buy the trowel and fork, or seeds, would have seemed impossible riches—but that was seeds, thought Lovejoy; she had not known about seedlings then, or pansies.

There were other flowers, not only alyssum; lobelia, for instance, was a good bright blue, or there were dark red-button daisies. But, "Pansies are all sorts of colors," she said yearningly. "Purple and yellow and brown and gold." They were more than that; she searched for a word, and a phrase from Mrs. Combie's Cornish past that Mrs. Combie sometimes remembered came to her. "They're handsome," she said.

"All right," said Tip. "I'll go on with Sid," and, as if he felt that gave him a right over Lovejoy, he put his hand on her neck.

"You'll only have to give me three more Saturdays," said Lovejoy under his hand. "I'll get the sixpence," she said generously. Then she stopped, her face unhappy again. "In three weeks it'll be too late," she wailed. "Mr. Isbister says pansies have to be planted now." Tip took away his hand.

To be continued

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 6, 1956

THE JUSTHAM CASE

Our complete novel By JOHN MORTIMER

LATE on that Thursday afternoon, as the light faded in a wet and unpromising time of year, a number of people were travelling towards the Red Lion Hotel, the best hotel in Elchester, where the dark bedrooms all looked out on a central courtyard and the brown Windsor soup was always cold.

Catherine Regan, holding her overcoat close at her throat against the rain, looked at it from the doorway of the house opposite. She had been having tea with a married friend and now she was leaving the warm, secure room, the gentle, meaningless chatter over the new baby to keep an appointment which filled her with a vague, sickening excitement.

For her the Red Lion, its white porch glimmering, its brown and blue signs lit up in the rain, was a place of peculiar and dangerous beauty, like a fairground which is out of bounds to a child at school.

She looked up and down the street. Her eyes, half shut in a small, heart-shaped face, seemed dazzled with apprehension. When she saw no one she recognised she stepped off the pavement, holding her breath as if stepping from a dry bank into a cold, unwelcoming river which she had to swim.

Then she ran, her thin body twisting inside her loose overcoat, her high heels clattering on the wet road. When she reached the doorway of the hotel it was with a sigh of relief that she touched the wood of the swing door, as if she had reached her protected base, a home where she couldn't be caught, away from the dangerous Tom Tiddler's ground of the road.

Sir Henry Carn, Q.C., M.P., saw the word "Elchester" lit by the headlights of his motor-car, saw the thirty-mile-limit sign wavering in the rain like a piece of submarine vegetation, and slowed from seventy to fifty miles an hour. Beside him, his elderly clerk, Arthur Hathaway, cautiously opened his eyes.

"The home town," Carn said. "Coming home always gives you a slight feeling of horror, don't you think?"

Hathaway, about to speak, closed his mouth as Carn swung out to pass a car and in again to miss a lorry.

"Like visiting relations, people who've known you all your life. I always dread it."

His good-looking, only just middle-aged face was pale with moving, dark purple shadows under the fluorescent lights of the industrial part of the town. It was only as they drove into the town's dark Georgian

To page 65

Are you on the way to hair failure?

This man possesses a full head of hair but not a healthy one. Hair is already present on his comb.



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THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

"THE JUSTHAM CASE," by John Mortimer

heart that he regained his normal color and seemed to be smiling to himself.

"This time, of course," he said, "it may not be so bad."

"You're satisfied with the case, sir?" Hathaway allowed himself to speak as a red light winked at them through the rain and the car slid to a stop.

"The case? I wasn't really thinking about the case. I've only glanced at the brief."

"We should never have taken it on. I told you, we had to turn down that big brief for Associated Crescote."

"Never mind, Hathaway. This is Elcheater, our constituency, and Hilda Justham."

"Who is she, sir? Who is this Mrs. Justham?"

"I'll tell you some time. I haven't seen her for years. She used to be a remarkable woman."

As the lights changed, Carn looked over his shoulder into the back of the car. It was as if he were making sure it was still with him, the bundle of papers in the back seat, lying between the unfolded evening paper and the box of cigars. He couldn't see clearly in the dim light, but he knew what was written on the back sheet: "The Queen against Hilda Justham. Brief for Counsel for the defence."

"Hilda Justham. No one here seems to be able to talk about anyone but Hilda Justham."

Lady Julia Carn, her fingers outstretched, her hand held palm upwards, as if to ward off some half-playful, half-serious attack, looked critically at the nails she had just painted. The brown skin was only just loose on the back of her hand.

Was she, she wondered, about to become too old to paint her nails so red? It is only the young, she thought, who can afford to look artificial. She shook her fingers in the air as though disclaiming any acquaintance with a hand on which the skin was beginning to loosen with age: "What's so special," she said, "about Hilda Justham?"

Julia sat by the fire in the house of her oldest friend, her husband's agent. On the table beside her were her handbag, her glass of sherry, her bottle of nail varnish, cotton-wool, and a pile of letters, the possessions which she carried round with her now, she thought, she had no real home of her own.

"What is there about Hilda Justham? Is she very beautiful?"

"Not really," the man sitting on the sofa opposite told her. "Not at all." He looked at Julia's face, on which time had fallen gently, like a soft afternoon light which merely blurs the outlines, removes the sharpness from a piece of sculpture. He saw the fair hair which would turn white without any intermediate grey, and the lines which years of amusement had formed at the corners of Julia's eyes and mouth.

"Then what?"

"It always sounds stupid when you say it. But she's a good woman. People used to talk about saints. You could use that word to describe her."

"And my husband's defending her?"

Julia dug in her handbag for a cigarette-case and lighter. "Odd. I wouldn't have thought Henry was an expert on saints."

"He must understand all sorts of people."

"Must he?" She held the cigarette to the small flame and a grey veil of smoke blew in front of her face.

"Of course, everyone in the town knows she's innocent."

"Do they? Tell me," the lines of amusement multiplied at the corners of Julia's eyes, "where does Henry stay when he's in Elcheater?"

"The Red Lion, I suppose. It's the only place to stay."

"Does he . . . ?" Julia blew out a thin column of smoke and went on smiling. "I might possibly call on him then, after dinner."

"Julia. Do you think you ought?"

"No," she admitted, "but I think I shall."

"She'll get off, sir, won't she?"

Regan, in the office always called old Regan, although he was not old, not more than sixty at the most, a small, square man who wore his grey hair cut short and smoked a pipe, who had been a solicitor in Elcheater for forty years, looked at the big, anxious face of his unattractive lady secretary. She peered down at him, pale, long-nosed, like a deprived white elephant with horn-rimmed glasses, and repeated:

"Surely she'll get off, won't she?"

"I hope so, Miss Jevons. I hope so indeed."

"Mrs. Justham." The long, sensitive nose almost trumpeted with indignation. "It would be a crime if they convicted Mrs. Justham."

"Sir Henry'll save her," Regan said, "if anyone can."

"Sir Henry. Yes. Sir Henry'll save her." The great pale face nodded with relief.

"Which reminds me," Regan looked at the letters in front of him, his busy fingers automatically filling his pipe.

"Which reminds me I want to call in at the Red Lion and see Sir Henry about the case this evening. Ring my daughter, will you, Miss Jevons, and tell her I'll be late for dinner."

"Oooh! I don't believe Miss Catherine's in, sir."

"Not in?"

"I saw her out of the window. About half an hour ago. She was going towards the Red Lion herself."

Regan frowned, then he said, "That's right. She's gone to see her friends in the High Street. Ring her in about an hour then. Now I'll just sign those letters . . ."

He lit his pipe and leant forward, concentrating on the papers in front of him: a lonely man who knew the secrets of almost everyone in the town; a widower who lived alone with his daughter, a child who had become a woman almost without his noticing it.

Catherine Regan, perched on the edge of a leather sofa, holding on her lap a shiny back number of an engineering gazette she had no intention of reading, listened to the sounds outside the private sitting-room in the Red Lion in which she had been put to wait for Carn. She heard the distant babble of voices in the bar which had just opened and the clatter of plates and someone singing in the kitchen.

She looked round the room. Her body, perched on the edge of the sofa, the empty overcoat, in which she had been wrapped as she ran across the road, thrown across an armchair, seemed in no way to have claimed the place for her. It was his room, for who else could have caused a fire to be lit and a special sitting-room prepared for his arrival in Elcheater?

Not that it was a cheerful room; the yellowing walls, the telephone fitted with a coin box, the steel engraving of the Stag at Bay over the fireplace, none of these gave any promise of luxury, but it was his, a part of him which had arrived already, and she stroked the arm of the sofa on which the leather was peeling like grazed skin.

"You put her in here, Mrs. Munson? No, I'll go upstairs later."

She heard his voice as he spoke to the manageress, the penetrating, masculine voice with which he could do anything, which was, although she didn't realise it, his chief business asset. And then the door opened and he stood in front of her, his body tall as an immense cliff, his head turned down towards her, his overcoat open and one hand in his jacket pocket. She had meant to sit still, to let him come over to her, but seeing him she seemed to fly upwards, as if she had been pressed down in her seat and now she had an irresistible tendency to float towards the ceiling.

"Darling."

"Hey now, careful." He



shut the door behind him with a foot, put his hands to his neck and detached her thin arms which seemed unexpectedly strong, like the arms of a child which lock round the neck of the father who says goodnight, reluctant to be left alone in the dark.

"I couldn't wait to see you."

"But here. We've got to be sensible."

"Have we?"

Her mouth curved down, disappointed.

"Only for a little while perhaps. I'm tired." He blew out an exhausted breath and threw his empty overcoat on top of hers on the chair. Then, as the two flat garments embraced, he took her gently in his arms and kissed her and she stretched up, her heels leaving the heels of her shoes, to be kissed on her mouth by him.

"It's been such a long time."

"Nonsense. Only last weekend, when you were in London . . . what did you tell your father, by the way?"

"I said the dentist . . ." She held the lapels of his jacket and muttered, her cheek flat against him, "And you're tired?"

"Yes. Rather."

"Sit down." Suddenly solicitous she guided him towards a chair. He sat down and she knelt in front of him. He put out his hand and touched her hair. "Perhaps I shouldn't have come."

"Of course you should. I've just driven from London at great speed on your account."

"And on account of Mrs. Justham."

"Yes, the case." He frowned suddenly. "Maybe I'll finish tomorrow. Then we'll have the car . . . And I needn't be back in London until Monday."

She looked up at him, so trustfully that it seemed as if she thought it was almost treacherous to ask.

"You'll get her off, won't you?"

"I don't know . . ."

"Everyone knows what a brute her husband was."

"Then we can work on some local prejudice."

Her eyes clouded unhappily. "Don't you believe in her?"

"It's no part of my job to believe in people, only to protect them from the results of their mistakes."

She got up, straightening as quickly and easily as an animal, and stood with a foot on the



fender, staring up at the Stag at Bay, the warm light flickering on her legs and thighs.

She said, "I wish you'd stop."

"Doing what?"

"Saying little things you think will stop me loving you. They don't."

He looked up at her, only a little disconcerted, and said, "Catherine."

"Yes."

"I saw Julia last week."

She stared at the Stag, her face set and cold.

"How was she?"

"Friendly. In fact, very decent about everything. She won't divorce me. She's concerned about my career, such as it is. But she'll let me divorce her."

"But why?" She turned towards him, her features thawing into bewilderment rather than delight. "I thought she'd never give you up."

"She doesn't seem to find it hard."

"I'd never let you go like that."

"Julia's sensible, you know. I thought you might be pleased."

"You mean we can be together?"

"That was the idea."

"Of course. Oh, of course I'm pleased." He stood up and put an arm round her shoulders, she fitted her small body against his side, holding his arm in case he should want to withdraw it. "But it seems too easy."

"There's no harm in things being easy. There's nothing to be frightened of. So if you can stand being married to a selfish and rather truculent barrister . . ."

"Oh, I can. And you mustn't say that." She frowned. "But there ought to have been a fight."

"Do you like fighting?"

"Don't you?"

He shook his head. "When I was your age," he told her, "I fought everything. Nowadays I settle cases if I can. Everyone is much better off, and much less satisfied."

"With you," she said, "I'm satisfied."

"However selfish I am I must say I love you. And now," again he detached her arm, "you must go."

"Why?"

"Your father. He's coming over to talk about the case. It's nearly time."

"Help." Her eyebrows went up in an alarm which was not entirely fictitious. She ran for her overcoat and as he held it for her, she said: "I'll be back."

"Yes, come back. I'll telephone you when I've finished. Where can I get you?"

"I'll go back to the Parsons across the road. I'm meant to be there now. Elcheater 312."

"Elcheater 312."

He held her thin body under the enveloping overcoat. It seemed strange to them both that the idea which had seemed so remote, that they could belong together, had now almost become a reality. They kissed goodbye, rather as people who wonder if they are waking or still asleep.

Julia Carn signified by the weakness of her protest her acceptance of another glass of sherry and lit another cigarette.

"Henry," she said, "attaches importance to freedom because he's never had it. It's not for me to stand in his way. Also he imagines he's in love."

"Is he?" The man who had filled her glass from the decanter settled himself again in the sofa opposite.

"Love? To tell you the truth he's never. I believe, loved anyone except himself."

"He's got to an age . . ."

"Of course he has. He needs a change. But all he's probably found is a new mirror in which he can look at a new, more flattering view of himself. And I'll take a large bet," she smiled, not happily, "that it's a pretty young mirror. Do I sound very spiteful?"

"No," said the man, considering it. "But you sound, you know, as if you still cared about him a good deal yourself."

"Poor Henry," she looked into the fire. "I'm the only person who ever found out what he was like, and could stand living with him."

When Old Regan came into the sitting-room of the Red Lion, knocked his pipe out in the fireplace, filled it again, lit it with Carn's matches, he was looking puzzled. Carn, on the other hand, had slipped into an easy, professional manner calculated to get any business over quickly and yet keep the respect, even the affection, of those he had to deal with.

"You know," Regan said, "it's a funny thing. I just met my own daughter in the lobby of this hotel and she floated by

"Continued overleaf"

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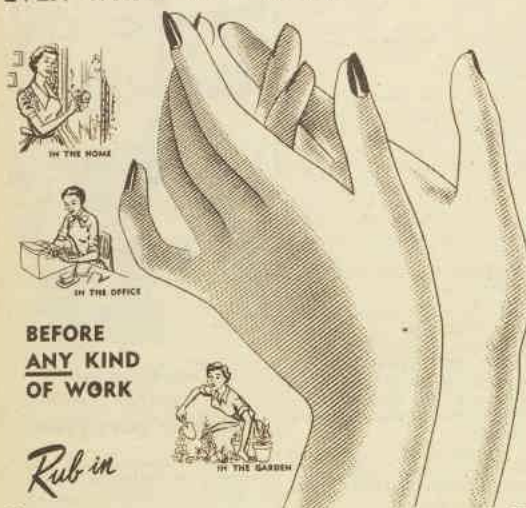
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"THE JUSTHAM CASE," by John Mortimer

me as if she'd forgotten who I was."

"Children nowadays," Carn agreed, "have very short memories. Now about Hilda Justham..."

"Yes. I'm worried..."

"I've looked through the brief," Carn's brisk voice disregarded him. "I shall work on it tonight, of course. There's just one thing. I don't seem to have a copy of her statement."

"Neither have I."

"What do you mean?"

"She's never made a statement. She refuses to say a word in her own defence," Regan told him.

Carn looked away from him into the fire. A moment before Catherine had been standing there, the firelight flickering on her young body, before she ran out into the darkness. He wasn't thinking of her, but of another woman he had known a long time before.

"Yes," he said. "In a way that's in character."

"You remember her?"

"I remember them both. When I knew Justham he was a medical student. I thought he was brilliant."

"So he was," Regan relit his pipe. "In those days you are... Justham were the two right boys in the town; it was a toss-up which got to the top first. Then Justham married, and I thought—well, nothing can hold him now, with a wonderful woman like Hilda behind him."

"Yes... yes, I wonder if that wasn't part of the trouble. But what went wrong exactly?"

"The usual things. Drink, worse and worse as the time went on. And other women. Some people think he'd have been reported a hundred times if it hadn't been for the feeling everyone had for his wife and the things she did to cover up for him. The latest was an estate agent's wife: woman called Rosa Barkly."

"Look here," Carn stood up, dug his hands in his pockets and stood with his back to the mantelpiece. "This may be some of the truth behind the Justham's lives. It's just the sort of truth we can't have left in the evidence. Now, we're facing a charge of manslaughter. What's the prosecution going to prove?"

"I suppose," Regan raised his hands speculatively, "they'll start with the party?"

Carn nodded. "The cocktail party. The Justhams were both there, and this woman, Rosa Barkly."

"Barkly."

"They may not try and make anything of her. Anyway, a call is put through to the house from a patient and after a bit of delay Justham agrees to go and see a child who is seriously ill. Justham's probably had too much to drink. Does Mrs. Justham drink?"

"She had a soft drink, the hosts say."

"Why does she go to these parties, do you think?"

"It can't be any pleasure to her. I suppose she wants to look after Justham."

"Can't be much pleasure for him, in those circumstances. Anyway, they get into the car. Hilda Justham's driving. By the way, are they bound to prove that?"

"I'm afraid so. A witness saw her."

"Pity," Carn looked up at the ceiling, his voice was very quiet. "Then, two miles out of the town, in a straight, double-track road, in a clear light and on a dry surface, the car turns off the road, dips down a bank, and into a brick wall, all at about sixty miles an hour."

"We've got a plan. It shows the place of the accident."

"My dear fellow. What we need is a plan of the woman's mind, or perhaps," Carn looked at Regan, "that's what we don't want."

"Anyway, justice was done. Justham was killed and Mrs. Justham was thrown clear."

"Justice? I wonder... And she won't talk?"

"You'll see her in the morning?" Regan got up as he asked.

"Of course. She may tell me something."

"She may. She just doesn't seem interested. I can't even get angry with her for not trying to help herself. There's a sort of nobility about her. You'll see her, though. I'm grateful to you for taking this on..."

"How could I refuse?" Carn laughed. "It was you, and Elcheste."

"Yes," he said. "Regan knocked his pipe out, stooping to the fireplace. "You know you've become a bit of a legend in this town."

"Like Hilda Justham?"

"Perhaps. People here remember that your father kept the newspaper shop in West Street and they admire the way you've got on without changing your ideals. They like voting for you in the same way as I like briefing you. They feel you're a fighter."

"Everyone," Carn said, "seems to be talking about fighting this evening."

"Well, admit it, it's the breath of life to you," Regan straightened, smiling.

Carn, looking away from him, said, "Perhaps. How's everything, though, with you? How's Catherine?"

"I told you. In a state of trance. Probably got some young man on her mind."

"Probably," Carn drew in his breath, still looking away.

"Regan, you're bound to hear about this sooner or later. Julia and I may be going to separate. She wants me to divorce her."

IT was a mark of the charm which Julia Carn exerted on her hosts that she should have prevailed on them to lend her their motor-car after dinner that evening. Her driving was slow and vague, and disconcerted other motorists by a certain unpredictable quality. In due course she negotiated the narrow entrance into the yard of the Red Lion and got out into the darkness and the rain.

She walked into the hotel and, having made an inquiry at the window marked Reception, went down a long, cold corridor, lined with further steel engravings of hunted animals and smelling faintly of forgotten soup. She walked carefully with her eyes half closed as if to focus more clearly. A woman not yet old, whose youth clung to her as a scent clings to a dress long after the occasion for which it was worn.

At the end of the corridor she pushed open a door and there she saw her husband reluctantly regarding a plate of cheese sandwiches. On the table at his side stood two glasses and a bottle of champagne. He looked as she had often seen him in the evenings, his feet stretched out to the fire, the unchanging mask of professional competence dropped, seeming tired and a little lost.

"Hullo," he murmured without turning his head, "is that you, darling?"

"Yes. It's me, darling!" Julia's voice came back, deep and mocking, like an echo of his own.

His head turned suddenly, with almost comical surprise. "Julia. What on earth?"

She looked from him to the bottle at his side, shaking her head in sad amusement. "Champagne?"

"The cook's gone home early. There's no dinner, only sandwiches. So to cheer them up," he began to explain helplessly, "I had the idea of champagne..."

"And two glasses."

"Two glasses? Some mistake."

"Convenient, anyway." She sat down opposite him. "Now you can give me a drink."

"All right. You shall have one drink and then you must go."

He held the bottle between his knees and the cork exploded into the fireplace where Julia rescued it and held it in her hand while she drank from the glass he filled.

"Many happy returns," she said, "of our divorce. Cheese sandwiches! You can't possibly eat all those."

"Why not? I'm dying of starvation."

"I thought you were supposed to be on a diet. Come to look at you, you are putting on weight, you know."

He stopped, frowning anxiously, a sandwich half-way to his mouth.

"Do you really think so?" he murmured.

She nodded, her thumb stroking the cork, the stem of the glass between the fingers of her other hand. "I rather like it, of course," she told him, "but if you're looking for another wife, I'd better eat one for you."

"Julia. I forbid it. It's the only food left in the place."

She put down the glass, her hand darted to the plate and she took a bite. "Delicious. Can't be more than two days old. The Snowdons never give you enough to eat."

"You're staying with Snowdon, my agent?"

"It's all right, darling. He knows all about the divorce and he quite understands. He says he always knew you must be impossible to live with but it won't make a scrap of difference to your chances in the next election."

"Pst! Impossible to live with!" Carn put down his sandwich. "Why of all the patient, long suffering husbands I must have been..."

"I didn't find it impossible. I'm telling you what Snowdon said."

"Blow Snowdon. I always knew he had his eye on you."

"Nonsense. He's happily married. Can I have another sandwich?"

Carn lay back in his chair and exploded dramatically, "Go on, have them all. Eat my dinner, turn my friends against me..." He was interrupted by her tired laughter, ringing like a silver bell.

"Nonsense," she told him, "everyone here thinks you're wonderful. You're the boy who brought round the papers and rose to be a member of the Government. The local Jack in the beanstalk who went out to fight the capitalist giant and got to the top of the tree. The incorruptible idealist who never stops fighting for justice. It must be an awful strain."

Carn looked at her and said, "I'm very proud if that's what they think."

And Julia said, "And only I know that you're lazy, vain,

human, and going to get fat."

"No one's a hero to his valet... or to his wife."

"Is that," his wife asked, "why you want to get rid of me?"

He looked down sideways at the fire, his finger rubbing along the line of his eyebrows.

"Perhaps not. But it might happen to either of us, Julia, to fall in love..."

"Love? What do you know about love?"

She stood up, suddenly no longer amused, and as she did so the door opened behind her. Carn stood up as well, and then Catherine was in the room, standing between them, looking at Carn, her young face smiling without humor, her hair wet with rain.

"I saw my father go," she began, "and you didn't telephone."

"Catherine Regan. My wife, Julia," Carn gestured with his hand in a hollow attempt at a formal introduction.

"Good evening," Julia sat down again. "You must be the other glass."

Catherine didn't answer or look at her, but moved nearer to Carn.

"Do sit down. Can we offer you a drink?"

"Julia. Don't you have to get back to the Snowdons..."

"Oh, no. They stay up very late. Would you like a sandwich, Miss Regan? By the way, when you take my husband over, you really must keep him off bread."

"I warn you, Julia. I can't possibly have a scene."

"But of course not. I've been looking forward to meeting Miss Regan for a long time. I'm sure there's a lot of useful information I can give you. His eggs, for instance... Five minutes. The things he calls the Tories are nothing to what he says if he has a soft egg."

"I don't know why you're talking like this. We happen to love each other," Carn looked at the young girl beside him, seeing, with weariness, her features sharpened by an ancient, primitive anger and hatred. His voice came in, flooding over hers.

"Julia. You must stop it."

"I can make him happy," Catherine's voice was hard.

"Can you? Are you sure you aren't too intelligent. I mean, just to be a little mirror for him to look in for the rest of his life?"

"I'm not thinking of myself." Carn had never seen the girl beside him looking so young, or so unmerciful. "I'm thinking of him. You may have been different."

"Oh. I'm much too selfish for him."

"Julia. We can't go on like this," Carn pleaded.

"But it's so interesting. Tell me," Julia looked up at Catherine, blinking with concentration. "When did you first meet him?"

"Six months ago," Catherine told her. "He was doing one of my father's cases. I saw him fighting in court..."

Julia nodded understandingly. "You wait till you see him at home after he's lost a case. He comes back complaining, and you'll have to smooth him down until all that wonderful vanity's recovered itself and..."

"You say that because you're jealous and bitter and..."

"Old? Is that what you were going to say? I'm forty-three. Is that a crime?"

"And I love him."

"Do you know who you're loving?"

Carn, standing between them, suddenly spoke, his voice low

"THE JUSTHAM CASE," by John Mortimer

and exhausted at the start, gathering impetus, almost relish, as it always did at its own sound.

"Will you both be quiet? I'm tired, and thanks to you, Julia, I'm still ravenously hungry. My nerves are stretched beyond endurance, and tomorrow I have to try to prevent an extremely difficult client from going to prison for a very long time. I've absolutely no desire to hear anyone discuss my character, my virtues, my defects, or my habits at breakfast. I wish you'd both go home. For myself, I'm going to bed."

He walked out between them and the door banged. Catherine stood with hands outstretched; Julia looked up at her, smiling.

"A flourish of trumpets," Julia said slowly. "A wave of flags—and the whole army retreats—because the present position has become too difficult to hold."

"It isn't true. None of the things you say about him are true."

Catherine stood in the middle of the room, stiff and young, her hands still held out in front of her, the tears wet on her cheeks.

"Aren't they?" Julia smiled at her; slowly, unmethodically, she collected her possessions; her cigarettes, her lighter were dropped back into the dark, muddled recesses of her handbag. She drew her coat round her and stood up, walking carefully round the tense, rigid girl as if some dangerous and electric area surrounded her which had to be avoided. "Perhaps not. Perhaps you'll find out they're not true. But I'll tell you something."

"What?" The girl bit off the word.

"I wish you luck. Honestly I do. I'm going. I won't come back."

It wasn't until Julia had left

the room and Catherine had heard her car starting in the yard that the young girl ran out into the darkness, her tears of anger and unbelief mingling with the rain as her heels tapped on the wet road and her body twisted inside her flying coat. As the hotel lights grew dim behind her she came nearer to her father's house, where nothing of special interest ever happened and the confusions of that evening could no longer touch her.

Friday morning and Elchesteer awoke. Henry Carn, smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee, ate nothing and left the dining-room early. It was when he went into the garage to get out his car that he saw Catherine standing by the bonnet, looking expectantly into the shadows by the petrol pump, caressing with small gloved hands the bright, chromium radiator cap. Without speaking he walked round the long, black bonnet, gently detached her, kissed her, and said, "I was rather ridiculous last night. We must talk later."

"It's not that," she shook her head. "I wanted to see you before it started."

He looked at his watch. "I've got a lot to do."

"And you must win. You must save her."

He felt the light, firm hand on his wrist and looked down at her eager face. "I hope so."

"For us. If you win I'll feel it's a sort of sign. A sign that everything's going to be right for us. In spite," she blinked as if hurt by the memory, "in spite of what Julia said."

"I hope I'll win. It's not a game," he spoke tiredly, without enthusiasm.

"But it'll show things will go right. For the right people. And then we'll go away; Brenda Parsons says we can borrow her cottage."

"There's a lot to do before then."

"I'll be there," she told him, "watching you. Where are you going now?"

"To see someone in a cell," he told her. "A thing I hate."

He let go her hand and got into the motor-car. As he drove slowly out of the garage

In that town, on that morning, the free walked about their business frowning, locked in their problems. Catherine frowned, dug her hands into the pockets of her overcoat, and walked away from the Red Lion. Julia Carn sat at breakfast, read a letter from her bank manager, frowned, and

a woman whose handsome, placid face was untouched by a line of worry, whose grey hair was as tidy, whose suit and simple blouse were as neat as if her only task of the day were to be a rather pleasant tea-party at the vicarage. In such circumstances it was odd to see this woman seated on a wooden bench in front of a stone wall high up in which the single window was barred with iron.

"Mrs. Justham," Regan told her, "Sir Henry'll be here in a minute."

"It's so good of you all to take so much trouble." The woman's voice was quiet and as gently unobtrusive as her clothes. "Mr. Regan, the last time I saw your garden you had that pretty little white shrub. What's it called?"

"And I do hope, Mrs. Justham, you'll be able to think of something to discuss with him except gardening."

"I only thought, I know it's wrong of me to beg, but if you could spare me a cutting?" Regan looked at her with a kind of despair. It was then that a key turned in the door and a woman in a blue overall let in Sir Henry Carn.

"Here he is," Regan said. "You two know each other. If I leave you alone with Sir Henry, will you try to keep off the horticulture?"

"I'll do my best. I'm afraid I'm a very difficult client. It's so unpleasant."

"There's not much time," Carn said.

Regan looked at him, nodded, and went out of the door. Carn, after looking for a moment at the composed figure of the woman in front of him, held out his case and, when she refused to smoke, lit a cigarette and blew smoke into the cold air of the cell. As he began to talk he paced the small floor as if he himself were caged and the motionless woman free and unperturbed.

"There's not much time," he repeated. "What went wrong with the steering?"

"The steering?" "A snap in the column, the wheel wrenched out of your hands, the car out of control. . . . You remember?"

She smiled at him. "Is that what you want me to say?"

"Is that what happened? Or were you stumped? Don't you remember?"

"I remember perfectly."

"Then Justham suddenly, decided he wanted to drive. On a drunken impulse he grabbed the wheel, the car turned off the road. Was that it?"

"No!" He stood still in silence, and she said, "I'm glad you've finished talking about it. I've looked forward to seeing you again, and there are so many other things . . ."

"Good Lord. Other things!" Carn exploded. "Look. In half an hour I have to defend you on a charge that can carry life imprisonment. I have no idea what our defence is going to be. What shall we discuss—the weather?"

"It'll soon be spring now," Mrs. Justham nodded. "And my daffodils will be out."

"Regan warned me of this. He said I'd only get gardening."

"I can't imagine why people want to stop me talking about my garden. It's been my life for the past fifteen years, you know. It's so simple; if things grow, and if they go wrong you pull them out and then throw them away and burn them up." She ended with a sudden, unexpected ruthlessness.

"Look," Carn told her. "You must tell me."

"Why?" Her voice was dry and sensible, sounded strangely hard. "For fifteen years I've been quiet. I've done what was expected of the local doctor's wife. I've given parties and

Continued overleaf



"The Kewicks certainly make the most of it when they go out for a Chinese dinner."

he smiled at her, the detached, farewell smile of a man about to empty his mind of everything but an immediate and absorbing problem, and she stood by the petrol pumps and stared, fearing that he might have forgotten both her and his wife in the moment he turned out into the road.

clicked open her cigarette-lighter. In their offices men tore open letters fearfully and children hurried to school consumed with anxiety about half-done homework.

Old Regan, who knew the secrets of most of them, was himself frowning as he looked at the woman in front of him,

Is it Later than You Think?

ONCE your enthusiasm for life really dies some part of your warm smile may not be seen again; some confident note in your triumphant song will never ring out quite so clearly in future. Thus pessimism and cynicism enter, and old age begins to establish itself in its less pleasing aspect. The mainspring of Enthusiasm is Good Health—permitting the Pursuit of Happiness. You can laugh at time if you feel fine—it is the big secret of the Latin Races. To them gold is dross and the real wealth is laughter, music and happiness.

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Sleeplessness	Healthy Repose	30-80 mins.
Digestive Upset	Comfort Restored	3-15 mins.
Nervous Tension	Calmed	10 mins.
Skin Troubles (nervous type).	Often eased or cleared up	2 days

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"THE JUSTHAM CASE," by John Mortimer

judged flower shows and exchanged cuttings. All the time I've kept quiet about the horrible things. It's often been much more difficult to keep quiet than it is now. Why must I spoil myself now, by talking?"

"Spoil yourself?"

"I think I should be spoiled. If I started to complain."

"You're an extraordinary woman."

"Nonsense. Most women are like me. But I can tell you this..." Her fingers gripped the bench on which she was sitting. "I am lonely."

"All right," he dropped his cigarette and stamped it out. "Tell me about that. Just talk."

She looked at him doubtfully. "If I tell you," she said, "does that mean I have to tell them in there?"

"Not necessarily."

"I'm not complaining."

"Of course not."

"I could tell you," she was looking up at him, "if we didn't meet again. I would have liked to have told you. You of all people I could have told."

He waited, saying nothing, and she began to talk at last, staring down at the floor, her voice quiet and curiously dead.

"At first, you know, I thought my husband was a man like you. Full of ideals, strong, wonderful. He got on the local Council, he started a Health Centre. This doesn't interest you?"

"Yes. Yes, it does. The centre of success..."

"Until..."

"Until what?"

"Until he started an affair with one of the nurses."

"You found out?"

"I picked up the telephone. We had an extension, you see. I heard him talk to her and I heard her disgusting secret little giggle. I went out into the garden and I felt, oh, as if I had died."

"You were in love with him."

"I believed in him."

Carn shook his head. "That may not be the same thing. But one flirtation with a nurse..."

"Of course, it didn't stop there. There were other women, and he began to drink. It's no good talking about it, it just makes me feel part of the whole thing again."

"But you were never part of it."

"Of course I was. I became a sort of conspirator with him. I made excuses when he could not do his visits. I covered up the affairs I knew he was having and told lies about them. I was so much a part of it that it was as if I were living that life myself. But that wasn't the worst part."

"What was?"

She looked up now, her face suddenly hard with contempt.

"When I found out that he was weak."

Carn looked at her; the face in its hardness becoming strangely younger, the merciless, unyielding tone of the voice seemed to him curiously familiar.

"That shocked you?" he asked her.

"He'd pretended to be so different. He'd let me believe in him. It was the dishonesty. And his weakness was horrible."

"Not pitiful?" he suggested, and looked away.

"He had no right to be pitied. He asked for it, of course. He was horribly grateful for what I did for him. He used to tell me," she gave a little shudder of horror, "that whatever he did I was the only woman he really cared about."

"You didn't feel the same?"

The woman shook her head.

"I think you either believe in people or you don't. When I stopped believing in him I thought he didn't exist any more. It was as if..."

"Yes?" he prompted her gently.

"I can't explain."

"Yes you can. For someone whose interests begin and end with cuttings you explain very well."

"I don't want to explain it. I want to burn it out of myself, like a patch of weed..."

Carn shook his head. "You can't do that. But didn't you find, even if you had lost faith in him, you could still, perhaps, love him? I mean, there must have been times..."

"No." She stood up decisively, a small, grey-haired woman in a neat suit and sensible shoes. "No, I couldn't. Could you? Love someone you had no faith in? Could your wife?"

"Julia?" Carn thought it over. "I think Julia might be able to. I haven't thought..."

"No one could. A man like that becomes a shadow, a sort of bad dream. He's given up being a man out of laziness and a sort of stupid amiability. I don't believe death made much difference to him. He wasn't fit to..."

FROM far away, then, they heard the sound of trumpets.

"What's that?" As Mrs. Justham asked him she sat down. Her voice became soft, unobtrusive, polite again.

"Trumpeters," Carn told her. "The Judge has them to meet him when he arrives at the Assize Court. You were going to say, I suppose, that he wasn't fit to drive that night."

"I suppose so. Trumpets, do you say? And for me; I ought to be flattered." She smiled to herself, peaceful and resigned, and Carn began to pace the floor again.

"Listen," he told her, "we've hardly any time left. If the Judge hears any of this about your feelings for your husband his summing up isn't only going to be dead against you, you may find yourself on a more serious charge than manslaughter. Do you understand?"

She smiled again, nodding her head.

"I hate losing cases and I don't mean to lose this one. We were friends once; will you help me?"

"I don't know." She looked up at him seriously, as if anxious to be kind. "What can I do?"

"Forget those fifteen years with your husband. Come to the party on the night of January the twelfth."

"Yes," she answered his question without interest and said, as if they had been discussing the weather, "That woman was there."

"Rosa Barkly?"

"I think that's her name."

"Why did you go?"

"They were important people, patients of his. I wanted to stop..."

"His making a fool of himself? I understand. Did he know Mrs. Barkly was going to be there?"

"Yes. He often said we should meet. A tremor of disgust came into her flat, polite voice. "He actually told me he thought I should like her."

"I see. He had too much to drink at the party?"

"He had too much before he went."

"Did he talk to her, to Rosa Barkly, when he got there?"

"They were together in a corner," she nodded. "I believe they had some sort of quarrel. Then the telephone rang. One of his patients had a sick child."

"Yes," Carn encouraged her.

"Go on."

"He was drunk." The woman sounded uninterested, still struggling to be polite. "I got him out into the hall. He said... Oh, I don't know. That he'd retired from practice or some nonsense. I told him he had to go. As usual he did what I told him. I got him out to the car."

"Did he want to drive?"

"No. He asked me to drive. Then he kept thanking me for driving him."

"And then?"

The woman raised her hands and let them fall, palms upwards, on the seat beside her. "You know the rest," she said. "We drove into a wall."

Carn, with his hands in his pockets, his voice trembling with suddenly suppressed anger said, "You haven't told me anything."

"I've told you everything."

"You've told me nothing. Why did the car hit the wall?"

"I can't say."

"Are you going to answer my question?"

She looked up at him apologetically, as if she were sorry to have to disappoint him on a matter on which it seemed he had set his heart. Then she shook her head. "No."

Carn drew in his breath, bit back his anger, and told her: "Then I'm fighting in the dark. I'll have to rely on your good character and the chance of making the prosecution witnesses look stupid. I'll do my best to save you. I believe I may fail."

She put out her hand to say goodbye. "It doesn't matter to me," she said. "I'm sorry if you'll be disappointed."

"And that," Carn said, "is the most extraordinary thing I have ever had anyone say to me in twenty years at the Bar."

"Goodbye," she said. "Goodbye, Henry."

As he took her hand he felt, in some way he couldn't explain, uncomfortable, as if there were something dangerous in that small contract with the placid, grey-haired Hilda Justham, who sat so quietly, so unconcerned at the unhappy life and sudden death of her husband.

AS the clocks of Elcheater ticked inevitably towards half-past ten Julia Carn slid her watch round on her wrist and said, "It's too late now. Anyway, I'm not sure I want to hear this case."

"Half of Elcheater will be there."

"Good. Henry likes a nice full house. I used to go to almost all his big cases. Now, I think it's time I left him alone."

In the public gallery Catherine Regan leant forward and gripped the iron railings, staring down into the well of the court below. She could see the back of his head, the dark line of hair under his wig, the way his white collar cut across the back of his neck and the firm, sculptured line of his chin.

She wished she could get nearer to him, to strengthen him with the faith she had in him, now he was fighting, as he should always fight, for the innocent and true against a world she felt was represented by the cynical prosecutor

lounging in his place, by Julia Carn with her acute, destructive questions, by Justham, the man who deceived everyone and was dead. She heard a voice beside her and turned to see the pale face of Miss Jevons, her father's secretary.

"Hullo, Miss Catherine. We are going to win, aren't we?"

"Of course," Catherine put her two, one on top of the other, on the rail of the public gallery and pillowed her chin on them. "Of course we're going to win."

"Well," Regan twisted round in his seat and whispered to Carn, "What did you get out of her?"

"Nothing." The handsome face was tired and relaxed, the whisper dead. Carn was like an empty stage which would be lit up and living when he rose to talk to the jury. "Absolutely nothing. I'm more in the dark than ever."

"Then it's almost hopeless."

"Almost. I've got a few tricks, of course. You know, Regan," he leant forward, near to the grey-haired man's ear, "you know what I felt when I was talking to her?"

"Sorry for her," Regan suggested, and added, "I've always felt sorry for her."

"Have you? No, I felt fear. Just cold, hard fear. How do you explain that?"

In the sudden silence, the buzz of conversation stilled, the deep voice rang out clearly: "The Queen against Hilda Justham..." The grey-haired woman smiled a little to herself, shook her arm only a little to avoid the touch of the policeman, and climbed the steps up to the crowded court. It might have been another tea-party to be lived through, another flower show at which she must be careful to see that nothing went wrong and nothing of her secret life was given away.

Late on Friday afternoon it was over. The trial which the whole town had been awaiting, guessing about since the night Justham died, had finished. The jury had given its verdict, the Judge had risen and driven to the next Assize town where he had an engagement to play golf. The decision, which had been a vague speculation about the future, was now a clear event in the immediate past. It was as final as Justham's death.

The town heard it, with suspended breath, when the jury clattered back into court and the foreman announced it with his eyes on Hilda Justham. They learnt of it when they bought their newspapers at the station or in the square where the buses stopped, and stood in the rain and held their papers under the street lights to read "Verdict in Trial of Local Widow."

They told their wives as they came into their halls and hung up their dripping mackintoshes, and they began to discuss it as the bright bars opened with a warm smell of beer and the clatter of small change on that wet, dark February evening.

It was just as the bar in the Red Lion was opening that a woman pushed open the swing doors and went up to the manageress, who was at her desk adding up the bill of Sir Henry Carn, which included, she noticed with satisfaction, a bottle of champagne.

"Yes?" The manageress looked up.

"I would like," the woman said quietly, "to speak to Sir Henry Carn."

"Sir Henry's just leaving."

"I must see him. It's very important. It won't take long."

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"THE JUSTHAM CASE," by John Mortimer

The woman was so quiet, yet so decided, that the manageress put down her pen and waddled grumbling out of her office.

"I'll put you in his sitting-room. He may have time to see you. I can't promise."

"Thank you."

The woman nodded and followed her down the passage.

The manageress opened the sitting-room door, and they were greeted by a blast of cold air.

"There's no fire. He's leaving tonight."

"Very well. I'll wait here."

"You may wait for nothing. He's a very busy gentleman, Sir Henry."

"I'm sure he is."

When the manageress had gone the woman sat on the edge of an armchair, took off her gloves and folded her hands in her lap. She sat quite still. She sat in the chair as if she had long ago come to a decision about which she now had no doubt.

If there had been anyone to see her, as she sat there, they would have seen a woman in her forties whose face still had signs, which were somehow inappropriate, of a pretty, cheerful girl of nineteen.

She had the solemnity of a woman who, finding herself unhappy, is surprised and bewildered by the emotion. She was dressed as if she were younger than she was, and although the effect was not to disguise her age it gave her an appearance of courage as if, in everything she did, she was determined to make the best of things.

Her hair, which had been black and should now be grey, was, in fact, a deep and metallic chestnut cropped in short, youthful curls. She wore elaborate costume jewellery, and her black dress was too tight for her. It was possible that her shining patent-leather shoes were also too tight.

She wore a fur coat of some easily obtainable animal and her nails were red as pillar-boxes. She looked like a woman who took things easily and was often heard laughing, although she now seemed to find nothing to laugh about.

She looked up with a gentle, unembittered air of accusation as Carn came into the room. Carn was smiling. He had changed his clothes and was wearing a tweed suit and a light overcoat. He had an unlit cigar in one hand, and he held the other out to the woman with the eagerness of a man who has been used, in one day, to shaking hands with over five hundred of his constituents.

"I'm afraid I've only got a moment."

"I'll only keep you a moment."

Something in the woman's voice made Carn close the door.

"I'm always glad to see anyone in the constituency. Let me see, the manageress didn't tell me your name."

"I'm Mrs. Barkly. Mrs. Rosa Barkly."

"Oh. Oh, I see!"

Carn sat down in front of her. His face had, almost comically, fallen, like a schoolboy's who had been promised a half-holiday and is suddenly faced, instead, with a searching examination in Greek. He automatically bit the end off his cigar, lit it with a worried snap of his lighter, and blew out a cloud of smoke he didn't appear to enjoy.

"I came," Rosa Barkly said, "to congratulate you."

Carn's hand modestly waved aside the smoke.

"Thank you. I think we were lucky."

"Lucky?"

"Yes. To get her off."

The woman in front of him nodded. "Yes," she said. "You were that."

There was silence. The clock ticked on the mantelpiece. Carn looked at his watch.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I'm going away this weekend. In fact I'm expecting someone . . ."

"No. I must tell you . . ." Her voice was unexpectedly appealing. He said gently, "Is it something you think I ought to know?"

She nodded.

The trial's over," he told her. "I was Mrs. Justham's counsel. I don't act for her any longer. I'm sure I'm not the person you want to see."

"You didn't mention me at the trial, did you?" she asked him, just as he was getting out of his chair.

"No. I wanted to keep the case as clean . . . to avoid unpleasantness."

"I wouldn't have minded. I don't mind what happens. Now he's dead."

She didn't look down or move and her voice didn't change but she began to cry, big tears which she made no attempt to wipe away.

Carn, who had stood up to end the interview, looked down at her and said, "I'm sorry. You were fond of him."

"I loved him. I loved him just as much as she hated him."

Carn frowned. "Look," he said. "I have very little time. I'm sorry about everything but it's no real concern of mine—I was just doing my duty to my client and . . ."

"You did very well. It was very clever of you to get her off. Especially you, since I know she meant to kill him."

There was no doubt that was what she said. Carn heard her clearly, although she now lowered her head and wiped away the tears with a square of crushed handkerchief. He sat down opposite her again, crossed his legs, and said, all the tiredness back in his voice, "Why have you come?"

She looked at him, her handkerchief clutched in her hand.

"Because I had to tell someone. Just one person besides me had to know. And when I heard you in that Court, so full of how wonderful she was, I thought—I'll tell him."

"I was paid to defend Mrs. Justham on the facts I knew. I did, and she was acquitted."

"Yes," Rosa Barkly nodded. "And yet when they went out in the hall that night I heard her say, 'You've dragged us both down far enough. I'm going to kill you if it means killing myself to do it.'"

"You heard that?"

"Then she took him out to the car."

Suddenly the woman relaxed, sat back in the chair as if she had said all she intended.

"Did you never tell the police that?" he asked her.

"No. I didn't want to do any harm. I only wanted someone, someone like you who believed she was innocent, to know it wasn't so simple."

"Who told you I believed she was innocent?"

"You defended her, didn't you?"

"That's different. I had no belief about her. The jury decided that she was innocent."

"I came out into the hall. We'd had a quarrel. I know what was said."

Rosa Barkly smiled patiently

at him, but as if there were no need for her to go over it all again. And it was Carn, leaning forward, his cigar gone out between his fingers, who was questioning her.

"You'd had a quarrel with Justham?" he asked. "What about?"

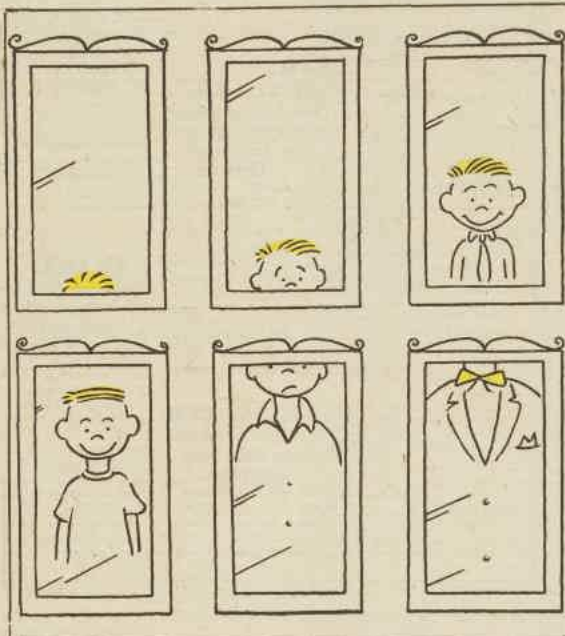
"You want me to tell you?" she said. "You're being kind?"

"No," he shook his head. "But I have a curiosity. Perhaps it's a selfish curiosity. What did you quarrel about?"

"Well," she furrowed her forehead to remember. "He'd been offered a job. Abroad . . . But he wouldn't leave her. He said he owed her too much. We quarrelled and he had a few drinks too many. I told him . . ." She spoke with a sudden bitter regret. "I told him he was weak. That was the last thing I told him. He went back to her and she took him out and . . ."

"But you were right, weren't you?" Carn interrupted her. "He was weak?"

"He was human. She thought he was a sort of miracle when she married him. When she discovered that he was just an ordinary man she began to hate him."



"When I knew him," Carn said slowly, "I thought him a good man."

Rosa Barkly looked at him and nodded. "And he had a wife," she said, "who never laughed. All the time he'd known her she never laughed. He wasn't all that good. But he didn't deserve to be killed."

"What did he say?" Carn asked.

"When?"

"When she said that about . . . killing them both."

"I don't think he took it seriously. He'd had a few drinks, I think I told you."

"Yes," Carn nodded. "You know, he was never like that when he was young. How did it start . . . the drink business?"

"Long ago. He told me he'd been to a dinner soon after they got married. I don't know, some public dinner. He came back, oh, only a bit cheerful. She was so horrified she locked her door on him. For six months after that she kept her bedroom door locked."

"I see . . ."

"It was then he really began to drink. To show he was free to do as he liked, I should think, at first. Then, I don't

know, I suppose he went on because he was never free. With her being disappointed in him, then despising him. But never laughing. Can you believe that? Never once laughing with him?"

"Do you mean," Carn was trying to understand her, "do you mean he couldn't live on her level? The strain . . ."

"It was her watching him. Waiting for him to slip off that pedestal she'd put him on. Of course he couldn't stand it."

"But he had you."

Rosa Barkly shook her head. "No. He was faithful to her. And he never got to hate her. If he had—well, he might be alive."

"I wonder," Carn said, "who was to blame?"

"I don't know." The woman's voice was strong, her face turned to the unlit fire. "I don't care. She's free and still respectable. And he . . . he's dead. And I was angry with him."

Carn stood up and put his hand on her shoulder. "Tell the police," he said, "if you feel that's the right thing to do."

"I'll never tell anyone else."

She was looking at the fireplace

ferent from all the other women.

As she walked into the yard and through the garage to the back entrance of the hotel she stopped by his car and, opening a rear door, threw her case in on the seat, smelling leather and stale cigar smoke, which added to her feeling of intoxication.

She slammed the car door and walked on into the hotel. She waved at the big man in the tweed suit she saw standing in the entrance hall. And then the smile froze on her face as she saw the woman he was with, a woman with dyed hair and a fur coat which was thin at the back, who walked with difficulty on the too-high heels of patent-leather shoes.

"Catherine," Carn, it seemed was actually leading this woman towards her, one hand under the furred elbow, the other stretched out to greet the young girl. "Catherine. This is Mrs. Barkly."

"Mr. Regan's daughter, aren't you, dear? How pretty you've grown."

Catherine disregarded the outstretched, red-fingered hand. Mrs. Barkly put it, as if it had been suddenly hurt, into her pocket.

"I must be getting along. I hope we'll meet again, Miss Regan."

"Oh, I shouldn't think it's very likely," Catherine was looking at Carn. "I'll be leaving Elchester soon."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Barkly smiled. "You're right, of course. It's a dull sort of place. I may leave myself now. But if you'd like to call in any time before you go, for a drink . . ."

Catherine seemed to shiver. "I'm afraid I'll be much too busy."

Carn frowned and then smiled at Rosa Barkly. "When I'm down again I'd love to call in on you, if I may."

"Thank you. Goodbye, and thank you."

He watched the difficult yet dignified walk of the woman through the swing doors. He was frowning again as Catherine said, "Are you ready, darling?"

"Before I do anything else," he told her. "I'm going to have a drink."

Julia Carn, sipping her sherry, said, "No one's telephoned for me?"

"I'm afraid not, Julia."

"Oh, I don't mind." She lit a cigarette, the haze of smoke enveloped her. "I'm not complaining. He always has telephoned after a big case, if I haven't been there, of course. Just to say how it's gone. I got used to it. In a way it's a relief not to have to think of the right thing to say."

"He had a great victory."

"He's good with juries. You and I, he tells them, understand the world. Not true, of course."

"But you don't think she was guilty, do you, Julia?"

"Me? I don't care if she was guilty or not. I'm always pleased when people get off, particularly when they're guilty. I feel they must be even more pleased."

"But you're not suggesting that Hilda Justham . . ."

But she didn't answer him. She only said thoughtfully, "So Henry isn't going to telephone me any more," and added, with patience, "I expect I shall get used to it."

The car headlights picked up the sign on the outskirts of

the town and Carn, relaxed from the speed limit, pressed down his foot and felt with satisfaction the power of the car he was driving. He was leaving Elchester, the town he had hated when he had been a boy bicycling round the dirty back streets on a paper round, which he had planned for so long to leave and which now, when he came back to it, received him with the oppressive welcome of a family greeting its favorite son.

He was glad to get away and yet he felt that if only he had stayed longer he might have learnt something more, something about his past which would have finally decided his future.

In the driving mirror he saw the top half of Catherine's face, the smooth hair and forehead and the cool, triumphant smile in her eyes. Without turning his head he said, "Why were you so filthy to her?"

"Rosa Barkly?"

He nodded.

"But you know," she seemed not to understand him, "who she was?"

"Why do we have to criticise her?" he asked. "Are we so different?"

"Of course we are. You're almost divorced and Julia . . . well, she's not hurt by us at all really. It's not as if she were a woman like Hilda Justham."

"No. No, she's not."

"What do you mean?"

He twisted in his seat, found a cigarette, opened the window to throw out the empty packet. When he had lit the cigarette he turned his head, looked at her and smiled before he looked back at the road. He was out on the empty by-pass, the headlights stabbing the darkness, driving fast with more than his usual care.

"Catherine," he said. "I love you and I adore you and you fill my life with youth and happiness and I'm eternally grateful. All the same there are things you have to understand."

He could feel the warmth of her body on the long front seat beside him, he saw the bewilderment in her small, heart-shaped face lit by the green light from the dashboard.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This Justham case. To tell you the truth, there's more in it than I thought . . ."

"You saved her, didn't you?" He felt her small, weightless hand on his arm. "You're more of a hero in the town than ever."

"Yes. I saved her. And now I believe she murdered her husband." He could see her face in the driving mirror: it was still illuminated by a small, triumphant smile.

"She killed him," he said.

"She drove the car deliberately into the wall. She probably wanted to kill them both."

Catherine didn't speak. Carn went on. "You see, she'd lost her faith in him. So she decided he wasn't fit to live."

"Was he?"

"Of course. Anyway, who was she to judge?"

"If she was going to kill herself," Catherine said slowly, "there was a kind of nobility . . ."

"Oh, to hell with nobility. What had he done, drunk too much, fallen in love with someone else? Those aren't capital offences."

"But he'd let her trust him and then . . . well, I think he betrayed her."

"Do you think," Carn didn't

Continued overleaf

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Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infection and Recurrent Colds

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stories, the "antigens" of the family of germs that cause Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sinus and Antrum, Bronchial Asthma, Recurrent Colds and other infections of the upper respiratory tract. These "antigens," contained in Lantigen 'B,' stimulate the production by your own system of what are called "anti-bodies." The "anti-bodies" are the natural antibodies to germ infection—neutralising the germ poisons, destroying the germs and helping to promote immunity against further attack. This is the same basis as all forms of vaccine treatment.

Taken by mouth (orally), Lantigen 'B' works through the bloodstream. There are two ways in which the laboratory-produced "antigens" can be introduced into the bloodstream. The first is by direct injection by a medical practitioner. The second is by the "oral" route—taken by mouth like ordinary medicine. This is the Lantigen method—one you can carry out yourself in comfort and convenience. When you take Lantigen 'B,' it is absorbed by the tissues of the nose, throat and small intestines. The "antigens" in Lantigen 'B' thus enter the bloodstream and lymphatic system, and at once stimulate the production of the



vitally necessary "anti-bodies." From the first dose this modern, scientific oral vaccine is at work to drive out catarrh, bronchitis and related germ infections, to help strengthen the body's resistance to further attack, and promote long-lasting immunity.

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Ordinary medicines fail because they do not fight the true cause of your trouble. They may give you temporary relief, but only Lantigen 'B' attacks the actual infection, neutralises the germ poisons, and then promotes immunity. No matter what treatment you have tried before, no matter how long you have suffered or how serious and stubborn your case, treatment with Lantigen 'B' may well be the beginning of a new life for you—with health and vigour fully restored.

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CANADA:

Canadian free from Bronchial Asthma
I have taken four bottles of Lantigen 'B' and feel like a different person. Last summer, when I started taking Lantigen 'B' I was so bad with bronchial asthma I often had to sit up at night. Now I am so much better I only take it a couple of times each week. It is wonderful for me to be so free from these asthma attacks. G.M., Ontario.

MALAYA:

Nostrils clear—Colds kept away
The LANTIGEN 'B' is certainly doing very useful work for me by keeping my nostrils clear and also keeping the colds away. G.H., Port-Sweeten ham.

NEW ZEALAND:

New Zealand woman says wonderful relief from Catarrh and Colds
I can hardly thank you enough for this wonderful relief that I have been afforded through this medicine. I was also very subject to colds but since I have taken LANTIGEN 'B' I have only had one cold, which was very slight and of short duration. W.F., North Auckland.

AUSTRALIA:

Propped up on pillows—now fit and well
I used to fear the coming of night, because I knew I'd spend hours longing for sleep to rest me a little yet, all night long, I coughed and coughed. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed, and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again, and I have improved ever since. I can sleep well at night. Instead of being propped up I just use ordinary pillows again. I have no signs of catarrh or bronchitis, and I never have a headache. J.V.P., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

ENGLAND:

London man works through Winter for first time
I simply had to write and tell you what great relief I had (after suffering from bronchitis and catarrh for about four years) after having taken my first bottle of Lantigen 'B'. This is the first year I have been able to work right through the winter without having lost time. F.E., London.

FIJI ISLAND:

Child in Fiji relieved from stuffy head congestion
You will be pleased to learn that the child is much better. Before, she had bouts of violent sneezing and her head was always "stuffy" but now she seldom sneezes and her head is much clearer. H.D., Vanua Levu.

AUSTRALIA:

Medical Science Proves Value of Oral Vaccine Treatment
In the introduction to an important review of the available literature about oral vaccines, Dr. David Thomson, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., Director of the Pickett-Thomson Research Laboratory in London, and his co-workers say that, after having reviewed all the available literature about the use of oral vaccine, they are convinced that immunity can be obtained with vaccines administered by the oral route. Dr. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal as follows: "In my experience, the oral antigens (oral vaccines) have been mostly employed in cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

ENGLAND:

Little girl saved from Catarrh and Bronchitis
Our young daughter (age 2 years, 3 months) was getting teething was getting teething and very bad catarrh with every tooth and, as we were not getting satisfaction, we decided to try Lantigen 'B'. We gave our child the reduced doses and she has had no catarrh or bronchitis since. (Period of treatment, 14 weeks). She seems very fit and is gaining weight, where before she was underweight, owing to continuous bronchitis and catarrh. V.W., Staff ordshire.

AUSTRALIA:

From childhood I was a constant sufferer of chest colds. My doctor advised me to take a course of Lantigen 'B' before commencement of winter, which I have carried out, and can honestly say I have been free of colds for over 12 years. E. R. Bondi, N.S.W.

ENGLAND:

Sleepless from tiresome racking Bronchitis—now fit and well
Three years ago I contracted chronic bronchitis and treatment did not seem to have any effect on me. After months of sleepless nights with tiresome, racking coughing, and not able to continue my work for seven months, I decided to try your Lantigen 'B'. After the first week's treatment I found, to my amazement, a wonderful improvement in my general condition. Happy to say, I am now back at work, fit and well again. W.W., Liverpool.

Today—take your first step to ease and comfort... ask your chemist for

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THE ORAL VACCINE taken just like ordinary medicine for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ANTRUM & SINUS INFECTIONS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, RECURRENT COLDS
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THE JUSTHAM CASE

look at her," Hilda Justham was justified?

"It's over now." He felt her shrug her shoulders inside her overcoat. "Anyway, I knew what happened."

With the heater humming under the dashboard and the warm body of the girl beside him Carn felt cold, his mouth was dry and he felt again the unreasoning fear which had come over him as he stood in a cell and heard the quiet voice of Hilda Justham.

"You what?"

"Of course I knew. I knew her ever since I was a child. I knew her better than anyone. I used to go and see her on my way back from school. She gave us things out of her garden. Once, when I was there, I heard her talk to him when he came home drunk. She said he wasn't fit to live."

"Didn't that frighten you?" She shook her head. "She was right."

"You never told me that, before the trial."

"I thought it was obvious. I thought you knew and you were going to prove she was justified—that he'd driven her too far."

"It's incredible..."

"But didn't you know that's what I thought?"

She sounded, he thought, vaguely impatient.

"I must have been very dense. And you don't think any the worse of Hilda Justham?"

"She's a wonderful person. In her way she's as wonderful as you."

"I hope not." There was silence as he threw the glowing end of his cigarette out of the window. "Anyway, she's not my client any more. Let's forget this case, shall we?"

"If you like."

But he was still frowning as he turned the car off the main road and stopped in front of the closed gates on a level crossing. They sat side by side, alone in their warm, softly lit, glass-windowed cage, and Catherine, as she held his arm and waited for the train to pass, wondered what it was that, more surely than their interruption by Julia the evening before, had suddenly divided them.

The train passed. A ghostly old man in a mackintosh came out of a cottage and swung the gates open. The car swayed as he drove it across the rails. To that old ghost, opening the gates, Carn thought, how secure and comfortable we must seem, in this motor-car. He wondered why he suddenly wanted to stop, to turn the car and drive back to Elchester.

"Darling," Catherine whispered, "it's going to be wonderful."

"The cottage?"

"It's a beautiful place. By the sea. Miles from anywhere. You can rest and walk along the beach, and I'll cook you enormous meals."

"Well, not too enormous. I have to watch my weight."

"Nonsense," she sighed. "I'm so happy. So secure. You know, I've got all the faith in the world."

"Faith? After today I'm not sure it's faith in people you need. Just knowledge; knowledge and understanding. Am I being boring?"

"A little. Do I look pretty at all?"

He looked at her critically as he swung the car into a deserted village street.

"I'm afraid so. Oh, blast."

"What?"

"No cigarettes. I can't drive

"THE JUSTHAM CASE"

another twenty miles without one. Mind if we stop?"

His headlamps hit the swinging sign of a pub. She turned her mouth down at the corners as he took his foot off the accelerator.

"Oh, I want to arrive so badly."

"Won't be a second. Come in and have a drink?"

"No, I don't want to stop. I'll wait here."

"Won't be a minute."

The bar, when Carn pushed open the door, was small and empty. He tapped with a coin and an old man in braces came lumbering in from a back room. Now he was out of the car Carn felt a curious feeling of peace, and he remembered something, a ritual that he hadn't performed, a habit which had been an automatic conclusion to his important and successful cases.

Carn, who lived by his reason and led juries by his common sense was, in small ways a superstitious man. He avoided, if possible, ladders and black cats and could be disconcerted by the flight of a magpie. This and a sudden longing for something familiar, someone he had always understood and who for better or for worse, understood him, made him ask the landlord, "Got a telephone by any chance?"

The landlord granted and pointed to the passage outside the bar. Carn bought a whisky and took it out into the passage, which had no light. Striking his lighter he saw the telephone box, balanced his glass on a pile of directories, and asked the operator for a number. The rain fell outside.

"For me?" Julia had sounded bewildered when she was told that the call was for her. "Let me get a cigarette." She followed him, almost tremulously, into the study and then stood by the desk, gazing bravely at the glassy eye of a stuffed pike on the wall. She picked up the receiver with care and held it not too close to her ear as if it were a small, dearly loved animal which still could not be trusted not to bite.

"Hullo," she whispered cautiously.

"Julia?" The voice sounded strange, self-consciously cheerful.

"Henry. What is it?"

"Nothing special. I'm going away for the weekend. I paid some money into your account."

"Thank you," she almost

whispered. "And it was another triumph."

"A win, anyway. I can't tell you about it now, but it's an odd story. I'd like to tell you sometime."

"Of course," she nodded as if he were in the room and could see her anytime.

"When all this divorce and everything's over we might have lunch."

The pike was wavering, blurred, before her eyes; she was seeing it, perhaps suitably, through water.

"That would be nice."

"Julia."

"Yes."

"I forgive you for being so awful last night."

"Well, I forgive you, too. Is there anything else you want to say?"

"Not really. It's only that I always have telephoned you to tell you the results of my cases."

"You'll have to stop that now."

"I suppose I will."

"Are you all right?" she asked anxiously.

"Only tired. Look, this was an extraordinary case. I do want to tell you about it. I'll be in London all next week; perhaps lunch?"

"If you want to."

"Look, Julia darling. I'll ring. Oh, it's you."

"Henry! Henry, what is it?"

But the line went dead and there was no answer as she rattled the telephone rest. She put the receiver back gently, as if restoring the small animal to its bed. As she turned out the light in the study she was smiling a little, and she met the gaze of the pike with eyes dry and undimmed.

"It's you."

Carn put the receiver back and turned towards the young, accusing figure of the girl. She was standing in the dark passage, the street door open behind her, so that he only saw her thin silhouette against the rainy night.

"I was making a telephone call," he said, unnecessarily, he thought.

When her voice came it was hard and he couldn't see the expression on her face. "I heard you. To Julia."

"We had business. I had to let her have some money."

Suddenly Carn wondered what he was doing, explaining himself to a girl he couldn't see, in the dark passage of a public house in a village of which he didn't even know the

name. Behind the shut door the polite, characterless voice of an announcer was saying—"At Elcheater Assizes today an all-male jury acquitted Hilda Ruth Justham of the manslaughter of her husband without leaving the box..."

"Did you have to call her darling?" The girl, it seemed, was inquiring.

"Look, Catherine," Carn began. "I love you. I still like Julia. I've known her for a long time..."

"We start off for the weekend and as soon as you get the chance you tell me some lie about cigarettes, and it's darling..." Julia darling," her voice savagely interrupted him.

"Everyone calls his typist darling nowadays. It doesn't mean anything." He tried, in the darkness, smiling at her.

"Do you call your typist that? You probably do."

"As a matter of fact, my old clerk Arthur Hathaway does most of my typing and it's not what I call him."

"You think it's funny, don't you?" The words were flying at him like bullets out of the darkness. Everything's funny to you. The first time you betray me you laugh."

"Betray you?" He sounded incredulous.

"That's what it is. You lied to me. How can I trust you again?" Her voice was high-pitched, sharp.

"Trust me?"

Suddenly she moved towards him. Her small gloved hand was open and in it, he saw, was the key of his car.

"Let's go," she said quickly. "I'll drive you. Let me drive you away fast, before you try to telephone her again."

"What do you mean?" She was very close to him when he asked her the question.

"Darling. Don't you see how careful we have to be. We're so different from other people. We must never get like them, squalid and deceitful. You mustn't let me lose my faith..."

"I'm not different."

"Of course you are. I know you are. Please. Let's go."

"Give me the key."

"But I want to drive. To drive you away..."

He put out his hands; one circled her wrist, the other carefully extracted the small bright ignition key from her gloved hand. Then, regretfully, he let her go.

"I'm sorry, Catherine. I'm

Continued overleaf



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"THE JUSTHAM CASE," by John Mortimer

terribly sorry. We can't go together. I love you very much."

"I don't understand." He lit a cigarette and he could see her face for a moment, young, bewildered, turned up to him. He began to speak slowly as if every word had an importance which meant life or death to them both.

"Catherine. It's my fault and I don't want you to forgive me. Look, as soon as we start off together you think I've betrayed you. By the end of the weekend you'll be convinced I've deceived you, that I'm not the man you think I am. In two weeks you'll hate me and then . . ."

"What do you mean?" She wasn't yet hurt, she hadn't yet understood.

"Catherine. My dear, lovely, beautiful Catherine. You'll never find a perfect man. Wait till you can learn to live with someone who's not perfect. There's someone who might teach you."

"Julia?"

"And Rosa Barkly."

She stood for a moment in silence and then, with the pain of a sudden understanding, she fell towards him, gripped the lapels of his coat and whispered, "I won't let you go."

"Yes you will. You've let me go a little already, in your heart. Remember, I eat too much, and sometimes I snore at nights."

"You can't let me go."

She was holding on to him with all her young strength and he put his arms round her shoulders as if to protect her.

"You're wrong. It's very hard. It's resigning yourself to age and reality and the dull ordinary things I understand. The dream's all over. It's hard. But it's better than being condemned to live as someone's ideal man. We can be who we are."

"You're cruel. I won't let her have you, I'll . . ."

"You won't do anything. Gently he held her wrists and she relaxed her hold on him."

"You're too young and too human to be another Hilda Justham. You'll forget all this."

"No one was ever in love like us."

"Weren't they? It was my vanity. Yours, too, perhaps. It wasn't real, Catherine, not the truth. You'll soon learn to love a man because he's weak and unsuccessful and gives way to temptation."

"I'd rather die."

"No," he shook his head, his fingers still round her wrists. "You'll learn how to keep alive."

"What will I do without you?"

"I'll take you home. In time you'll really be in love. In a very little time . . ."

He put his arm around her and, still holding one of her wrists, led her back to the car. And there, in the street of a village whose name he didn't know, Carn turned his car and started to drive back to Elchester.

Old Regan stood in his hall with the front door open. His eyes narrowed as he watched the two people standing on his doorstep.

"Catherine's friends couldn't take her away this weekend," Carn told him. "Their child's ill. We met outside the Red Lion. I gave her a lift home."

"But Catherine. You've missed dinner."

"Oh, never mind!" she almost shouted as she ran past him, and both men watched her without speaking as her twisting body mounted the stairs and disappeared in the shadows above them. A bed-

room door slammed. Regan said, "Extraordinary things, daughters."

"She's very lovely."

"I wish her mother were still alive."

"Go and talk to her, Regan."

Carn said. "She wants someone to talk to."

"Do you think so?"

"Of course. Everyone does."

"Well," Regan scratched his head doubtfully again. "I'll try. By the way, Hilda Justham's gone off to Devon to stay with some people. She left a letter for you."

"Keep it."

"What did you say?"

"I said keep it."

"You don't want to know what she says?"

"I know all I need to know. About Hilda Justham. Good-bye, Regan." Carn put Catherine's suitcase on a chair in the hall before he turned and walked down the steps.

He drove into the yard of the Red Lion and parked his car in the garage, then walked into the hotel and found the manageress behind her reception desk.

"Sir Henry! I thought you'd gone . . ."

"The one," he agreed, "that makes a noise like bathwater under the dining-room table all the time."

"I must be getting back there, anyway," Julia said. "I just looked in to see if you were all right after that call."

He looked at her as she sat up and touched her hair; at the face on which years of amusement had left creases at the corners of her eyes, although she wasn't smiling then.

"Stay a little while," he asked her.

"Really? Won't Miss Regan be popping in for her evening drink?"

He shook his head.

"I don't think so. She's gone home."

"Is that why you telephoned?"

"If you want to know, I telephoned before she went home, Julia . . ."

"Yes?"

"Tell me something."

"What?"

"I've never struck you as a particularly noble type of man, have I?"

"Absolutely, frankly," she admitted, "no."

fireplace and he rang it. Then he came back and stood in front of her as she waited, her overcoat held round her shoulders, to see what he was going to do next. He spoke, and all the artifice, all the confidence had gone out of his voice.

"Oh Julia. I am sorry. I've been an idiot. A blind, dishonest, selfish idiot."

"Yes," she nodded. "You have."

"Do you think we might forget all this divorce nonsense?"

He waited and she said, "I don't know if I could live with you again, I'm not as good as I used to be, at being hurt."

"Think about it."

He put his hand on her arm, but she moved away from him.

"It's no good," she was shaking her head, "you've had too many easy victories. You've been able to get too many people back on your side by being charming and elegant and disarming. If you think we can go on just as if nothing's happened . . ."

"But Julia. Today, so much has happened. Look, let me tell you . . ."

"Some time. We'll have lunch."

But before she could go the manageress put her head round the door and said accusingly, "You rang?"

"Yes. We're starving. And Lady Julia's staying for dinner."

"No," Julia began her protest. "No, I told you . . ."

"Now I know the cook's gone to evening classes and the head waiter's away on holiday . . ."

"No," the manageress told him triumphantly. "They're both here. And everything's still on. Brown Windsor soup."

"Julia," Carn looked at his wife. "You can't resist Brown Windsor soup."

Julia let out her breath in a long sigh.

"You're impossible," she said. "Totally impossible."

"And steamed plaice." The manageress went on implacably.

"Steamed plaice," Carn echoed her with enthusiasm and put his arm through his wife's. "And to make it even more delicious we'll drink champagne. Lots of champagne, Julia, darling Julia. You shall go home after dinner. Just stay a little while."

Julia nodded. Ridiculously the room became blurred again for her, she even saw the Stag at Bay through water. And now tonight, she thought, I may be able to sleep without a pill, the first time since we had that horrible, sensible talk about divorce.

"All right, Henry," she told him. "I'll stay a little while."

"Thank you, Julia. You're very good. And after dinner I'll tell you the story. About this Justham case . . ."

(Copyright)



"I changed my mind. It's too late to get back to London now. Can I stay for tonight?"

"Of course. Your room's still empty."

It was strange, the feeling of relief he had when he knew he could stay there, as if it were the only home he had.

"And there's a lady," Mrs. Munson told him, "been waiting for you. I told her I thought you wouldn't be back tonight but she would wait."

He walked down the passage and Julia was sitting in the chair by the unlit fire. Her eyes were closed and her hands, on which the skin was only just beginning to loosen, hung over the arms of the chair, the relaxed hands of a woman asleep. Carn stood looking at her for a moment and then he knelt down and put his cigarette lighter to the paper in the grate. The wood began to crackle, and as the flame sprang up she awoke uneasily.

"I'm glad you're here," he told her.

"I thought you might want company, when you telephoned."

There was a silence. He put some coal on the fire and she sat up straight in the chair.

"How is it at the Snowdons?" he asked her.

"The bedroom's very cold and I don't think I'm getting enough to eat."

"I know."

"And they have that revolting dog."

"Nor strong and public spirited and idealistic?"

"Certainly not."

"Far above the temptations of the world?"

"Never, at any time."

"Thank God."

"I can't imagine," she said as she stood up, "what it is you're talking about."

"I'll tell you some time," he promised her, "when I tell you about this Justham case."

"I must go," she said. "You rang before the Snowdons had dinner; they're probably keeping something for me."

"You haven't eaten?"

She shook her head.

"Oh Julia, I'm sorry. Then neither have I."

There was a bell by the

NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL

LONDON on Christmas Eve, a city besieged by fog, is the setting for "GIVE ME A RING," a dramatic story by Anthony Gilbert, the complete novel in next week's issue.

Anthony Gilbert has brought all his thriller-writing talents to this story of the girl, Gillian, caught up in a nightmare adventure with a gang of drug-smugglers, and the frantic attempts of her fiancé, Richard, to rescue her.

His chase begins in a gaudy public-house, "The Angel," and takes him to a drab little store down by the docks in the East End, all the time haunted by the knowledge that a false move on his part will mean Gillian's death.

Characters you won't forget for a long time are the sad little Mr. Benn, the wily lawyer, Arthur Crook, and the sinister Mrs. Harton.

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F4180

F4181.—House-gown has fashion interest in bracelet-length sleeves and scalloped collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F4180.—Glamorous three-piece lingerie set finished with lace trim and embroidered motif of orchids. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material, 4½yds. 3in. lace, and 4½yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 4/9.

The embroidery transfer price 1/6 extra.
F4141.—For evening wear, a bouffant gathered skirt and separate top. The top has a wide neckline finished with a soft bow. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material for the skirt, and 1½yds. 36in. material for the top. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

No. 347—BOY'S DRESSING-GOWN

The dressing-gown is obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy-backed cotton tartan. The plain choice includes Prince Charles, Royal Stuart, McBeth, and Victoria.

Sizes: Length 31in. for 6 years 19/9, length 35in. for 8 years 21/6, length 38in. for 10 years 24/9, length 42in. for 12 years 26/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 248—LUNCHEON SET
The cloth and serviettes are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced

with an attractive rose-cut-work design to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen—cloth sizes 36 x 38in., 45 x 45in., and 54 x 54in.—and sheer linen in pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green—cloth size 36 x 36in., only.

Sizes: 36 x 36in. 18/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 45 x 45in. 25/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 54 x 54in. 34/6, postage and registration 2/- extra. Serviettes: Size 11 x 11in. 1/9 each, postage and registration 4d. extra.

No. 249—SMALL BOY'S PYJAMAS

The two-piece pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make in pretty floral-printed flannelette. The color choice includes white, blue, lemon, and pink.

Sizes: Length 25in. for 1 year 12/9, length 29in. for 2 years 13/11, length 31in. for 3 years 14/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 250—SMALL GIRL'S BLOUSE

Long-sleeved blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is Cesora, and color choice includes white, cream, beige, pink, blue, and lemon.

Sizes: 5 years 20/6, 6 years 21/9, 7 years 23/9, 8 years 24/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 251—SMALL GIRL'S PINAFORE

The pinafore is obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy-backed cotton tartan. The plain choice includes Prince Charles, Royal Stuart, McBeth, and McDuff.

Sizes: Length 22in. for 5 years 14/6, length 23in. for 6 years 15/9, length 25in. for 7 years 16/3, length 28in. for 8 years 16/11. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.



247



248



249

250



251



P.S. A penny a day keeps wash-ups gay. While hands stay soft... the safe LUX way.



Long-time favourite in nursery and school circles, Viyella now goes gay in sportswear for grown-ups. And the people who make Viyella advise: "A quick squeeze through warm Lux suds keeps Viyella fleecy soft, colour-bright years longer. Never risk harsh washing methods and bar-soap rubbing."



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Stay as sweet as you are with
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The Deodorant you can trust
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Fly NOW
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NEW YORK round trip
£50/7/- down payment...
24 monthly payments of £24
on the new
PAA
"PAY-LATER" PLAN

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*It puts a rose in
every cheek*

of these happy
little triplets
Maija, Iewa and Zane



Zane



Iewa

Maija, Iewa and Zane are the charming triplet daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ezergailis. The triplets were born 2 years after Mr. and Mrs. Ezergailis arrived in Australia. "We've been in Australia for 5 years now", says their happy mother, "and it's certainly a wonderful country in which to bring up a family. One of the first new food friends we made was Vegemite. The triplets enjoy some every day—it keeps them really healthy."

Maija

Every day kiddies need

VEGEMITE for
Vitality



Every minute of the day youngsters are burning up energy—that's why they need lots of vitamin-rich Vegemite to build their strength, maintain good health. Vegemite is the delicious way to get these daily essentials—Vitamin B₁, B₂ and Niacin. Spread Vegemite on toast, in sandwiches, add it to soups, stews and gravies.



For a better start in the mornings spread Vegemite on toast—a vitamin-rich breakfast.

Available in 2 and 4 oz. jars, 6 oz. re-usable glasses, and the economical family-size 8 and 16 oz. jar.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, follows
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Who are captives on a mysterious electrically controlled island. The only way he can get into the hidden centre of the island is

to swim underwater. Once inside the island Mandrake is amazed at what he sees! Meanwhile, Narda learns how the island is ruled by King Magno and how everyone is forced to work for him. Suddenly Magno summons her again. **NOW READ ON:**



CLOSING THE PORES

by
MARGARET MERRIL

If you want your complexion to be especially nice for a special occasion, it is easy to remove those troublesome, enlarged pores. First wash your face well in tepid water, then mix together two teaspoons of witch hazel and one teaspoon of ulan. (If possible, cool the mixture by putting it in the fridge.) Massage the mixture gently over coarse skin or enlarged pore areas, just before you make up for your outing.

Rinse in cool water and finally apply pure oil of ulan, which proceed with your make-up in the normal way.

The witch hazel acts as an astringent which has a quick pore-closing action, lasting for an evening or so. The ulan, however, promotes pore flow, clearing deeper impurities and enabling the skin to settle down to a finer texture.

Incidentally, oil of ulan is recommended by many prominent beauticians, because it is one of the nearest substances to skin tissue itself without containing hormones.

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Beauty School.)



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to buy FORD PILLS
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
for only 5/6
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FORD PILLS

MARIGNY
Smart Set

The only setting lotion that
gives brilliant highlights
as it sets your hair.

3/9 everywhere



The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 6, 1956



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out
ready to make.

"VERA."—Trim dress for wintry days has double-breasted bodice and long sleeves. The material is French Cossat velour velvet, and color choice includes American Beauty, lipstick-red, mid-green, and black.



Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 25 5/8, 36 and 38in. bust 25 9/8. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 27 7/8, 36 and 38in. bust 29 7/8. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

"GAZALIE."—Versatile blouse can be worn with a flattering V-neckline or zippered to a neat collar. The material is washable Tullella, and color choice includes coral, lipstick-red, peacock-blue, pink, pastel blue, and lemon.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 25 5/8, 36 and 38in. bust 25 9/8. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 26 3/8, 36 and 38in. bust 28 3/8. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

"LEXY."—Swing skirt designed to fall in soft folds from the hips. The material is Melange, and color choice includes primrose, turquoise-glow, college-grey, junior-navy, red-flair, and winter-brown.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 28 7/8. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 29 3/8. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 72. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



Already
back at
play

... thanks to this
modern remedy!

RELIEVES COUGHS TWICE AS FAST!

Cut coughs short, Mother! When your child—or any one else in the family—has a bad cough, clear it out extra fast with modern, pleasant-tasting Vicks Cough Syrup!

Works where ordinary remedies fail! Thanks to the new penetrating ingredient, Cetamium, Vicks Cough Syrup gives extra relief in seconds! In the throat, it penetrates—spreads deep into sore, raw tissues to relieve irritations ordinary remedies can't reach! Then, Vicks Cough Syrup works deep in the chest...loosening tight phlegm, reducing congestion.

Recent clinical tests showed that this "deep action" in throat and chest (1) relieved coughs in about half the time of ordinary remedies and (2) ended the coughs days sooner. Try Vicks Cough Syrup! It's "Best for all the family!"

Cetamium is the secret
—Only Vicks has it!

AMERICAN DOCTORS REPORT:

New Vicks Cough Syrup
relieves coughs up to 2
times faster than five
leading remedies tested!



After office
work use

HERCO

OLIVOL SKIN LOTION

You must look after your hands if you want them to be smooth and soft and lovely. Skin that's dry and harsh has become deficient in natural oils and fats. These are best replaced by the Olive Oil and Lanolin combined in Herco Olivol Skin Lotion. Only Herco penetrates deep down to the under-tissues of the skin where effective beauty care must begin.

HERCO

3 popular sizes —
2/3, 3/3, and 4/9. For those
who prefer a cream — 3/6 Tube.

Positive Relief from COUGHING!

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir Gives You Faster, More Effective Relief

When coughs and bronchial congestion make your life a misery, get faster, more positive relief with NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—the modern formulation which "breaks" stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. The 3-way-expectorant, sedative, decongestive-action of NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir brings you a proven effective medicine to fight winter coughs.

Stops Irritating Coughing. Because NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir penetrates instantly into congested membranes of throat and chest, it stops tight, uncomfortable bronchial coughs quickly. The gentle expectorant action liquefies

and cuts away bronchial secretions which cause irritation. You've never known such soothing relief!

Makes Breathing Easier. Only NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir contains Phenylephrine—an active agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen bronchial tubes and phlegm-congested membranes; you'll breathe easier; get more restful sleep at night, undisturbed by harsh, racking coughing.

Adults, children, babies can all benefit by taking NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. There are 3 formulations with dosages specially adjusted for all ages:

Infants 6 months to 5 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., 3/6; 6 fl. oz., 5/6.

Children 5 years to 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **CHILDREN'S** Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/6.

Adults and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/6; 12 fl. oz., 9/6.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR



Nyal

SOLD ONLY
BY CHEMISTS

Breathe freely in 2 minutes!

At last—here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you have longed for! You'll breathe freely 2 minutes after using a NYAL 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray—the newest, most modern form of nasal medication known. Contains an active agent for relieving congestion: does not sting: can be used as often as necessary, by young and old alike. So easy to use. The ingenious microspray tip of the pliable squeeze-plastic pack ensures that the relief-giving spray reaches high into the blocked nasal passages—shrinking them to normal. Carry a pack with you—get relief anywhere, anytime. 5/6.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY



Stops Sore Throat Instantly!

End the nagging pain of sore, inflamed throats now. The new triple-acting formula of NYAL Antiseptic* Throat Lozenges brings you instant, soothing relief. The sedative, antiseptic, anaesthetic action checks infection... suppresses coughing... stops soreness—makes your throat feel right! Slip one—just one—NYAL Antiseptic Throat Lozenge into your mouth and feel how quickly you get relief.

24 lozenges, 3/9;
50 lozenges, 6/6.

Nyal ANTISEPTIC THROAT LOZENGES

* (In Victoria... MEDICATED Throat Lozenges)



Now you can have WHITER TEETH IN 10 DAYS

New NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before. It gives you the completely clean teeth you expect; gives you stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly activated dental detergent which foams instantly, safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.

Smooth texture, and a clean, refreshing peppermint flavour make NYAL Toothpaste the family favourite. Try it soon!



N.6.WW56

Safe Positive Cough Relief for Baby

Coughs and chest congestion in infants (from six months to five years) vanish quickly when treated with NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir. Soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, cutting away phlegm and so making breathing easier.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' BABY COUGH ELIXIR



CHECK LIST of other dependable winter products

- ☐ Nyal Chilblain Paint. C-o-o-l-s and s-o-o-t-h-e-s the burning and itching of irritating chilblains instantly. 3/6.
- ☐ Nyal Crophos. A valuable "After-Flu" and convalescent tonic. 4/6, 7/3, 8/6.
- ☐ Nyal Quinine 'Flu' Mixture. Wards off attacks of influenza and feverish colds. Reduces high temperatures. 4/9.
- ☐ Nyal Figoon. A palatable, chocolate-flavoured, efficient laxative tablet suitable for all ages. Regular or Double Strength. 2/3, 3/6.
- ☐ Nyal White Lip Salve. Invisible protection against windburned lips. Assists healing—protects your lips while it soothes them. 2/9.



Soothing Relief from Cold Sores

See how quickly NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Cold Sore Lotion brings relief from irritating cold sores and cracked lips. Both the Cream and the Lotion are specially medicated and have a soothing, healing action. The Cream keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The Lotion dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion. 2/6.

Nyal COLD SORE CREAM & LOTION